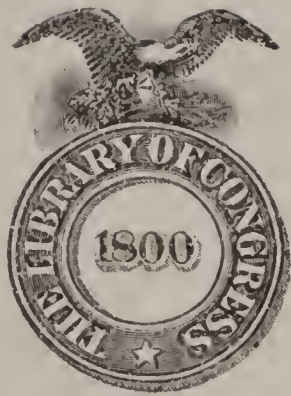


THE BOY WITH THE U.S. DIPLOMATS



FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER



Class PZ7

Book .R66

Copyright N^o Bd.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

The Boy With The U. S. Diplomats

BOOKS BY FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

U. S. Service Series

Illustrations from Photographs taken for U. S. Government.
Large 12mo. Cloth. Price \$1.75 each.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. SURVEY
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. FORESTERS
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. CENSUS
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. FISHERIES
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. INDIANS
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. EXPLORERS
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. LIFE-SAVERS
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. MAIL
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. WEATHER MEN
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. NATURALISTS
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. TRAPPERS
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. INVENTORS
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. SECRET SERVICE
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. MINERS
THE BOY WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

Museum Series

Illustrations from Photographs. Large 12mo. Cloth.
Price \$1.75 each.

THE MONSTER-HUNTERS
THE POLAR HUNTERS
THE AZTEC-HUNTERS
THE WRECK-HUNTERS
THE SAHARA HUNTERS

THE WONDER OF WAR IN THE AIR
THE WONDER OF WAR ON LAND
THE WONDER OF WAR AT SEA
THE WONDER OF WAR IN THE HOLY LAND

With Illustrations from unusual War Photographs and
Sketches. Large 12mo. Cloth. Price \$1.75 each.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF THE WORLD WAR

With Illustrations from Photographs and Diagrams.
Large 12mo. Cloth. Price \$2.50.

THE BOOK OF COWBOYS

Illustrated. Large 12mo. Cloth. Price \$2.00

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON



Courtesy U. S. Navy Department.

COMMODORE MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY.

In command of expedition which opened Japan to American commerce,
1854.

U. S. SERVICE SERIES.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

BY

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

With Thirty-one Illustrations from
Photographs and Sketches



BOSTON

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

PZ
-1166
Bd

Copyright, 1923,
BY LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

All Rights Reserved

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS



PRINTED IN U. S. A.

BERWICK & SMITH CO.,
NORWOOD PRESS,
NORWOOD, MASS.

© C1A760804

NOV - 9 1923

FOREWORD

In view of the disturbed conditions which exist in Europe as the aftermath of the World War, and in which United States diplomats are now earnestly engaged, the Author has deemed it wiser to confine this volume to American achievements in the Orient, and to refrain from commenting on unsettled issues. Diplomacy demands extremely careful handling, and it is notable that those who are the best entitled to speak generally keep silence until all is accomplished. This, the Author has reason to know, is also the desire of the Department of State.

PREFACE

In all ages, and in all countries, diplomacy has possessed lure and mystery. It suggests Secret Service, strange personal encounters with sultans and rulers of peoples, international intrigues, and battles of supreme skill wherein the fates of nations may hang upon a word.

Even in modern times, this is still true. One needs but to picture that midnight meeting when a German Chancellor's contemptuous jest as to "a scrap of paper" presaged a World War; or that scene in the Russian Duma when fanaticism wrecked an empire in an afternoon; or, still more recently, the secret flight of a Turkish sultan which let loose the hounds of slaughter anew. Not a day passes but world-shaking issues lie in the hands of diplomats, when peace or war, territorial gain or loss, honor or dishonor, may be decided by a single phrase.

American Diplomacy, by reason of the geographical isolation of the United States from Europe, has ever followed a fairly direct path in

the Old World. It has not been able to do so in the Orient. There, all the mystery and the wonder hold true, still; there, plotting and intrigue remain; there, the thrill is constant. America's diplomatic problems lie on the marge of the Pacific Ocean, and the needs are soul-stirring and urgent.

To show how American interests began there, to portray the development of her grasp upon Samoa, Hawaii and the Philippines, to touch upon her marvellous success in opening China and Japan to the modern world, to honor the rectitude of her policies, and to beget a reasonable pride in the great deeds of United States diplomats in the Orient is the aim and purpose of

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I	
FACING A CHINESE MOB	1
CHAPTER II	
ENTOMBED ALIVE	35
CHAPTER III	
THE OPIUM WAR	78
CHAPTER IV	
CHASED BY PIRATES	127
CHAPTER V	
DESPERADOES IN KOREA	159
CHAPTER VI	
A DEEP-SEA TRAP	194
CHAPTER VII	
THE SAMOAN HURRICANE	239

CONTENTS

CHAPTER VIII

THE WINNING OF HAWAII	278
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX

THE BOXER REBELLION	327
-------------------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS

Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
A Canal in Ning-po	24
A Tartar of the Chinese Army	25
Amoy, from the Outer Anchorage	62
Macao, from the Forts of Heang-Shau	63
Wham-poa, from Dane's Island	96
A Gate of Peking	97
Capture of Chuenpee, near Canton, during the Opium War	108
Opium-Smokers	109
The <i>Peacock</i> in contact with Iceberg	126
The <i>Lahloo</i>	127
Rescued from Pirates off Yang-tse Cape	142
Destroying Chinese War Junks in Anson's Bay, January 7, 1841	143
Commodore Perry meeting the Imperial Commis- sioners at Yokohama	154
Nagasaki and the Dutch Settlement, Deshima	155
Final Ceremony on Signing of Treaty, Yedo, 1858	158
Commodore Perry paying his Farewell Visit to the Imperial Commissioners at Simoda	159

	FACING PAGE
Korea	192
Apia, the Little Town strung along the Beach . .	193
Wharf of German Firm, Apia	238
Scenes in the Harbor after the Hurricane . . .	239
Ancient Temple Inclosure in Hawaii	256
Pineapple Plantation, Island of Oahu	257
Her Majesty Queen Liliuokalani	318
Fire Hole, Kilauea	319
Igorot outside his House	326
The Battle of Manila	327
Edwin Hurd Conger	338
Tsu Hsi, the Dowager Empress of China . . .	339

The Boy With The U. S. Diplomats

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

CHAPTER I

FACING A CHINESE MOB

“DEATH to all foreigners! Death!”

The narrow streets of Ning-po resounded with raucous cries. Slant-eyed ruffians brandished barbaric weapons and clamored for the blood of the opium trader.

Murder was afoot; the black eyes in those yellow faces gleamed with a burning hate, all the deeper and more relentless because Confucian fanaticism and savage patriotism were added to personal enmity.

Beginning with volcanic fury in Tien-tsin, the ever-smouldering Chinese resentment against foreign intruders had once again burst into flame. Along the thousand-mile shore of the Yellow Sea the word had been passed: to leave not one foreigner alive in the land, to slay every native who had shown any friendship towards the “western

devils," and to put to the torch everything that bore the impress of an alien race.

Treaties of peace between Orient and Occident there were a-plenty: treaties for which generations of diplomats had striven; treaties wrought with infinite patience and caution; treaties, moreover, sealed by many martyrdoms for the sake of God and Country.

But of what worth were treaties, now? What recked these hate-ridden swarms even for imperial decrees, since such had been forced from their Emperor at the cannon's mouth?

The people wanted liberty—liberty to live their lives in the good old Chinese fashion and to be freed from the supposed improvements which the despised foreigner had brought to their country, and which, they saw clearly, were designed only to profit the aliens.

George Dorrocks, who, for many years, had sustained a precarious existence in that treaty port, looked heavily down upon the murderous mob from the closely latticed window of his house. For once in his life he was afraid, though his fear was not for himself but for his young son, Duncan, who stood beside him.

All houses in Ning-po were of frail construc-

tion, for the city had been partly destroyed by earthquake several times, and the authorities had decreed that no structure within the walls should be more than two stories high. This did not necessarily imply that the houses were small, for, as in many Chinese dwellings, a good half of the living-rooms were in basements underground.

It did mean, however, that they were low. Accordingly, the window of the second story where the white man and his son were standing was but four feet or so above the heads of the envenomed crowd. The pikes and crescent-bladed spears of the enraged Chinamen menaced the foreigners at the very level of the window-sill.

Amid the upturned faces of the savage horde below, there were many that the threatened white man recognized. Indeed, several of the ring-leaders were his customers and his accomplices, for Dorrocks was not only a trader, he was also a smuggler of opium.

This illicit trade was both his principal danger and his safeguard. It was his danger, because the Chinese authorities were under rigorous orders to put a stop to the traffic in this abominable drug; it was his safeguard, because most of the officials of Ning-po had accepted bribes from him

4 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

during his long stay in the Flowery Kingdom.

Dorrocks had been through anti-foreign riots, before. He had faced death a score of times, and he reckoned danger as an unavoidable part of his forbidden trade. He had witnessed the Taiping Rebellion which had swept over China twenty years earlier—the bloodiest and most incalculably ferocious Reign of Terror which the world had ever seen, and which had cost over nineteen million lives. In the thirteen-years' duration of that sanguinary horror he had seen Chinese fury at its worst, and his perils and hairbreadth escapes during that time would have filled a volume.

He had been caught in the very camp of the rebels and had been taken in person before the leader. This extraordinary man—who called himself the Second Confucius and the Younger Brother of Jesus Christ—was a fanatic dreamer, a young student who had heard and misinterpreted the teachings of an American Baptist missionary, and whose distorted Oriental mind had twisted the Gospel message into a creed of blood.

By him Dorrocks had been judged, convicted, and condemned to die by torture, yet the trader had evaded that dread doom at the very last moment by his consummate knowledge of Chinese

secret politics, and by the use of heavy bribes. He had even seen the inside of a Chinese prison, and he bore ugly scars as a remembrance of that time; his manner of escape thence, however, was a story that the opium-dealer never told.

In earlier times still, he had taken part in the unrighteous Opium War by which England—for her own profit—forced upon a reluctant nation the most nefarious intoxicant known to mankind. He had been spy and go-between in that dangerous time and had lived for years with a price upon his head. He had played fast-and-loose with both sides, and had engineered the treacherous betrayal of the Taku forts to the foreign enemy.

Such a man was not easily to be shaken by the shouts of a clamorous mob. Had he been alone at that latticed window, he would have laughed at the danger. As an opium-smuggler who had lived for many years in hourly peril, he would have considered his wits but small if he had not prepared a means of escape, pre-arranged long before.

But Dorrocks was not alone. His son, Duncan, was beside him, and it was the dearest wish of the trader's heart that the lad should be

6 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

brought up without any knowledge of his father's illicit doings. He had always intended to have Duncan live in the United States, and be educated there, but, each time that the opportunity arrived to send the lad, he let it slip by. He realized, only too well, the terrible loneliness that would follow the boy's departure, and he had yielded to his own selfish desire to keep his son beside him.

Now, he was caught. There was no one who could help him. In the whole city of Ning-po there lived but a score of foreign residents, all told. With but two exceptions, all these were merchants residing in the "factories," as the large trading establishments outside the city walls were called. The only two foreigners who actually lived within the walls were Father Marsotte, the head of the tiny Mission Hospital, and himself.

Except for his Cantonese wife and his little son, Dorrocks lived an isolated and embittered life. As an opium-smuggler, he was contemptuously treated by the merchants of the "factories," who had a legal standing in the country; he was regarded as a traitor and an enemy by the missionaries, who declared that his evil ways brought discredit upon his race and hindered the

spread of Christianity; he was despised by the Chinese, even by those who dealt with him for the drug.

The trader was well aware that he could not count upon any outside aid. A day or two before, when rumors of the Tien-tsin revolt had begun to seep into Ning-po, he had suggested mutual assistance to one of the leading merchants and had been met with a rebuff. He had no illusions, on that score; the men of the "factories" would be glad to see him dead. As for the chance of any help from Father Marsotte, Dorrocks understood Chinese character well enough to be sure that the priest would be even more bitterly hated than himself, and in even greater danger.

To escape from the house into the city was easy. Dorrocks was far-seeing enough to have anticipated such a contingency, since a raid by police officials on the hunt for smuggled opium might happen at any moment. He realized, however, that the menace which confronted him now was of very different quality from that of a mere raid.

The blood-hungry crowd below, which clamored for his death, was not to be compared with a mere handful of grotesquely-costumed police. It was

not even comparable to a mob of rioters which had been stirred to a sudden fury only to die down as quickly as it had been aroused. This angry swarm was a thousandfold more fraught with peril. This was an organized anti-foreign revolt permitted—and probably, incited—by the mandarins, and in which the bloodiest excesses would be allowed.

It would be useless for him merely to escape from his house into the city, since no place within the walls of the city would be safe, and the walls would be rigidly guarded. Even should he succeed in getting beyond the gates, his case would be but little farther advanced. The foreign merchants would not help him to a ship. Moreover, if he tried to hire a sampan, every Chinese boatman would betray him. Even those men whom he employed in his smuggling work probably would be infected with the spirit of murder and could not be trusted.

The sole way of escape, then, such as it was, must be reserved for Duncan, and the flight must be managed in such a way that no one could suspect where the lad had gone. As for Dorrocks himself, he must face the human hounds below, and take his chance.

With one more glance through the window at the pikes and spears, which cast ominous shadows on the lattice-work, the trader called his Chinese wife. She was both his wife and his slave, for he had bought her from the horrors of widowhood with a couple of cases of opium some years before. He knew her gratitude and her wifely obedience under ordinary conditions, but now her loyalty was to be put to a supreme test.

“Chin-sa,” he said, “you hear what those low-caste dogs are barking in the street?”

“If my lord wills that I should hear, then I have heard.”

“Be it so. Open your ears to my words, and your will to my commands!”

The woman bowed, in token of agreement, her hands crossed on her breast.

“Answer! How long have you known of this projected attack upon all foreigners?”

Deftly, she avoided the question.

“The talk of women at a street fountain is not a matter for my lord’s hearing.”

Dorrocks looked at her with suspicious resentment. Although no white man was better equipped than he to understand the China of that time, the trader was the first to admit that Chi-

nese character remained an enigma to him. His wife was fond of him, that he knew, she was under the greatest obligation possible, yet she had never given him the slightest warning that his life was in danger.

“That which is spilt cannot be put back, words unsaid cannot be heard. Now, the time left for action is short. It may be difficult to escape, Chin-sa!”

“My lord has not forgotten the secret passage!”

“I forget nothing!” retorted the trader peremptorily, for he regarded any suggestion from an Oriental as an impertinence, even from his wife. “But, in order that the underground way may remain a secret, it must be closed from this side, for greater security. It is not my present intention to use it for myself, but for Duncan and you. After you have fled, I will close the hidden door so that no man shall find it. Go, secure all your jewels and whatever money there is in the house, and return here with the Feet of Speed.”

“But, my lord—”

“It is an order!”

Again the woman bowed, submissively, but, none the less, regretfully. As Dorrocks sur-

mised, Chin-sa would have preferred to stay with him to the very end, and to share his death, if that should come. From her point of view, it would be the most natural thing to do. But she had been brought up in old China, where there is no argument or appeal from a husband's command. Her obeisance made, she hurried to the inner room to gather up her jewels, as she had been bidden.

Few minutes had passed before she was back again. Dorrocks noted with a grim smile that she was wearing white earrings, one of the signs of widowhood. Evidently the woman agreed with him in his interpretation of the murderous mood of the crowd.

"Come here, Chin-sa," he commanded, and placed Duncan's hand in hers. "Let there be no delay," he continued. "So long as these blood-seeking human hounds see me at the window, they will not force the door. It does not need much to make them quail. The Flower of Courage does not blossom in a low-caste garden. Besides, the leaders believe that they have me trapped.

"As soon as you have reached the farther end of the secret passage, wall it up with stones, as I

have shown you, that none may find the entrance. Hurry with Duncan through the garden to the house of Ying Hsiu. Ask for his servant Li Hin. Give him this message, and make him repeat it twice that every word may be painted on his brain with the Brush of Memory:

“ ‘Say to the Most Excellent Ying Hsiu: The Papers of Truth are in the Hands of Strength and Secrecy. While the boy Duncan lives, and is happy, the seals upon the papers will not be broken; but, should the boy be unhappy, his tears will dissolve the wax and the Hands of Strength will give the Papers of Truth to the Eyes of Severity. When the boy is a man, the Papers of Truth will be given to the Most Excellent Ying Hsiu, or his heirs, that they may be burned. Thus his name may be saved from dishonor, and his ancestors may rest quietly in their tombs.’

“Now, repeat the message!”

The woman did so.

“These words,” the trader warned, “are only for the ears of Li Hin and Ying Hsiu. To them they are fragrant with meaning; to the ears of others they will sound as a gong to bring shame upon the messenger. You will find that the feet

of Ying Hsiu will be quick to lead Duncan to a place of safety."

Chin-sa bowed again, and, in a toneless voice which hid any emotion that she may have felt, she asked:

"Will my lord escape?"

"If the Eye of the Sky wills, but it is given to men to doubt. Should the Ears of Wifehood hear no word from me by the waning of the next moon, it may be deemed sure that I shall have taken the dark journey to the Hall of my Revered Ancestors."

He turned to his son.

"Go with the honorable Chin-sa, Duncan," he bade. "You will walk to another house, a bigger one than this, where you are to stay for a little while. You must be obedient, there. It is an order!"

The lad, who was hardly old enough to speak plainly, replied in formal Chinese phrase:

"A humble farewell to Honorable Father!"

And then he put up his face to be kissed, in true "foreign devil" fashion.

"Dood-bye, Dad," he replied in English, "I'll be dood!"

The trader stooped, gave his son a vigorous hug, and released him to his mother.

A second later, a grating sound behind him announced to Dorrocks that the cement-lined door had been swung open.

“My lord has nothing more to say to his humble Chin-sa?”

The trader did not turn his head, fearing that the crowd below might observe the movement and suspect that he was making some arrangement to escape.

“There is this to say,” he replied. “Chin-sa has been a good wife, worthy of a rose-granite tomb and the two stone lanterns. In the Papers of Truth I have left an order, which, if my commands to Ying Hsiu are carried out, will be fulfilled, whenever and wherever the eyes of Chin-sa shall cease to open to the sun. Farewell!”

“May my lord live!”

The secret door, which revolved on a horizontal axis, swung back again into place. Dorrocks was left alone, to consider his own fate, and the chances for his son.

“It’s blackmail, of course,” he muttered, as the way of escape closed, “but anything’s fair for

the youngster's sake. And I saved Ying Hsiu's neck from the axe, one time, after all!"

It was time that the woman and the boy got clear, for the crowd had fallen silent, an ominous sign. Some of the leaders of the rioters were clustered around an official whom Dorrocks recognized as one of his largest customers in opium.

Fearing that this conference might presage a concerted attack, and that the crowd, emboldened by his passivity, might rush the door, the trader threw open the heavily-latticed shutter.

Immediately, the cries redoubled in fury.

"Barbarian! Barbarian!"

"Cut the foreign devil in pieces!"

"Put his head on a spike!"

Dorrocks looked calmly down upon them, but said not a word, knowing that, to the Chinese mind, nothing so clearly suggests superiority as indifference and silence. Here and there his glance rested on former clients, many of whom owed him money for opium, and these quailed before his look and hid themselves in the crowd.

This sense of easy subjection was his first impression but it lasted only an instant. The wave of hate which rolled upwards struck him almost

like a blow. He felt hostility hot like a simoom. The air was musky with the exhalations of enraged humanity, and the narrow street reeked like a snake's den.

Although the crowd was so densely packed that movement forward or back was difficult, sudden accesses of fury shook it as though with the tremors of an earthquake. The pikes and spears danced with a yellow glitter in the dusty sunlight. Brawny arms with clenched fists shot up like the suckers of some hundred-tentacled cuttlefish.

Then a new danger came.

One man—whose clothing showed him to be a charcoal-burner by trade—came elbowing and pushing his way through the mob, bearing a resinous torch which glowed and sent up a thick brown smoke. And, as he neared the trader's house, he shouted:

“Call on your foreign devil-gods to blow this out, if they can!”

The charcoal-burner was about to touch his flaming brand to the dry wood of the house, when his mad career was suddenly halted.

One of the minor leaders, who was shaking in the air a spike-headed axe, brought this down

with all his force upon the torch-bearer's head. The man fell in his tracks, while the burning brand fizzed out harmlessly.

"Fool!" said the axe-wielder to the mortally wounded man, who was writhing on the ground. "Would you burn the whole quarter for the sake of a barbarian?"

This caused a revulsion in the feeling of the crowd and the trader seized the opportunity. He spoke commandingly:

"Fools all! In threatening me, you imperil yourselves! If you spill white blood, you will destroy not one quarter only, but your whole city. What shall save you when the Ocean of Swords surges over you? Run to your homes and pray, each one, that his face has not been recognized in this mad folly!"

For the fraction of a second, the crowd wavered. But the leaders, some of whom had already tasted the blood-glut in Tien-tsin, yelled defiance. Instantly, the air was rent with execrations and curses, those who had been the readiest to flee shouting the loudest that no one might doubt their courage.

One man, unable to restrain himself, hurled his pike at the trader, but so dense was the crowd

18 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

that free action of the throwing arm was impossible, and the aim was false.

Dorrocks caught the pike as it shot harmlessly past, but, instead of returning the blow, he handed the weapon back to his pack of enemies with the curt comment:

“Let jackals keep their own teeth!”

The action was not without its effect. As the trader had rightly anticipated, this contemptuous reply caused hesitation and delay, whereas, if he had thrust with the pike, the fight would have been on in an instant and the door would have been battered down immediately. Delay was what he sought, in order that Duncan and his mother might have time to escape.

Now that he had broken silence, however, Dorrocks must maintain his authority.

Fixing with his glance the official who, a moment before, had been in consultation with the ringleaders of the mob, the trader questioned, scornfully:

“Since when has it come to pass that Men of Learning allow the Ignorant to speak for them?”

The taunt may have stung, but the impassive Chinese countenance showed no sign. Not even

removing his hands from the sleeves of his long jacket, the mandarin responded:

“Foreign smells are disagreeable to the nostrils of those who possess learning. How vile, then, must be those smells, when even the nostrils of the Ignorant are offended!”

Dorrocks considered the advisability of making an angry retort. The official speaking was an educated man, a local representative of the Court of Rites, who had been elevated to the rank of Mandarin of the Fifth Order. Withal, he was an inveterate though a secret opium-smoker.

Undoubtedly, in times of quietude, a bribe of a few cases of opium would have won favor, and the official's influence would have been strong enough to enable the trader to escape. But, as Dorrocks realized, the mandarin would not dare to help a foreigner before the very eyes of an angry crowd. To do so might bring about his own death, and would certainly be used by his personal enemies as a means to his disgrace.

Defiance was the uppermost thought in the white man's mind, but defiance might be dangerous. It might bring the riotous impulse to a head. Parley would give time, and time was what he needed. After Chin-sa and Duncan had

reached the house of Ying Hsiu he might afford to be reckless, but not before.

Ignoring the insolence of the mandarin's reply, Dorrocks queried:

"Are all the foreigners leaving the city of Ning-po, then?"

"Their dishonored corpses are leaving the city," the mandarin answered calmly, "and the dogs are feasting beyond the walls."

The words were echoed by a shout of exultation from the crowd.

To any other man, the situation would have seemed hopeless, and even Dorrocks, fertile of resources as he was, racked his brain in the endeavor to find out some loophole of escape. He dared not use the secret chamber, for, should he vanish, the foiled man-hunters would search until they found the passage. This would compromise Ying Hsiu and lead to the finding of Duncan.

Then the opium trader's eye fell on the corpse of the charcoal-burner and on the burned-out torch lying beside him and a totally new idea flashed into his mind.

Suppose he should set fire to the house, himself? There was a high wind blowing and the flames would spread to the wooden houses on

either side with bewildering rapidity. They would leap, unchecked, across the narrow street and set fire to the crazy wooden balconies, upon the other side. As the axe-wielder had suggested, that whole quarter of the city might be swept clear by the conflagration.

Surely, in the confusion that must result, the trader thought, he might have a chance to make good his escape! The mob, itself, would be endangered, and must disperse, and the primitively organized fire-fighters of Ning-po would only make the confusion worse confounded. His own house would be destroyed, of course, but that meant little extra loss, for it would be looted, in any case.

Even if he should not escape, Dorrocks decided, he would have his revenge. The rioters might get one white man's life, but at least they would have to pay the price, and a heavy price, too!

Such a plot, however, must be done secretly, and it would require a few minutes' preparation. How could he secure the necessary time? If he left the window, the mob, fearing to lose its prey, might rush the place at once, and he would be taken or killed before his plans were complete. He must promise to come down into the street,

and, by means of this promise, delude the leaders.

Just as he was about to renew his parley with the mandarin, triumphant shouts were heard from another direction, and Dorrocks turned his head to see what this might signify. Tightly packed though the crowd was, it began to part, and through the throng pushed another group of men, bearing in their midst Father Marsotte, the hospital mission priest.

“Look down, Chau-che (George),” cried one of them, “look down and rejoice! You are no friend of the Croaking Ravens, and you will be glad to see the black coat dyed red!”

It was true that the trader was no friend to the missionaries, especially to those of the Roman Catholic church. The English clergymen in China, indeed, winked at the smuggling of opium, for therein lay England’s principal commerce with the Celestial Empire. But the Catholic missionaries, who were mostly French, and the Protestant missionaries, who were Dutch and American, worked hand in hand with the Chinese authorities to put down the nefarious opium trade, and they had all but caught Dorrocks a score of times.

None the less, while the trader admitted that

these men were his enemies, he respected them as open foes. He was ready to admit that a missionary ought to be an opium-hater, and his enmity was by no means personal. He thoroughly admired Father Marsotte and his work. Indeed, he had given money to aid the priest in erecting the tiny hospital of six beds, though he had been careful that the gift should be anonymous.

When, therefore, he saw the priest staggering forward under the pushes and blows of his rough captors, the trader's American blood rose in protest. Friend or foe, it was a white man's duty to help a minister of religion whenever and wherever possible.

Knowing Chinese psychology, he shouted, suddenly, over the heads of the crowd:

"Father! Put your curse on them!"

He had spoken in Chinese, and a shiver of fear ran through the mob. Most lower-class Chinamen believed the "foreign devils" to be really in league with the Evil One and held them to be sorcerers of black degree.

But the priest replied, in the same tongue:

"Shall I go to my death with a curse upon my lips?"

The nobility of the phrase halted some of the

better spirits in the crowd, but others pressed in, and the shouts of denunciation rose anew.

Cried Dorrocks, this time in French:

“Curse them with a blessing, Father!”

A gleam of understanding came into the priest's eyes, and raising his bound hands, he intoned a Latin blessing.

The crowd shrank back affrighted, not knowing what spell the words might contain, and one of the priest's captors, who held a tae-pan's chi-po—a light spiked ball swung by a cord to a short stick, much used in Chinese prisons—checked his arm just as it was descending for a blow.

Dorrocks mocked them.

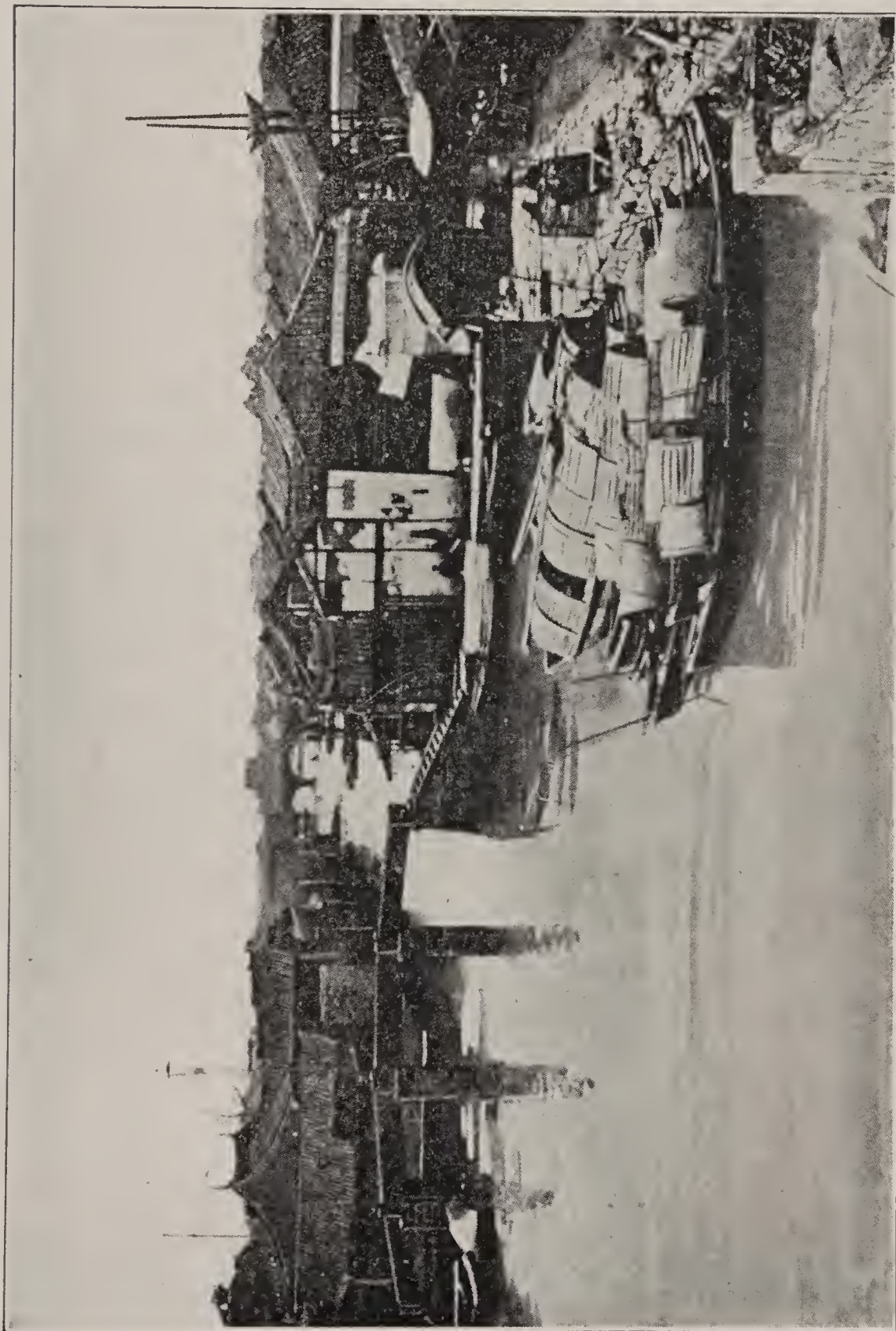
“What!” he cried. “You are afraid! Were I there, no curse should hold my hand from beating one of the Croaking Ravens!”

A babble of cries arose. To most of the men in the crowd, the trader's words were incomprehensible. In one phrase he seemed to befriend the priest, in the next, he attacked him.

The mandarin spoke:

“Come down, then! Let it be seen by all men whether your arm be strong enough to smite, in spite of the devil-curse.”

Trader and mandarin looked at each other.



A CANAL IN NING-PO.

From "A Cycle of Cathay," by N. A. P. Martin. Fleming H. Revell & Co.



A TARTAR OF THE CHINESE ARMY.

Each was playing a double game, and each suspected that his foe was aware of it. But Dorrocks could not guess whether the Chinese official had some secret plan to curry foreign favor, and the mandarin could not fathom the purpose of the contradictory statements of the trader.

“I fear neither gods nor men,” came the white man’s haughty reply. “Hold fast the Croaking Raven. I will come down.”

The mandarin smiled inwardly. As he believed, he had succeeded in his ruse. By pitting one foreign devil against another, he would get both.

The crowd understood, and exulted. While in no sense cowards, the rioters were well aware that if they stormed Dorrocks’ house, they would not force an entrance save at the cost of several lives. Experience had taught them that every white man carried a pistol and knew how to use it. Now, as it seemed, they had decoyed the trader to leave his stronghold without any danger to themselves.

Dorrocks, too, had a plan. White man’s stratagem was to be pitted against yellow man’s wile.

The instant that he left the window and thus was out of sight of the crowd, he dashed to the

lower story at topmost speed. It was a long risk that he was about to take, but the urgency was great. Either he would save Father Marsotte, or they would die together. And he was determined not to be foiled of his revenge.

Since he had told Chin-sa to take all the ready money there was in the house, it was useless to go to the treasure chest. Instead, he stuffed several packages of opium in his pockets, for these were as good as currency, should he be able to make his escape.

Then, with all speed, he went to the lamp cupboard, upset a kerosene can on the paper-covered wooden shelves, struck flint to steel and set the paper aflame. He put the cupboard door ajar, so that there should be draught enough to feed the flame, but not enough to set the fire roaring at full blast. This done, he hurried to the street door, shot the bolts, and sauntered out calmly and slowly, as though he had merely been coming down from the first story in a leisurely manner.

A yell greeted his appearance, but any immediate violence was checked by the leaders, who wished to involve the two "foreign devils" in a quarrel. They could kill them both, afterwards, in whatever manner they saw fit.

Dorrocks pushed his way forward and pointed to the priest with a derisive gesture.

“Curse me, if you dare!” he cried to him in Chinese. “Curses are like stones, he who throws a heavy stone into the air directly above his head may be crushed by its fall!”

Then, speaking in French—which none of the Chinese could understand—but still using the same derisive gesture and speaking in the same tone of insolence, he went on:

“There is a secret passage in my house, Padre. When I give you the word, run!”

The mandarin, a little puzzled by the scene, questioned the trader:

“You do not worship the same God, then?”

“I? No!”

“Then you do not fear his curses?”

“Fear him!” ejaculated Dorrocks. “I will show you how much I fear him! Give me the chi-po!”

At this extraordinary demand Father Marsotte looked up with a query in his glance. He could not understand the opium trader’s intentions in the smallest degree, but the phrase in French, suggesting the possibility of escape, had raised his hopes.

“Take the chi-po!” came the order.

The short stick with the spiked ball was handed to Dorrocks and the priest’s captors released their hold.

“Stand over there, Black Hound!” cried the trader, mockingly, motioning to the door, “and you, stand back that I may swing my arm for a good stroke!” He added, in French: “*It’ll have to be a real blow; if I sham, they’ll suspect!*”

“Strike!” said the priest.

The trader swung the spiked ball and brought it down with all his force between Father Marsotte’s shoulders. The missionary, though a man of heroic mold, could not withhold a groan of pain.

The Chinese yelled approval and delight. Here was something new! One foreign devil beating another foreign devil with the chi-po!

Dorrocks stepped a pace closer, as though to look at the marks of his blow, and cast a glance at the window. Through the chinks of the shutter, he could see that the fire was spreading. In two minutes’ time, it would take so fierce a hold that nothing could put it out. Just the delay needed for a second blow would be time enough.

He spoke again in a mixture of Chinese and

French, the insults in Chinese, the advice in French:

“Black fattener upon carrion!—*The door is not locked, only shut.—Dreamer of religious sorceries!—Push the door open and turn to the left up the stairs.—Practiser of magic on sick men’s bodies!—Directly in front is a room looking on the street; the door is open.—Betrayed of the Son of Heaven, the Emperor!—To the right of the fireplace is a secret door.—Violator of the tombs of ancestors!—Push on the wall at the height of your chin, and it will swing open.—Ghoul of honorable graves!—Don’t wait for me!*”

A bright glare shone through the chinks of the shutter.

Some one in the crowd raised a cry of warning.
Now!

Dorrocks lifted the spiked ball again to strike, swung back as though to give a terrible blow, and then cried sharply:

“*Forward, Padre! Quick!*”

Father Marsotte took him at his word and darted in the door and up the stairs, Dorrocks after him.

Agile as the trader was, though, he was not quick enough.

The man who had seen the glare of the fire had suspected a trick and he threw himself upon the opium smuggler at the very second that the latter had shouted to the priest to escape. Two lithe arm pinned Dorrocks from the back.

Shortening his hold and striking savagely over his shoulder, Dorrocks brought the spiked ball full in his captor's face. The man reeled back, one eyeball punctured, his face smashed and bleeding.

The trader leapt forward, but the crowd was on him. Two of his foes reached the door at the same moment and the three jammed fast. A backward jerk of the white man's elbow sent one spinning, the other got the handle of the chi-po full in the throat.

Dorrocks was through, but to close the door was impossible. Raving with fury, the yellow mass pushed after him.

A jagged-bladed spear, thrust over the heads of the struggling crowd, caught the trader high in the chest, drawing blood freely, but, at that very instant, he drew one of his pistols and each barrel counted for a man.

In the fraction of a second's advantage that this double slaying gave, Dorrocks reached the

stairs, about which the flames were beginning to writhe.

It was a fearsome sight. Through the open door poured a glare of sunlight, dimming the flames but lighting up the eddying smoke. Two men were dead, one blinded and bleeding. The foremost of the crowd, pushed by the weight of numbers into the fire, began to feel their flesh a-crisp. Shrieks of pain mingled with shouts of rage.

“In!” cried one of the leaders. “Put out the fire, or all the quarter will burn!”

A new thrust from the outside drove another half-dozen rioters into the holocaust, from which there was no escape save by the staircase, where Dorrocks stood, his two pistols ready.

The moment had come, now, to give the crowd some reason for this stratagem, some reason which they could understand and which would stop all further pursuit.

“Fools!” he yelled, his voice rising clear above the tumult. “Fools! You had not thought that brave men would rather die by fire than go to the Garden of Torture. It is no disgrace to die by one’s own hand!”

So thoroughly Chinese a sentiment as this could

not fail to be understood. Those who were near the door yelled with balked rage and disappointment, but those within, those nearest to the trader, no longer hungered for murder. They had themselves to think of. They were being burned alive! In all the frantic madness of panic, they tried to fight their way back out of the door.

Terrible was their doom! Those who were outside, supposing this push from within, to be a cowardly flight from two foreign devils, one of them unarmed, pushed the trapped rioters in again. The flames caught their cotton garments, and living men flared like torches.

The floor began to sag, sagged deeper, and broke through, close by the door.

The draught from the basement below fanned the flames to greater fury.

The balustrade of the staircase was gone, and the beams were going. Not until the steps actually began to crack under his feet did Dorrocks turn to run.

Here, to the survivors in that little hall of horror, seemed a way of escape, and the half-roasted men burst up the staircase after the trader.

But the white man had well judged his time.

He had held the stairs to the very last second of safety.

No sooner did his pursuers reach the middle of the stair when it collapsed under their combined weight, precipitating them into the flames below. The last avenue of escape was closed, and only those who were actually at the threshold of the doorway were able to push themselves back out of that roaring furnace.

As yet the fire had not reached the interior of the rooms of the second story, though the outer walls were burning and smoke was pouring up through the chinks in the floor.

Dorrocks ran to the open window and folded his arms contemptuously.

“A warm death, a merry death!” he cried to the crowd below. “You thought that you would do what you pleased with us, but two white men have cheated you all!”

The sagging of the floor warned him that a beam had been burned through and that there was no time to lose.

In order to carry out the full impression of the imposture that he had worked on them, suddenly Dorrocks burst into piercing screams, ran wildly up and down past the window a few times

and then fell. The appearance was realistic enough to deceive every onlooker.

Then, quickly but cautiously, he crept over the burning floor, and, as he crept, he felt his head begin to swim. The heat, the smoke and the loss of blood were telling on him and unconsciousness was not far away. But he summoned up the last remnant of his will-force and reached the secret passage. With one mighty heave, for the wound near his shoulder was throbbing painfully, he swung the cement-lined door shut, and fell heavily at Father Marsotte's feet.

CHAPTER II

ENTOMBED ALIVE

SOME time elapsed before Dorrocks returned to consciousness, to find himself stretched out upon damp ground in a place of impenetrable darkness, his head rested on a priest's cassock for a pillow and his shoulder roughly bandaged. He was parched with thirst, and feverish, but his brain was clear.

After a moment or two of wonderment, he realized where he was, and stirred.

Out of the darkness came the voice of the priest:

"Don't move about too much, Monsieur Dorrocks; that bandage of yours may slip."

The trader gave a sigh of relief.

"That you, Padre? You got away safe, all right, then?"

"Yes, thanks to you. It seems that I owe you my life, my friend."

"Oh, that's all right," Dorrocks returned hurriedly, with a man's hatred of thanks, "but it's a

36 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

bit too soon for us to congratulate ourselves. We're not out of Ning-po, yet!"

"No, that is true. But future dangers ought not to keep us from rejoicing for present safety. And I must admit that I was sick at heart with the thought of the Garden of Torture, to which that mob was leading me. The howls of that crowd were nerve-racking, too. This underground place is tranquil, at least!"

"It's that, all right, and it's safe. No one can find us here, for no one knows either the way in or the way out."

"I suppose you do know the way out?"

There was a note of anxiety in Father Marsotte's voice.

"Sure!" the trader answered cheerfully. "That's easy. You walk a little way along this passage, go through a hole in a wall into a sort of room, cross it, creep through another hole, and then up a long upward slope until you come to a barrier of masonry, blocking the way. To the right of it a narrow tunnel opens, just wide enough to walk through, about twenty yards further on there are some steps cut in the earth, and, at the top of them, you come to two wide upright beams almost touching each other. They

turn on pivots, so that they can be twisted sideways, and, if you're not too fat, there's just about enough room to squeeze through between them. The beams open into the arch of a small bridge in a private garden. If no one is watching, you can walk right out."

"Yes, I thought the exit was something like that," the priest rejoined. "Well, while you were unconscious, I tried that way."

"And then?"

"I found out the trick of the beams without difficulty, but when I had twisted them, on the other side of them I found a stone wall."

"What?" cried the trader, in consternation.

"A wall of solid masonry," Father Marsotte affirmed. "I felt all over it for some kind of a secret spring, because I was determined to get out, if I could, in order to procure some lotion for your wound. But I was not able to find any kind of door in that wall. The stones were not mortared, so far as I could feel with my fingers, but they were wedged from the outside."

Dorrocks exploded with an oath.

For a moment or two he said nothing more, and, by his silence, the priest concluded that the news was grave.

38 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

“My own blasted fault!” the trader burst out, presently. “And those stones can’t be moved from the inside! I told Chin-sa to put them in, since I’d decided not to use the passage myself. That was before I saw you, Padre.”

“And who is Chin-sa?”

“My wife.”

“A Chinese woman?”

The trader caught the note of reproof in the voice, and hastened to excuse himself.

“Yes, she’s Chinese, but she had my son, Duncan, with her. Here, I’ll tell you about it,” and Dorrocks proceeded to recount the story of the escape. “So, you see, Padre,” he ended, “I had to give up the idea of using the secret passage for myself, if I wanted to throw that mob off the scent.”

“You say the door opens out into Ying Hsiu’s garden and that you have sent your son to him,” replied Father Marsotte. “H’m, I wonder if that was wise, my friend. I have heard much about Ying Hsiu. Do you suppose the boy will be safe in his hands?”

“Blackmail isn’t generally supposed to be a high-toned fashion of getting what you want,” came the frank answer, “but in this country, at

least, it's mighty apt to be successful. That old Chinese fox will be scared stiff to think that the papers which he knew I had in my possession are now in some one else's hands."

"Are they so very compromising, Monsieur Dorrocks?"

"They surely are! Just think! I've got proofs that Ying Hsiu betrayed his own party and let the British into Ning-po by the water gate, in 1841, during the Opium War. I've got papers showing how he double-crossed the *co-hong* (the official merchants' guild), before and after the war. What's more, I've got a letter which he sent in 1843 to Caleb Cushing, our envoy from the U. S., in which he offered to arrange a secret commercial treaty without the consent of the Emperor."

"It would mean his death, I suppose, if the information should become known?"

"Not only that," agreed the trader, "but, as I took care to mention in my message to him, it would mean official dishonor besides. To use the Chinese phrase, it would mean that 'his name is not deemed worthy of perpetuation.' That would entail the murder of all his sons, grandsons and other male descendants, and—what a Chinaman

thinks far worse—the disinterment of all his ancestors.”

“Yes, I see. That would be serious. But, if I may ask, how did you contrive to obtain those papers?”

“I was his partner in some of the deals,” answered Dorrocks shortly, “but that’s a long time ago.”

Father Marsotte recognized the latter phrase to be designed as a dismissal of the subject, but he determined, inwardly, to find out more of Dorrocks’ story, at some other time.

The trader’s anonymous gift to the mission hospital was not unknown to the priest, who had ferreted out the source of the money. Naturally, he was interested in the donor, and the story of Chin-sa and Duncan was not unknown to him, though details were lacking. More than once the priest had asked himself whether it was not his duty to interfere in the case, to insist that the boy should have Christian baptism, and should be sent away to be educated in a Christian land. The trader’s open hostility to missionaries, however, rendered such interference difficult.

“Evidently you know a great deal about those

times," rejoined Father Marsotte, following Dorrocks' lead. "That was before I came here. Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me something about the Opium War when you are stronger and when we have escaped from this place. But if you say that the wall cannot be pulled down from the inside, how are we going to get free?"

"We'll have to wait until the fire has died down and the crowd has dispersed. Then we can get out the way we came in."

"I hope so, but I doubt it," said the priest. "A few minutes after you fainted, I heard a terrific crash right above the place where you were lying. I judged, by the sound, that the house had fallen. Any way, the cement-lined door has been driven in, plugging up the staircase, and there is probably much dèbris upon it. I tried to move the obstruction, but it would not budge."

Dorrocks propped himself up on one elbow, with a gasp of dismay.

"Great Cats! Then we're trapped! Trapped fast! There's only the two doors!"

Silence fell, while each man grasped the terrible reality of being entombed alive.

The priest was the first to speak.

“You mean that we shall starve to death, here?”

“No, not that, at least! Not for a while, any way,” Dorrocks returned, with a note of relief in his voice. “I’ve got a store of food, here. I kept it as a reserve in case of a big opium raid.”

“Is there plenty?”

“Enough for the two of us for a week or so, I should think. Just ship’s biscuit, dried fish, smoked squid, rice-wine, and a jar or two of water. It’s not what you call rich feeding, but it’ll keep us going.”

“Come, that is better,” ejaculated the priest, earnestly, with a sigh of relief. “If you will tell me where to find that food, I will go and fetch some at once. I am speaking selfishly, my friend. I was taken prisoner yesterday afternoon, and I haven’t even had a drink of water, since.”

“Great Cats, Padre, why didn’t you say so?” Dorrocks exclaimed, forgetting that he had been unconscious for nearly two hours. “Here, let me get it for you, right away!”

The priest put out his hand and forced the wounded man down.

“Lie still!” he commanded. “I have bandaged you to the utmost of my skill in the pitch dark, but, naturally, I could not see what I was doing. If the bandage slips, there is a danger that you may start bleeding again, and you have lost too much blood, already.”

Dorrocks resisted, but feebly. He knew that the priest was in the right.

“Have it your own way, Padre, though I don’t know whether you can find the cache.”

“I think so. While you were unconscious, I explored this underground haunt of yours as well as I could, hoping to find a way out. I have got the bearings of it fairly accurately, I believe.”

“Good! Did you come to a place which looks like a room?”

“Or feels like one, rather? Yes! As a matter of fact, I thought there were two rooms. I certainly found beds in one of them.”

“Correct. There are two rooms. Now, in the room which hasn’t any beds, there’s a little charcoal stove.”

“I found that.”

“Could you find your way there again?”

“Quite easily.”

“Then you won’t have any trouble locating the

44 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

grub. It's in a little cupboard, built in the wall, to the right of the charcoal stove. There are candles on the bottom shelf. You can strike a light safely, no one can see it. The food is all in sealed tin boxes, to keep out rats. If you could bring me a drink, too, I'd be glad. I feel as if I were burning up."

"That is nothing but a touch of fever," said Father Marsotte, and set off on his errand.

"You have quite a well-appointed retreat, here," he commented, when he returned, carrying a bottle of rice-wine and water. "Here is your drink. I have not brought you any food, because it will be better for you to take something to eat when you are lying in bed properly. This damp ground will not do you any good, and your shoulder will give you trouble for a week or so, my friend."

Dorrocks swore, and then excused himself.

"I beg your pardon, Padre," he said. "But that's serious. I'll need that arm, and need it bad, if we have to dig our way out of here. And, when we do get out, escaping from Ning-po isn't going to be any too easy."

"No, I suppose not."

"I can probably manage it, so far as you're

concerned," pursued the trader, thoughtfully, "but it's a bit more difficult for me."

"Why?"

"Perhaps you don't know that I'm an opium smuggler?"

"Oh, yes; I have known that a long time. In effect, I have done my best to have you ejected from Ning-po, several times."

"Thanks!" retorted Dorrocks ironically, by no means offended by the priest's frankness. "That's part of your business, I suppose. We won't argue over opium-smuggling, now. But the 'factory' merchants have got it in for me worse than you have. They'd help you to a ship, but they wouldn't help me."

"So that is how it is. Well, it seems to me that the merchants will have to find us a ship together. It would scarcely be the fashion of a Christian to desert a man in need. By the way, you are not a Catholic, I suppose?"

"I'm nothing!" snapped back Dorrocks, suspiciously, and with antagonism.

"Do not be alarmed!" and, by the tone of his voice, the trader guessed that his companion was smiling, "I shall not try to convert you, now. Any good doctor will tell you that it is bad med-

46 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

ical practice to worry a patient, and, for the present, you are my patient."

"I don't want to seem ungrateful—" the opium smuggler began, remembering that the priest had bandaged his shoulder and given up his cassock to make a pillow. But Father Marsotte interrupted:

"It is not worth the pains to make fine phrases. If you have finished with that bottle—and I think you have had enough to quench your thirst—it would be better if you could try to walk as far as the bed. I am not strong enough to carry a man of your size, my friend."

"Oh, I'm not so weak as all that!" declared Dorrocks.

With the priest's assistance he got up on his feet, and tottered along, unsteadily, leaning heavily on his companion.

"This is a strange place," pursued Father Marsotte, "did you make it yourself?"

"Not all of it. Ying Hsiu began it. Wow!" he groaned as a rough place in the flooring caused him to stumble and gave his wound a jolt. "Wait a bit till I get to bed, Padre, and I'll tell you the story."

The distance was not long, and with a few en-

couraging words from the priest, Dorrocks was soon between the blankets.

“What did Ying Hsiu have to do with this retreat, then?” queried Father Marsotte, who was anxious to keep his patient from lying still and worrying.

“This was his own hidie-hole, to start with,” Dorrocks explained. “Ying Hsiu, for all his swell ways now, isn’t of good stock. He’s pushed his way up. When I first knew him he was only a *fiador*, or sort of customs agent. But, even at that time, he was getting rich fast.”

“Bribes, I suppose?” queried the priest, who was busy preparing a little food.

“Bribes from foreigners on one side, and cheating his own government on the other. He got a rake-off coming and going. In addition to that, he ran a big receiving shop for smuggled goods. He had a rat of a Portuguese clerk, who knew every dirty trick in the Oriental trade, and Ying Hsiu wasn’t a slouch at inventing some crooked ones himself. Out of his profits he bought that big house of his with the garden which goes down right to the river. So far as the water side was concerned, he was well fixed.

“Now, it’s one thing to secure smuggled goods,

48 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

and it's another to get rid of them. Ying Hsiu used to have dealings with all sorts of queer people, and, of course, he couldn't have them going to his house. That would rouse suspicion; so he used to meet them here.

"But you can understand, Padre, it wouldn't do for him to be seen coming here, either. People would ask what a man like Ying Hsiu was doing in a mean little house, on a back street. So he had an underground tunnel made, right from his own room, underneath his garden, and into the sub-basement of this house. His servant, Li Hin, who knows all his master's schemes, looked after the driving of the tunnel.

"Little by little Ying Hsiu got up in the world. He hadn't any scruples and he gave bribes generously. He was made a judge, then a councillor, got the decoration of the Blue Feather, and became one of the *co-hong*. His only trouble was that dozens of smaller people who knew his past used to blackmail him. He always paid for silence, but, one by one, all his former partners or servants died or disappeared. People suspected him, of course, but they could never prove anything."

"I wonder that you escaped."

“Well,” admitted the trader, “he did try to get me three or four times, but I was always on the lookout. For another thing, he didn’t dare to go too far with me; he knew that I had the strangle-hold on him because of compromising papers that were in my possession.”

“I should have thought he would have seized you, and taken the papers.”

“You don’t suppose that I was such a fool as to carry them on me! No, that was fixed so that if I disappeared, he would be exposed. Hence, I’m alive still.

“When the old fox found that he could not touch me directly, he set to work to injure my business, hoping to make Ning-po so unpleasant for me that I should be forced to leave the city. I was chased out of three houses in succession, one time leaving with less than three minutes to spare, and, though I hunted up the most out-of-the-way places that I could, Ying Hsiu was always on my track. It soon got pretty clear to me that I’d either have to get out of the city—which meant ruin—or else I’d have to find some means of concealment as shrewdly contrived as the one which the old fox himself had made.

“Then the idea came to me to work from his

own old house, reopening his secret sub-basement. So far as the police were concerned, that might have worked perfectly, but I had to abandon the idea, just the same."

"Why?"

"Because Ying Hsiu knew all about the sub-basement and would have given information to the authorities. I would have been caught, sure. You see, I had to blind the old fox as well as the police, and he knew every trick in the game, of old.

"So I bought a house on the next street, quite a little distance away, being careful to find a place from which a tunnel could be made under a yard where they keep dyeing-vats. I had to do that, because, if I tried to tunnel under another house, I might run into a sub-basement there. Some of these places, you know, have three, or even four, stories underground.

"So I ran my tunnel from that house under the dyeing-yard, broke through the wall into this sub-cellar, tore out Ying Hsiu's obstruction and carried the stones, one by one, to rebuild it farther on, about half-way across the garden. From there I dug upwards, so as to come out just under the arch."

“That must have taken some close calculation,” commented Father Marsotte. “How could you tell?”

“I didn’t get it quite right the first time, I went too far. But it was easy to correct it afterwards. You see, that arch spans an artificial stream in a rock garden, so, while the rocks look as if they belong there, they’re really only boulders resting on the soil. That way, I felt pretty safe. No one would ever search Ying Hsiu’s garden.

“It made a complete lay-out. I had a simple house on a distant street, a place which anyone could raid without finding anything, I had these cellars for storing goods I didn’t want the authorities to find, and I had an exit in a private garden which leads directly to the river.”

“And for air?”

“Oh, I’ve worked several little tricks for that. There’s one air hole in the arch of the bridge, hidden by the rock-work, one which goes up to a broken brick hole in Ying Hsiu’s garden wall, and one which connects with the upper side of a drain pipe leading from the dyer’s yard. That gives a steady current. If you’ll notice, the air, here, is pure enough.”

“Yes, I had observed that. But have you ever needed to use this place before to-day?”

“For storage, of course, I’ve been using it all the time. And, as a way of escape, it saved my life at least once before.”

“How was that?”

“Oh, a regular Chinese affair. One day I got a message from a man saying that he had a special cargo coming in, and which he wanted me to handle—”

“Smuggled goods?”

“Opium. He said he couldn’t come to see me, but he wanted me to meet him in a village a few miles away. Of course, in my business, I’ve got to have secret agents everywhere and from one of these I soon found out that several *hong* ‘peace-givers’ (professional assassins) had come into the village the day before. It wasn’t hard to guess that I was the man they were after.

“Naturally, I started off as if I were going to the village, visited the house of one of my agents, disguised myself, came back here, moved all the contraband into the cellar and lived here for a week.

“The murder gang in the little village failed to

find me, of course, and its leader had his head cut off for his pains. The opium-hunters raided this place—I always suspected that they weren't the real article but fake officials sent by this man—but they didn't find any opium and they didn't find me. A week later, I reappeared in the house. The people thought it was sorcery—which didn't do me any harm."

"You say that no one knows anything about this place. How about your wife?"

Dorrocks shrugged his shoulders.

"That's a risk I had to run, but I figured that Chin-sa would lose so much by betraying me that self-interest would keep her faithful, after her own fashion. And then, she's got cause to be grateful.

"You see, she became a widow when only a girl, her husband, who was a fisherman, having been drowned in a typhoon. According to Chinese custom, being a widow and a childless one at that, she had to go back to the house of her mother-in-law as a common drudge.

"I knew the old woman well, she used to buy opium from me, and she was a regular fiend, one of that kind that loves to watch torture. She

used to torment animals for her own pleasure. You can imagine what kind of a life she led her widowed daughter-in-law!

“Well, the more I saw of the treatment that girl suffered, the madder I got. Chin-sa was so young, so pretty, so horribly ill-used. I didn’t dare say a word, of course; if I had said anything, the mother-in-law would have been all the worse.

“But I determined to get that girl-widow free!

“So I let the old woman get more and more heavily in my debt for opium, and then, one day, I shut down on supplies.

“I don’t need to tell you, Padre, what a horror that is to a confirmed opium-smoker. The mother-in-law got just about green with fear that she would never get any more of the drug, because, at that time, I was about the only person in Ning-po who could smuggle it through. So, when I offered to clear off the debt and send a case of opium to boot if she would hand Chin-sa over to me, the old hag jumped at the chance. She didn’t know where I lived, so I was safe against pursuit.” He paused a moment. “That was seven years ago.

“Of course,” the trader went on thoughtfully,

“I may be misjudging Chin-sa in saying that she stays with me only because she has nowhere else to go. She seems a loyal little soul at bottom. But I’m a bit suspicious of the Yellow Race, all through. You see, my business doesn’t bring me in contact with the best side of human character.”

“Probably not,” agreed Father Marsotte, “but whether you are right or wrong in your estimate of your wife’s character, I should be inclined to say that if she has been loyal to you for seven years, you should be ready to trust her.

“Now, I am going to order you to stop talking. I am your doctor, you know, and doctors must be obeyed. You have passed through a period of strain and you have lost much blood. As for me, I must admit that I am dropping with sleep; my Chinese captors kept me awake all last night describing to me all the different tortures I was going to suffer. It was far from being pleasant!”

He picked up the candle, examined Dorrocks’ shoulder to make sure that the bandage had not slipped, then blew out the light and threw himself on the other bed. A few heavy breaths and he was asleep.

Fourteen hours passed before Dorrocks woke, and the priest was sleeping still. The trader’s

first waking thought was of some means of escaping from their underground trap, but no way occurred to him except by tunnelling upwards into another part of Ying Hsiu's garden. He knew by experience that this was the work of a couple of weeks, at least, and his arm was useless. Unwittingly he moved it slightly, and could not repress a groan.

Father Marsotte was awake and beside him in an instant.

"Has the bandage slipped? Is anything wrong?" he inquired anxiously.

"Nothing, Padre, I got thinking of escape and made a false movement; that was all."

"My friend," the priest rejoined, "put that idea of escape out of your head for the present, at least. There is food enough, here, for ten days at least, and it will be fully a week before your shoulder is healed sufficiently for you to move it without danger. If you start worrying you will retard the healing process."

"But we've got to get out!"

"Without doubt. Still, if I have understood you rightly, the longer the delay, the better. Your scheme to make the rioters think that we preferred suicide to torture was an excellent one,

and they are sure to believe that we are dead. If nothing is seen or heard of us for a week, their belief will become a certainty. We can discuss methods of escape when you are better."

"But it's tough on you, Padre!"

"I am doing my work just as much here as anywhere," the priest replied. "You need nursing, and when there is real need, it matters little whether the work is done in a well-equipped hospital or in an opium smuggler's den."

Dorrocks winced a little at the phrase, and Father Marsotte noticed it.

"I have wondered," the priest went on, "how you ever came to take up this business. If you were an Englishman, it might be natural enough, because, of course, that is part of the work of the East India Company. Yet if I understood you yesterday, you are an American. And, as a rule, the Americans are hot against opium-trading."

"I'm an American, all right," the trader agreed, "and a New England man, at that. I didn't begin in the opium business, and, in a way, it was forced on me. I'm not proud of what I'm doing now, I'll admit, but in the years gone by, I reckon I've done as much as any one in trying to open China to the commerce and progress of

58 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

the Western World. The Dutch merchants were the first to get to China, but I guess the Americans are going to get the trade of the Pacific and to hold it; that is," he added, unable to suppress a sneer, "unless the missionaries spoil it all!"

"The Dutch were not the first," Father Marsotte corrected acidly, "and merchants did not lead the way. Nor need you, of all men, sneer at missionaries and betray your ignorance!

"Probably you have often heard it said that 'religion follows the flag.' That is entirely wrong. Trade follows the flag, but religion precedes it.

"Nestorian missionaries had reached China five hundred years before the first trading ship from Europe sailed into the Yellow Sea, and French missionaries had free access to China and had even gained great influence with the high officials of the Empire two centuries before commerce began.

"I know quite well that you are hostile to missionaries, but do not forget this, my friend," and the voice of Father Marsotte grew emphatic, "the liberation of China and Japan was hindered by trade, not helped by it. Commerce, in the short

space of eighty years, ruined all the gain that had been achieved by centuries of heroic work. Every massacre in the history of China and Japan can be laid at the feet of the trader!"

"Prove it!" cried Dorrocks indignantly. "I've always been told that it was missionary interference which brought about anti-foreign riots."

"Then you have been told wrong," was the terse answer. "Your statement that the Dutch were the first to come to China shows that you are ignorant of the early history of this country. Before you begin to attack missionary effort, Monsieur Dorrocks, you ought at least to be sure of your information!"

"Who were the first, then?" queried the trader, less offensively, for the priest's calm authority was telling.

"To come to China by sea, you mean? The Portuguese, undoubtedly while Columbus was still trying to convince the world that Cuba was China, and before he even discovered the American continent, Vasco da Gama had rounded the Cape of Good Hope and had reached Malaysia by the Eastward Passage, thus gaining the world's great commercial goal.

“In 1502 a regular trade route was established, and, in 1504, the Portuguese sent out a Viceroy of the Spice Islands. For a good many years the Portuguese station acted as a distributing point, Chinese and Japanese junks handling the eastern traffic, Portuguese vessels bringing the goods to Europe. As early as 1503 Catholic missionaries sailed on the Chinese junks and carried on the Christianization of China which the Nestorians had begun. That was before Protestantism was even heard of.”

Dorrocks, although in no sense a religious man, had been brought up a Protestant, and rather resented this side-slap at the recency of the Reformation, but he only asked:

“When did the first European ship actually reach China?”

“In 1516, when a Portuguese vessel sailed up the river to Canton. The commander was well known to several junk-captains, who vouched for his status as a peaceful trader. The vessel was allowed to drop anchor close to the city, and no difficulty was put in the way of trading.

“If the Portuguese had continued in this way, all would have been well. Several thousand Chinese converts had been made—among them even

mandarins and men of influence—and the Chinese merchants had begun to realize the value of European trade. But the Portuguese were not satisfied. Instead of being content to trade with the Chinese in the Chinese way, they determined to establish trading-stations of their own on Chinese territory, and to force their ways upon an unwilling people.

“The year following, in 1517, the Portuguese Viceroy of the Spice Islands sent a fleet of eight armed vessels, bearing an envoy to the Emperor of China, demanding free opportunities for trade. The number and the heavy armament of the ships aroused suspicion. To make matters worse, the Portuguese claimed the right to impose their will on the peoples of the Orient by ‘right of discovery.’ How can you explain to a people with four thousand years of civilization that it has only just been discovered?”

“Well, it had only just been!”

“By Europe, yes! But that was Europe’s ignorance, not China’s!”

“Naturally, the Emperor of China—who was regarded as a Divine Being—could not receive the armed envoy. Moreover, when this Portuguese Don began to make these absurd preten-

sions about the 'right of discovery,' he angered even the most friendly of the Chinese.

"At last the Portuguese got tired of waiting for favorable action on their demands and sent an ultimatum that the envoy must be received. This ultimatum was answered by a curt order from the governor of Canton, bidding the strangers sail out of the harbor within three days. The order was backed up by twenty Chinese war-junks.

"The Europeans fired the first shot and sank two junks, but they were forced to sail away with all speed, nevertheless. That was the beginning of trouble. Two weeks later, two missionaries who had gained an honored position in the Court of Peking were martyred, and thousands of Chinese converts recanted because of the insult to their 'Divine' Emperor. These tragedies were directly due to the Portuguese traders.

"By what was known as the Papal Line, a decree of arbitration which divided all newly discovered lands between the two maritime countries of Portugal and Spain, everything east of the longitude of outermost West Indies belonged to Portugal, and everything west to Spain. Ac-



AMOY, FROM THE OUTER ANCHORAGE.



MACAO, FROM THE FORTS OF HEANG-SHAU.

cordingly the Portuguese claimed the monopoly of all Chinese, Japanese, Polynesian, and Indian trade. This commerce was enormously profitable, and, with the money thus gained, Portugal built many warships and became the leading naval power in the Orient. So strong did she become that she could defy the power of China at sea, and, in the teeth of open hostility, maintained a regular commerce with the Celestial Empire, even succeeding in establishing permanent settlements at Amoy and Ning-po."

"Here, in Ning-po?" queried the trader, in amazement.

"In this very place, my friend. As a matter of fact, the old Portuguese fort was only about a mile down the river from where the Dutch 'factory' stands to-day."

"What happened that they lost it?"

"Greed!" answered the priest, shortly. "The Portuguese, as you probably know were inveterate slave-traders. They controlled the African slave-trade of the world. It was a traffic which brought in huge returns. They tried it in China.

"From their posts at Macao, Amoy, and Ning-po they sent armed parties into the villages a

short distance inshore, capturing laborers, whom they sold into slavery, and kidnapping women, whom they kept for themselves.”

“But that was asking for trouble!”

“It was profitable, and when does a trader ever think of anything else but his own profits? But you are right, Monsieur Dorrocks, it was asking for trouble, and the Portuguese got what they asked for. Full measure, pressed down and running over!

“One night, in the year 1529, an anti-foreign riot began in Ning-po, not unlike that which is raging above our heads now. Before dawn, nearly eight hundred Portuguese had been killed, and thirty-five ships burned. Only one vessel, with a few survivors got away.”

“Eight hundred!” repeated the trader, astonished. “Did the Portuguese ever have so big a colony here? And now, three centuries later, we can only muster up a miserable twenty merchants, living in daily fear of their lives!”

“Yes, and there were over a thousand Portuguese in Amoy and Macao. As I told you, there were thousands of converts, besides. Eighteen Christian churches had been built before the *Mayflower* first touched American shores, so you

see, it's a long time back. If it had not been for the slave-traders, all China might have been Christianized centuries ago!"

"When did the Dutch come, then?" queried Dorrocks, not anxious to press too closely this trading question, for he was well aware that his own position was none too justifiable.

"Not until a hundred years later, and then only because they were at war with the Portuguese. In 1622, a squadron of seventeen Dutch war-ships suddenly appeared before Macao and besieged the Portuguese fort. But, gallant fighters though the Dutch were, they were beaten off with heavy losses. The Portuguese—at that time the greatest navigators and shipbuilders in the world—pursued them and harried them until the Dutch took refuge on the Pescadores Islands, lying between the mainland and Formosa.

"Perhaps, if they had only tried to establish a trading-station, there, they might have been left alone, for no one cared much about the islands. But the Dutch hoisted their flag and declared the islands a Dutch colony. Once again they vaunted the 'right of discovery,' an idiotic claim, as I look at it, for the fisher-folk of the islands were completely organized after the Chi-

nese system, and had even a Mandarin of the Second Order as judge and governor.

“Of course, you can see what happened. The handful of Chinese on the islands attacked the Dutch and were defeated. Then a huge fleet of junks swept out from the mainland and the Dutch barely had time to get into their vessels, slip their anchors and run. Owing to the better sailing qualities of their ships, they escaped the fleet of junks and managed to reach Formosa.

“Just about that time, another Dutch fleet arrived, and with these reënforcements, the Hollanders declared Formosa a Dutch colony. They put up a strong fort and settled down to stay.”

“And Japan has the island, now!”

“Oh, the Dutch got expelled from there long before the Japanese occupation. In fact, in spite of all their cannon and their so-called civilized methods of warfare, the Europeans only held Formosa for twenty-eight years. It took China quite a long time to begin, but when she did start, she punished the Dutch heavily and drove them out of the island in a most humiliating fashion.”

“I never heard of that!” commented Dorrocks.

“Why should you? The Dutch do not boast about it, you may be sure, and, apparently, you

have never read Chinese history from the Chinese point of view. How do you suppose that you can get a correct idea of a country if you depend on the reports of its enemies? Most histories of China have been written by Englishmen."

"When did the English first come?"

"While the Dutch were still at Formosa, and while the Chinese authorities were getting ready a force to expel them. That was in 1635. Four English men-of-war, the property of the East India Company—a chartered government concern—sailed into the mouth of the Canton River. The Bogue forts, at the mouth, halted them with a warning shot. A mandarin came aboard and explained that no armed vessel was allowed to pass up the river until the consent of the authorities at Canton was obtained.

"This was reasonable enough, on the face of it, but the English quite understood that this suave request was merely a means of gaining time until sufficient Chinese forces could be gathered to repel the invaders. The massacre of the Portuguese at Ning-po and the expulsion of the Dutch from the Pescadores were well known, and, like most Europeans, the English thought that the white man was justified in everything he did

and the yellow man in nothing. Justice, freedom, fair play—everything must be sacrificed to the sacred rights of making money by trade!”

“You’re as harsh on the trader as I was on the missionary,” retorted Dorrocks.

“I’m giving you the facts!”

“What happened when the English were told to wait?” queried the opium smuggler, realizing that he stood small chance in any argument with Father Marsotte.

“Without even giving time for the mandarin to get to shore, without any declaration of war, without any warning, the English ships opened fire on the forts, which were soon silenced. A large landing-party of sailors and marines was sent on shore, the forts were stormed and burned to the ground, and three villages near the mouth of the river were sacked.

“This done, the fleet went up the river to Canton, and demanded the right to trade. The authorities sent another message of delay. The captains refused to wait and answered that unless the port officials agreed instantly to the demands of the East India Company, the city would be sacked. But this was a little too high-handed, and Canton was too big to be captured

by a handful of sailors. The ultimatum was received with defiance.

“Immediately, the British ships dropped a short distance down the river and sent landing-parties ashore with instructions to loot as many villages as possible and to use their cutlasses freely on any one who resisted. So sweeping was the destruction that the distracted authorities of Canton had to submit. They sent word that the British might dispose of their cargoes on condition that they left the river within three days. The English were nothing loth. They sold their goods at a high price, and they filled the holds of their ships with stolen plunder. But thirty years passed before another British vessel dared to poke her bow into Chinese waters.

“I think you will have to admit,” the priest continued, “that however much profit the merchants may have made, the results were most deplorable to those who had the interests of China and of Christianity at heart.

“Three European nations had visited China, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English. The Portuguese had commenced slave-trading and the kidnapping of women, the Dutch had seized territory to which they had not the shadow of a

claim, and the English had begun a career of bullying and loot. As for the Spanish, who had seized the Philippines in 1543, while they Christianized the Filipinos with amazing success, they exploited the Chinese there, and robbed them of everything they possessed.

“Is it surprising, then, that China became more and more determined to keep the ‘foreign devils’ away?”

“No,” the trader agreed, “I don’t see that the Chinese could have done anything else. But did England let the matter rest at that?”

“No, indeed. I could tell you a dozen stories of the adventures of English ships and sailors, not only at Oriental ports, but among the Chinese pirates, besides. The Eighteenth Century was a lurid one in the China seas, for a good many of the ‘pirates’ were really privateers, preying on foreign vessels with the full consent of the government. That was why England tried to restore trade by diplomatic means. During that century, nine embassies were sent, uniformly without success.

“The largest and most important of them was in 1794, and as this happened just after your

country became free, Monsieur Dorrocks, it may interest you.

“The ambassador chosen for this difficult task of approaching the Emperor of China was Lord Macartney, who held no less important a position than Governor-General of India. Three men-of-war were sent as convoy, and the presents offered were of the most magnificent order. So large was the train and upon so sumptuous a style was it organized that, upon landing, it required 120 carts and 400 coolies to transport the presents and the personal effects of the English envoy and his retinue.

“Yet this was far from impressing the Court at Peking. The Emperor, the ‘Son of Heaven,’ would not even take the trouble of coming to his capital to receive the English envoy, but remained at Jehol, a hunting lodge far in the interior. When informed of the arrival of the English, he sent word that ‘those bearing tribute from inferior nations should present themselves before him with becoming humility.’

“Lord Macartney and his retinue had to travel overland for many weary weeks before they reached the neighborhood of the Emperor.

There, the Chinese authorities were most gracious and hospitable, but several weeks more were spent before the Emperor agreed to waive the kow-tow, or ceremonial prostration of submission and humility. Macartney, with great deftness and skill, succeeded in reducing this demand to a mere kneeling. After another month's delay he was admitted to the Presence, and, upon his knees, tendered the personally signed letter of the King of England.

“The Chinese Emperor, true to his tradition as a Divine Being, maintained an absolute immobility. He did not speak, he did not even look at the envoy, and the letter was taken from Lord Macartney's hands only by an ‘outer’ official of the court. No one else moved or spoke, and the English envoy was forced to retire having made no more impression than if he ‘had been a beetle on the floor.’

“On his return to his camp, where, indeed, he was lavishly entertained, he was told—with many flowery phrases—to go back to Peking. The envoy protested, insisting on a personal reply from the Emperor, but, next morning, his sumptuous caravan was on the march.

“As soon as he reached Peking, Lord Macartney presented himself before the high official who had been deputed by the Emperor to meet him and pressed his demands for the re-opening of Ning-po, and also for the making of Chu-san and Tien-tsin into treaty ports.

“He was doomed to disappointment. The Emperor, in his written reply to the King of England, loftily accepted the presents brought him as ‘tribute’ from a ‘subject nation,’ acknowledged the embassy as a personal homage to himself, and dismissed the ‘petition’ of England concerning the ports in the following words:

“‘What you wish to observe in matters of trade or barter, will, as heretofore, be conducted in Canton, and will be confined to Canton. You will not be able to complain that I had not clearly forewarned you. Let us therefore live in peace and friendship, and do not make light of my words!’ ”

“Whew! That was certainly one in the eye for the British!” said Dorrocks.

“It was, and, what is more, it was followed by a similar rebuff, twenty years later. Once again the British sent a similar embassy, even more

richly burdened with presents, and headed by Lord Amherst, the new governor-general of India.

“On this occasion the Emperor was residing in the Imperial Palace at Peking. Lord Amherst was instructed that he must perform the kow-tow, prostrating himself before the Emperor and knocking his forehead on the ground, as a token of the submission of his country to China. Amherst refused to do this, claiming Macartney’s case as a precedent. The reply came that the audience at Jehol had been informal and that etiquette had been waived for that reason, but that, in Peking, the English ‘like all other tributary nations from afar’ must show becoming deference and submission to the ‘Emperor of All the World.’ ”

“And did Amherst do it?”

“No, he sailed away, refusing to present the king’s letter. That ended British efforts to open trade with China until they forced it upon her at the sword’s point in the Opium War, of which, according to what you have told me, you know far more than I.”

Dorrocks had listened with great interest and attention to this recital, and, when it was finished,

he nodded his head vigorously in agreement.

“You certainly have got all that early history down pat,” he affirmed, “and, some of these days, I’ll get you to tell me some of the mission yarns. They must be right exciting. But, Padre, I guess you don’t know so much about the American end.”

“No,” agreed the priest, “I do not. You see, my information has come mainly from missionary records and from the history of diplomacy.”

“And the Americans didn’t carry many priests or diplomats with them! Well, I can tell you all about it, for the first ship that ever carried the Stars and Stripes into the harbor of Canton was commanded by my father’s cousin. She was the *Empress of China*, a full-rigged clipper, and—”

Father Marsotte darted across the room and clapped his hand across Dorrocks’ mouth.

“Quiet!” he said in a whisper. “I hear sounds!”

Both men stiffened to attention.

Faint, very faint, came a noise as of knocking.

“Some one is trying to get in!”

Dorrocks swung himself to the edge of the bed, wincing as his shoulder pained him, but uttering no groan or cry.

“Quick, Padre,” he whispered. “Get the stuff back in the cupboard and straighten the beds.”

“But where can we go?”

The priest was no coward, but, at the thought that the torturers were again on his track, he broke out in a cold sweat all over.

“There’s an inner hiding-place. It’s where I put the earth I took out, in tunnelling. Quick! In here!”

He pocketed some biscuits from the plate Father Marsotte was just putting in the cupboard, seized a bottle of the rice-wine and crept through a hole in the wall of the sleeping-cellar, the priest following him.

The knocking, which sounded like some dull instrument knocking upon stone or like two stones struck against each other, continued for a time and then ceased suddenly.

For a long time, there was silence.

In that underground passage where every sound echoed, the stillness was absolute.

“Can they have got in?” asked the priest, tensely.

“We’d hear their footsteps, if they had.”

Again the silence.

The minutes dragged interminably, and each

man heard the beating of his heart as though it were the knocking on the stones.

“This waiting is terrible to bear!” declared Father Marsotte, more highly strung than his companion, after half an hour had elapsed. “I will go and listen if I can hear anything!”

“Go in sock-feet, then, Padre. Keep your hands inside your sleeves and your head well down so’s the face won’t show. It’s the white hands and face that betray a man in the dark.”

Father Marsotte slipped noiselessly out of the hole and moved cautiously across the floor, carefully putting his foot forward at every step that he might not stumble. Dorrocks, listening anxiously, could not catch the slightest sound of his movement.

Presently he heard steps come pattering down. It was some one in sock-feet, running hard.

Was the priest being pursued?

The steps came nearer.

“Quick! Your knife!” cried Father Marsotte, as he came frantically stumbling through the dark. “The door’s open, and there’s a woman there! She has strangled herself!”

CHAPTER III

THE OPIUM WAR

DESPITE his wounded shoulder, Dorrocks scrambled quickly out of his cramped hiding-place and followed Father Marsotte, who had seized the knife and started back at full speed. Owing to his weakened condition, he was far behind his companion, and, when he reached the open entrance, he saw the woman lying on the ground and the priest bending over her.

As the trader had suspected from the first, it was Chin-sa.

“How is she?” he panted, as he came running up.

“Just about alive, and that’s all!”

Father Marsotte did not even look up. He had cut away the silk scarf by which the woman had strangled herself, and was working over her with artificial respiration. The early morning sun, pouring through the narrow doorway, shone cruelly upon the swollen and protruding eyeballs

and on the bluish-colored face of the suffocated woman.

For half an hour the rescuer worked silently, the sweat pouring down his face from his exertions. As he worked, however, his expression began to clear, and a look of hope came to his face.

“She’s coming to!” he announced.

He continued his labors without a second’s interruption, and, presently, an eyelid fluttered. Again, thirty times more, the priest spread out the woman’s arms to their full extent, brought them back upon her chest and pressed down hard upon the lungs, maintaining the movement with rhythmic precision, thus forcing a pulsation.

Presently Chin-sa gave a sigh, followed by a deep breath, and looked up.

Her glance fell upon Dorrocks, and she tried to struggle to her feet.

“Lie still!” ordered Father Marsotte, in Chinese, “you have been ill.”

The woman looked at him in wonderment, not realizing where she was nor who was this foreigner who spoke to her so abruptly. But the gaze wandered, and she relapsed into unconsciousness.

“She will be better off in bed,” said the mis-

sionary, "and we will carry her there. She is but a little bit of a thing, and her weight will not strain your one good arm."

With a little difficulty, for the passage was narrow, the two men arrived with their burden in the sub-basement, from which they had been driven by the sound of the knocking. There Chin-sa was tucked under the blankets, still unconscious.

"Well," remarked the priest, when he was assured that his second patient was breathing normally, "let us be thankful that it is no worse! When I heard that knocking, I made sure those torturing fiends were after us again."

Dorrocks did not reply.

Father Marsotte looked up sharply.

"What's the matter? Aren't you glad that your wife is safe?"

"I know it sounds a bit brutal to say it," the trader responded, "but you'd have done better not to have saved her."

"What do you mean?" came the horrified query.

"Can't you see that you've brought the mob on our tracks by rescuing her?"

"How so?"

“She’d strangled herself, hadn’t she?”

“Evidently!”

“I thought you understood Chinese customs, Padre! Surely you don’t suppose that she intended to be left there, unburied! You can bet that she gave instructions for some one to come and find her. No Chinese woman would forego a proper burial, especially since I promised her a splendid tomb!”

“Well? What then?”

“When her friends come, and don’t find her, they’ll search the place thoroughly. That little hidie-hole where we were just now is a tight squeeze for two. Three of us could never get in there.”

“But one could not leave a woman in a half-strangled state, to die!”

“I suppose not,” admitted Dorrocks, but he said it unwillingly. “If you had left her, though, when her friends came they’d have taken the body and that would have been the end of it. Now, we’re in a tight hole. They’ll search for her, and find us.”

“You mean that we’ve got to get out of here, at once, then?”

“Within twenty-four hours, anyway. We’re

probably safe, that long. As you know, the Chinese believe that the soul doesn't leave the body, right away, and that a few hours must be given it to find its way about, after death. Her friends will not come in search of her, probably, until to-morrow."

"Yes, though the mourners do not always allow the full twenty-four hours, I have noticed. We ought to leave here, I can see that, but surely there is no need for going far. We could hide somewhere close and watch for the woman's friends to come. When they go away again, having found nothing, we can come back here."

"You can't hide near here and come back," retorted Dorrocks, "that won't do! Ying Hsiu is sure to hear of these goings-on. If he does, he's shrewd enough to guess that there'll be opium stored here, and he'll have every corner examined and all the walls tapped. No, we've got to clear right out."

"But the woman can't be moved, yet."

"Leave her, and let her take her chance, then."

"No!" Father Marsotte's tone was peremptory. "I know you think it doesn't matter much what happens to a Chinese. But I have seen no reason to suppose that the value of a soul depends

on the color of the skin. You risked your life to save mine. Very well. Escape if you like. But I am willing to risk mine to save the woman!"

"I'm not going to have you make such a fool of yourself," the trader answered roughly. "I didn't save your life to have it thrown away. We'll all go together, if you insist on it. How soon do you think Chin-sa will be able to travel?"

"She ought to have a night's sleep, of course. But, since the matter is urgent, there is no real danger in waking her after about four hours' sleep."

"Good; we'll go then."

"But where?"

"That's just what I've been wondering. It's no use going to the 'factory' merchants. Even if any of them are left alive, they wouldn't bother about me. And they'd hoot at the idea of helping a Chinese woman to escape! If you insist on toting Chin-sa along, we'll have to adopt entirely different tactics. But, I warn you, she won't thank you for it."

"What else can you think of? You have had experience of this sort of thing, I have not."

"It's this shoulder of mine, that plays pitch-and-toss with any plan," the trader grumbled.

“If we could hide somewhere until night-time, I could creep out, knife a boatman in the back and get his sampan.”

“That is murder!” protested the priest, forbiddingly.

“It’s war!” snapped Dorrocks. “We can’t split hairs over morals when our lives are at stake. But I’m not fit for a hand-to-hand tussle with my shoulder in this state, and it’s no use telling you to do the job.”

“What would you do if you were alone?”

“And unwounded? I’d swim. I can swim like a fish. I’d black my face with grease and candle-soot—which doesn’t wash off in the water—and I’d swim down river during the dark hours, lying hid by day. I made fifty miles, like that, on the Pie’ho River, during the Opium War. Can you swim, Padre?”

“A little. Not enough to swim all the night long. I am afraid that an hour or so would be my limit.”

“You can float, though?”

“Oh, yes, as long as you like.”

“Chin-sa swims, too, I know. She’s a boatman’s daughter and she was a fisherman’s wife. She’s done a lot of heavy work on the river-side

and the sea-shore, hauling nets and the like. We'll see what we can do."

The two men commenced to make arrangements. Dorrocks made up a number of small packets of opium in oiled silk and attached them about his body, because, as he said, it was better currency than money. Each man also carried a small bundle of food, attached to a piece of wood for a float. Father Marsotte bound up Dorrocks' wound anew, noting with satisfaction that the hurt was not as deep as it had seemed at first.

When all the preparations were complete, Chin-sa was awakened and, after a hasty meal, Dorrocks explained the situation to her.

"How should my lord's slave know better!" she exclaimed, when the trader took her to task for attempting suicide and thus bringing their enemies down on them. "I was told that my lord was seen to fall dead in the fire. Was it for me to live, after that? And to die by one's own hand is an honorable death!"

"Did you tell any of your friends to come and fetch your body?"

"Surely! Did not my lord promise in his will a rose-granite tomb and the two stone lanterns?"

"I thought so!" ejaculated Dorrocks. He

86 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

added, in English, "whenever you do something decent for these people, you get in wrong!"

The priest looked at him reproachfully, but made no comment.

"Now, Chin-sa," the trader continued, "because of your coming, we'll have to swim for our lives."

"But my lord is hurt," she replied, noticing for the first time the bandaged shoulder.

"I'll manage to swim, somehow!"

The woman pondered a moment.

"'The clouds find a way across every sky,' " said she, quoting a Chinese proverb. "Has my lord much opium here?"

"To the value of twenty-five thousand Haikwan taels, (about \$18,500)."

"It is much more than enough. My first husband's brother's son has a sailing sampan which he might be persuaded to sell."

"To a 'foreign devil'?"

"Its value is not one-third the worth of the opium here. For so big a profit, who would not sell, my lord?"

"H'm, there's something in that! But where is this sampan, Chin-sa?"

"Far down the river. My lord's words are

wise words. You shall swim down in the dark. My feet are quicker on earth than in the water and no one will suspect me. I will see my first husband's brother's son. Some night, after you have escaped and are far away he can come to this place and take all the opium that is hidden here. It will make him rich."

"But your friends may find the opium first."

"The humble thoughts of the slave of my lord have looked upon that danger. Is it permitted to speak?"

"It is permitted."

"If the stones of the wall be put back, my lord, those who come to seek my body will find nothing, and will know nothing. They will think I have been afraid. They do not know the secret of the door, my lord. I only told them 'a cave in Ying Hsiu's garden.' "

"Be it so. The words are well considered, Chin-sa. It is better to start at once, for the moon is young and the night will be dark early.

"Turn a plate upside down over the candle, Padre, and let the soot collect. Mix it well with fish-fat and smear it thickly on your cheeks. Remember, it's only the gleam of white that betrays."

Black of face, hands, and feet, no stranger-looking couple than Dorrocks and Father Marsotte had ever stolen stealthily through Ying Hsiu's garden. Under her husband's direction Chin-sa had replaced the stones of the masonry so that not a sign of disturbance appeared from without.

The two men slipped silently to the river bank and merged with the shadows.

"At the second sun-down, my lord, I will come to the Island of the Yellow Lizard as arranged," whispered Chin-sa.

"Be prudent!" cautioned Dorrocks, as he let himself down into the water and floated out of hearing.

The moon had set and it was black night on the river. Because of the trader's wound and Father Marsotte's inexperience, little swimming was attempted. The current of the river ran nearly two miles an hour, however, and, before dawn, the fugitives were twelve miles below Ning-po.

Father Marsotte was sodden and chilled when Dorrocks pulled him out of the water, but the trader—who had not moved his injured shoulder once during all the time—was in nowise exhausted by the trip.

That day they rested under an overturned boat, the gaping seams of which told that it had not been used for a long time, and now was far too unseaworthy to be launched.

Next night, as soon as the moon set, they set off again, Dorrocks having found some cork-like pieces of wood used by fishermen for their floats to aid Father Marsotte, who had rallied but slowly from the previous night's exertions. Shortly after midnight, a long low shoal appeared before them.

"Here we are!" said the trader, in a cheery whisper.

"But there is no concealment!" protested the other, as he dragged himself up on the muddy bank of the island. "We shall be seen at the first streak of dawn."

Dorrocks chuckled.

"This is one of my opium lays," he said. "You'll see!"

Towards the middle of this long narrow shoal, which was not more than twenty yards across at its greatest width, and was but little higher than awash at the time of the spring floods, he rolled aside a piece of conglomerate or pudding stone,

and revealed a staircase, which he descended, helping his companion down.

“Welcome to another smuggler’s den, Padre! No one will look for us, here. Even Ying Hsiu doesn’t know this place. Here, take a drop of this to warm you, and go to sleep. You need it. Chin-sa won’t be here before sun-down.”

“And if she does not come?” It was Father Marsotte’s turn to be pessimistic, for the two nights in the water had lowered his vitality.

“Then we’ll get along without her!” returned the trader, whose energy increased as his comrade’s diminished. “But she’ll come. You’ll see!”

Nor was his prophecy wrong. Soon after sun-down, and just as it became dark upon the river, Chin-sa swam softly up to the shore of the island. The two men were on the beach, watching for her, but they did not see her until she was almost upon them.

“What have you accomplished?” queried Dorrocks, after the ceremonious salutations had been exchanged.

“The son of the brother of my first husband is not brave, my lord,” replied Chin-sa scornfully. “He is afraid to do anything, himself. He says

that if you should be caught in his sampan, he would have his hands and feet cut off. He does not want that."

"It is to be expected of him. But what will he do?"

"He will take the opium."

"Ah! He is brave enough for that! But what will he do in return?"

"Himself, he will do nothing, my lord. He has gone to Fow-kin, where he will visit his mother-in-law and his friends, for he used to live there, once. He will be seen in Fow-kin by many people to-day, and he will sleep there. To-morrow morning he will make sure that many more people see him, whose voices will testify that he cannot have been here to-night. If the sampan disappears, he can assert that it was stolen, and prove that he had nothing to do with your escape."

"I do not blame him for avoiding risk. Where is the boat?"

"It is up the river. If my lord wills, I can bring it down, at moon-set. I have placed food therein, and all things needful."

"How far up the river?"

"Two hours by water and half an hour by land.

As my lord knows, the river bends, here."

"I know. Well, that seems about the only thing to do, don't you think, Padre?"

"It seems to me that the farther away from Ning-po, the better."

"The words of Chin-sa are worthy of golden praise," approved Dorrocks, turning to his wife.

"Bring the boat here by moon-set. Let not time slip idly!"

"I go now, my lord!"

Without farther comment she bowed, and slipped into the water.

"It's a good thing to have the boat, no doubt," Father Marsotte remarked, when the woman's head passed out of sight, "but where shall we go with it?"

The trader shrugged his shoulders.

"If the rumors I heard about Tien-tsin are true, I should think the whole coast of China is up in arms against foreigners, and we're apt to be scragged anywhere we land."

"Then what do you propose? One cannot travel very far in an open boat!"

"It all depends on the boat. Some sailing sampans are extraordinarily seaworthy. To tell the truth, though, I shouldn't much like to try navi-

gating the Pacific in an open boat, not during this month of southeasterly gales, anyway.

“I’d rather go along the coast to Kiung-chow or Hai-nan and then cut across for the Philippines. Manila isn’t more than five hundred miles from there. But it’s the wrong time of year. The wind would be against us, and no sampan can lie close enough to the wind for proper tacking. I know, because I’ve tried beating against a head wind with a sampan.

“No, we’d better strike north, for Japan. That country’s safe, for Americans, at least, ever since Commodore Perry, and our Consul-General, Townsend Harris, opened Japan to the world and began to make it a modern nation.”

“Japan may be safe,” came the protest, “but surely it is a long way off?”

“It’s far enough, for sure, Padre, but threatened men haven’t much choice!”

“Can you make a course, there?”

“I hold a Master’s Certificate,” replied the trader, “and there was a time I knew the China Seas as well as any man afloat. But that’s a good while ago.”

This was evidently the chance to find out Dorrocks’ history and the priest seized it.

“I remember, now,” he said, “you mentioned that the first American ship in a Chinese harbor was captained by a relative of yours. It must have been an adventurous voyage.”

“It was! The *Empress of China* had quite a history. Captain John Green, my father’s cousin was in command, on this first Chinese trip. He didn’t come unprotected, though. He was picked up by two French ships-of-war who acted as his convoy, for France was our ally, then. That was in 1784 and it was an important voyage, in lots of ways. Since we’ve got nothing to do here, while waiting for Chin-sa, I’ll tell you about it.

“The supercargo was Major Samuel Shaw, and he was surprised at the decent treatment received. On getting back to America, he wrote a long letter to the Secretary of State pointing out that the Stars and Stripes had received a respect not paid to any other flag, because the Chinese archives showed no record of hostile action from ‘American Barbarians.’ He urged that a Consul should be appointed to look after American interests, and was selected for the post. He arrived in Canton in 1786 and thus was the first American consular officer in the Orient.

“He soon had plenty to do. By 1789 there

were fifteen American ships a year in the harbor of Canton, and thirty-four vessels reached there in the year of 1801. When I first went to sea, there was a ship a week from New England, and the Chinese trade from Massachusetts alone ran to over five million dollars a year.

“In my time, most of the trading was a mixture of sealing and tea-running. We went heavily armed, of course, because the seas were full of pirates in those times, and, sometimes, ships which flew the flag of a civilized nation did a little privateering on their own. I sailed on the *Perseverance*, for my first trip, and she mounted twelve six-pounders. We had to use them, more than once. I’ll spin you some true pirate yarns, Padre, one of these days!”

“I shall not forget to remind you! But why sealing? Was there so much demand for seal-skins in China, then?”

“Enormous. There always is. As you know, a good many Chinese houses are lightly built, and wood is too scarce to be used freely for fuel. Winters in the northern provinces, I’m told, are terribly cold, just like Siberia. Furs are about the only way of keeping warm indoors as well as out.

“Russia ought to have had the cream of the fur trade, of course, because she had a monopoly of the fur seal and the sea otter in the North Pacific, but, by a silly treaty arrangement, the Chinese wouldn’t let a Russian vessel touch at any of their ports, not even at Canton, which was open to all the other powers.

“The Russian treaty, which had been made nearly a century before, had been for overland trade, alone, and the Chinese wouldn’t alter it. As a result, all the furs taken in the North Pacific—even if secured right off the coasts of China—had to be taken to a Siberian port, shipped thousands of miles inland on the backs of mules or porters, then taken down to the frontier at Kiakh-ta, and, after that, toted back again across the whole of China. It was really easier for us, although New England is at the opposite side of the world. Fur seals were plentiful in the South Pacific, and we hunted them hard. When we had a full cargo of raw skins, we set sail for Canton.

“In those days, Padre, trading with Canton was a roundabout affair, even worse than commerce in Ning-po is to-day. According to Chinese law, every foreign ship had to call first at

Macao, the Portuguese establishment at the mouth of the river. The settlement was on a peninsula, across the neck of which was a high wall, heavily guarded. No foreigner was allowed to go beyond that wall. An annual tribute was paid to the Chinese government, and every vessel which passed up the river had to get a Chinese permit and take a Chinese pilot.

“Even so, we weren’t allowed to go all the way up to Canton. We had to moor at Wham-poa, fourteen miles below. There, each ship had to engage a *fiador*, a rich Chinese merchant who became personal surety for our payment of port dues and custom duties; a *linguistor*, to arrange the necessary bribery and to sell the cargo in Canton, for no foreigner was allowed to enter the walls; and a *comprador*, who sold at his own price the provisions and supplies.”

“After all that, I am surprised that there was any profit left!”

“You wouldn’t think so, Padre, but the earnings were immense. It was a poor voyage which didn’t bring a return of four hundred per cent on the investment. Fur seals were plentiful, prices were high, and a returning ship would have her hold stuffed with cases of tea, rich silks, and fine

porcelain. Such articles fetched fancy prices in America.

“Most early New England fortunes were made in the China trade, and it was reckoned that ten successful trips sufficed to make any man rich. My brother, who sailed his own ship out of Gloucester, made a big pile of money. He brought back a Manchu wife, once, whose gems alone were worth a fortune. That marriage started him on the down-grade, just the same. But I’ll spin you that yarn another time.

“We had a good deal of trouble in those days over the ‘press-gang’ habit of the British Navy. They used to search ships of other nations, wherever they found them, and, if they found any English sailors on board, they kidnapped them and forced them to serve on British ships-of-war. There was a lot of that sort of thing going on at Macao and Wham-poa, and our Consul and the British consul nearly came to blows over it. The ‘press-gang’ of *H. M. S. Doris*, especially, was so violent that even the Chinese interfered. They cancelled all trade contracts with the British merchants and forced the *Doris* to leave Chinese waters.

“It was that same sort of thing, you know,

Padre, which brought on the War of 1812. You see, by English law, every man born in England could be forced to serve in the British Navy if he was found sailing under a foreign flag; according to American law, every man who naturalized as a citizen, no matter where he was born, was freed from his obligations to his Mother Country. It wasn't always easy to tell if an English sailor had naturalized, but our consul claimed that American vessels were not subject to the Law of Search.

“After the war—a small affair, but in which the United States got the best of it—American trade with China was resumed. Things got gradually better, but there was always trouble. For example, look at the Chinese ‘Rules for Dealing with Barbarians (foreigners)’! Here were some of the regulations given out to the fiadors and the hong merchants:

“ ‘The Barbarians are like beasts, and not to be ruled on the same principles as subjects of the Emperor.

“ ‘Were any one to attempt the control of them by the great maxims of reason enunciated by the Five Sages, it would provoke confusion and disorder.

“ ‘The Sons of Heaven have ever understood this need, wherefore, accordingly, Barbarians must be ruled by the make-humble decrees.

“ ‘Scrupulous honesty and exactness must be observed in dealings with Barbarians, but they must feel how generous is the Son of Heaven to allow them to come to his shores, and presents of courtesy (bribes) may be accepted.’ ”

“ ‘Well, the hong merchants were honest enough, weren’t they?’ ” queried Father Marsotte.

“ ‘Oh, absolutely! What was more, we Americans had smaller bribes to pay than had the Portuguese, Dutch, or English. We were called ‘friendly Barbarians,’ they, ‘ill-mannered Barbarians.’ That was one reason why we got the cream of the trade. Of course, the *Terranova* affair hurt us a bit.’ ”

“ ‘What was that?’ ”

“ ‘A trifle, but it made a lot of trouble. An Italian sailor who was one of the crew of an American vessel dropped or threw a heavy jug overboard. It fell on the head of a Chinese woman in a small boat, alongside, and killed her.

“ ‘The Chinese authorities demanded the sailor’s surrender for trial. The captain refused, saying that he was not an American. The Chi-

nese quoted the case of the *Doris*, when an American consul had said that every man on board a ship flying the Stars and Stripes was to be regarded as an American. What was true nine years before, said they, was true still. The *Terranova* was surrounded by war junks, boarded, and the sailor captured. He was duly tried by the Chinese, executed by strangling and his body returned to the ship.

“The American consul realized that if he protested farther, it would seem to the Chinese that the United States protected criminals, and, for the sake of trade, the matter was dropped. It hurt our prestige, just the same.

“Just ten years later, in 1831, every member of the crew of the *Friendship*, of Salem, Mass., was murdered in Sumatra, and it was claimed that this was done by Chinese living on that island. A score of vessels had suffered from Chinese pirates, before, and the United States government decided to send Edmund Roberts in the naval ship *Peacock* as a special envoy to China, Siam, and Muscat, to arrange commercial treaties with the potentates of the Eastern Seas.

“As soon as the *Peacock* arrived off Canton, the same old Chinese exclusion policy cropped

up. The imperial commissioner promptly issued an edict, saying:

“‘Having ascertained that the said cruiser is not a merchant-ship, nor a convoy, and that she has on board an unusual number of seamen, cannon, and weapons, she is not allowed, under any pretext, to anchor and create disturbances. Wherefore:—Let her be driven away! . . . Let the day fixed for her departure be recorded. Haste! Haste! A special order.’

“‘It was rather absurd, of course, for the *Peacock* could have blown the forts out of the water, and then could have sailed up to Canton in the teeth of the whole Chinese Navy. But that wouldn’t have helped to make a peaceful treaty!’

“‘But did not Roberts go on to Siam?’

“‘Sure, he did! He stopped at Cochin-China, first, where the Emperor refused to treat with any one of such small importance as the President of the United States, ‘a person chosen by the people, who did not even have the small title of king,’ unless he did so ‘in a manner properly respectful.’ On that, Roberts sailed away. But he made very favorable treaties with the Chan of Siam and the Sultan of Muscat, and then returned to try his luck at Canton once more.

“It was no go. The *Peacock* was clearly a war vessel, and the governor of Canton would consider Americans as traders, only; he would not even permit a letter to be sent him, ‘barbarian communications’ must be concerning trade, only, and must be sent to the hong merchants. So, again, Roberts was driven away. Worse luck, plague had broken out on one of the vessels, and the American envoy fell a victim and died at Macao, where he was buried. He was the first U. S. Diplomat in the Far East, but, though he did corking good work at Siam and Muscat, he could not open the door of China.”

“England tried, too, about that time, did she not?”

“You mean when Napier’s commission went there? She sure did. I knew a good deal about that visit, because I happened to sail into Canton just a week after the Englishman had left, and the hong merchants were so triumphant that they couldn’t help talking about it.

“Let’s see, that must have been in 1834. The British East India Company had just given up the Canton trade, and the English King—William IV, I think it was—sent Lord Napier at the head of a commission to regulate the trade to and

from the dominions of the Emperor of China.

“It was a cheeky sort of order, as though it were England’s business to regulate everything. And Napier was bossy all through. He didn’t even stop at Macao, as the laws of China required, but went slap up to Canton. Of course, he was in the wrong, there. The hong merchants came aboard at once, and told him that all communications must be made through them. Napier ordered them ashore, as if they had been school-boys, and said he would deal only with the governor.

“He made the next move himself. He sent a letter to the governor by the hands of one of his staff, accompanied by several aides. But when this party came to the walls of the city, the gates were closed. Some Chinese officers, at the head of a handful of troops, barred the way.

“The English ordered the gates of the city opened, but this ‘Barbarian impertinence’ was received only with a grin. The English then tendered the letter to the Chinese officers, and their commander sent an interpreter forward. The latter, while refusing to touch the document, read the superscription and reported the same to his chief.

“Immediately, with an air of contempt, the Chinese turned their backs upon the deputation, reëntered the city and slammed the gates shut in the face of the English envoy.

“To aggravate this insult, the governor then issued a decree to the hong merchants bidding them inform ‘the Barbarian *ey’e*’ (superintendent) that he had disregarded the laws of China in not applying for a permit at Macao, in ‘insolently sailing’ up the river, in presuming to suppose that he could address a high Chinese official directly, and ‘in not lowly and respectfully using the form *pin*,’ which, as you know, Padre, means a petition from a servant or an inferior.

“The hong merchants showed me the decree, when I dropped anchor in Wham-poa, a week later, and, as I remember, it ended something like this:

“ ‘To sum up, every nation has its laws. Even Barbarians declare that they have their laws. How much more the Celestial Empire! Flaming bright are its laws, terrible like thunderbolts. Under the whole heaven, none dares to disobey them. Under its shelter are the four seas. Subject to its nursing care are the ten thousand kingdoms. The Barbarian *ey’e*, having come over a

sea of many myriads of miles to oversee affairs, must surely be a man acquainted with the principles of dignity and decorum.'

"One row led to another. Napier arrogantly insisted that trade with England must be a matter so important to China that the Emperor, himself, should deal with it. The governor, horrified by this 'unparalleled insolence,' replied loftily:

" 'Barbarians coming to or leaving Canton have no public business beyond their trade. . . . As for the commissioned officers of the Celestial Empire, they are never even aware of the trivial affairs of trade. . . . As for the some hundreds of thousands of taels which may come in the form of duties, yearly, from the Barbarians, they weigh not with the Celestial Empire to the extent of a hair or the down of a feather. The possession or absence of them is not worthy even of a single careful thought!'

"Napier lost his temper at this. He issued and distributed a letter in Chinese, which the Cantonese told me was definitely insulting to their Emperor, since it declared the English monarch at least his equal and even his superior.

"All trade with British merchants was stopped. The British 'factory' was threatened with as-

sault. The warships moved up the river to defend it, and shots were exchanged.

“But Napier’s conduct had enraged all China. War-junks came in bunches, troops poured in from every side. The Englishman was threatened at every point and had to crawl. His silly pride had endangered even the few rights which British merchants possessed, and he was forced to agree to the withdrawal of his ships. From Canton he retreated to Macao, where he died a few days later from an illness brought on by rage and humiliation.”

“It is rather surprising that such an affair did not lead to war,” commented the priest, thoughtfully.

“We thought it would. The American consul at Macao urged Washington to send a naval force to be ready to coöperate with England in order to secure equal trade privileges, which, otherwise, Great Britain would probably grab for herself, alone. England was not ready yet, though, and disapproved Napier’s wild demands for a punitive expedition.”

“And yet the Opium War came only four years afterwards!”

“Sure, but the British were afraid of losing the

opium trade, then. The profits on that were so enormous that they thought even a war was justified."

"You are a little hard on the British, it seems to me," commented Father Marsotte.

Dorrocks snorted.

"I was in the Opium War myself, and I've been an opium smuggler ever since; don't you suppose I know something about it? You can argue and talk morals and civilization all you like, but any one who knows anything about it isn't going to deny that China has always done her hardest to keep opium out of the country, and England has always done her hardest to drive it in. We've sided with China, on that question, always.

"But surely the Chinese used opium before the British came!"

"Not as a drug habit, they didn't! The Arabs were the first to bring opium to China, that's true enough, but only as medicine. Even as late as 1773, when Portugal controlled the whole China trade, the total importation of opium wasn't ever more than 200 chests annually, and that's not much for the whole Chinese people. Three years later, under English control, 1,000 chests were



CAPTURE OF CHUENPEE, NEAR CANTON, DURING THE OPIUM WAR.



OPIMUM-SMOKERS.

From "China," by Robert K. Douglas. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

imported, and, by 1790, the imports had jumped up to 4,000 chests.

“By that time, opium-smoking as well as opium-eating had been taught to the Chinese and the habit was getting a real hold on the country.”

“You really do not mean to imply that the English actually taught opium-smoking to the Chinese?”

“All the early ‘dens’ were run by ‘dope-handlers’ from India, who had come to China on English ships and were financed and protected by the East India Company,” Dorrocks replied.

“And you say the Chinese tried to stop it?”

“Tooth and nail! As early as 1794 the governor of Canton memorialized the Emperor that ‘through the vices of Barbarians, the vile dirt of foreign countries, bringing waste and destruction, is being exchanged for the commodities and money of the Empire, and that moral ruin, such as the Five Sages had never even contemplated, is threatening the character and industry of the province.’ I can remember even the Chinese wording of that, for I’ve studied the question pretty closely. I’ve had to!

“In 1796 the Emperor prohibited the importa-

tion of opium in any form, even for medicine, and, through the governor of Canton, the Court of Peking decreed:

“ ‘The Celestial Empire does not concern itself with the evil habits of Barbarians, but that opium should flow into this country so that vagabonds may clandestinely purchase and eat it, thereby becoming sunk continually in a most stupid and besotted state which cuts down the powers of nature and destroys life, is an injury to the minds and manners of men, of the greatest magnitude. Therefore, let all be well advised and informed that the sale or the possession of opium is most rigorously prohibited by law.’ ”

“I had not an idea that any of the Emperors had acted so promptly!”

“All of them did. It wasn’t much use, though. Every chest of opium that came in, whether smuggled or not, bore the stamp of the East India Company, and the organization was so complete that it was the very deuce to know where to tackle it. The whole traffic, from the planting of the poppy-fields to the manufacture and sale of the finished drug was a government-grant monopoly.

“Of course, after the Emperor’s prohibition, the stuff couldn’t come into Canton openly, but

the British worked a regular smuggling system all along the Chinese coast and even kept secret agents for the bribery of mandarins in shore districts. I used to get some of the supplies through them, later. From Hai-nan to Tien-tsin there was a regular smugglers' web. It was a good thing for our American fur trade, in a way, because most British ships were engaged in the opium trade, which brought in a lot more coin.

“Well, as I was saying, I was in Canton right after Napier's visit and sailed back for Boston some few days later. That was my second trip as captain, and as I made the voyage in 147 days, I was mighty proud, I can tell you! My owners were well pleased and put me in charge of a new ship, the *Frugal Venture*.

“All went well, to start off with. We made good time to the South Seas and I got my furs on board without any trouble—except one small brush with a pirate junk, about which I'll tell you some time. Just after crossing the line, though, I ran into bad weather. We were beating up the China Sea on a lee shore, the tail of a typhoon whipping up an ugly swell, when, just before dark, we struck an uncharted reef, or, at least, a reef which wasn't marked on the chart I had.

“There was no time for delay. With the swell that was running, the poor *Frugal Venture* pounded on that reef mercilessly. I just had time to put the boats out, before the ship broke her back, and when, next morning, I got the boats together and called the roll, five men—all Americans—were missing.

“We were right in the sailing track for Canton, so, luckily for every one but me, we hadn’t been in the boats more than a few hours when the *Forethought* overhauled us. She was a New England clipper, too, hailing from the same port as the *Frugal Venture* and belonging to the same company. What was bad for me, one of the directors of the company was aboard, acting as supercargo.

“Well, we had words. I told him the submerged reef wasn’t marked on my chart. He declared that all the ships of the company were furnished with the same kind of charts, and, sure enough, pointed out the reef on the *Forethought*’s chart. But it wasn’t the same chart as the one I’d had, and when he insisted, I called him a liar. He threatened to break me with the company when he got back to Boston and swore that he’d have my Master’s Certificate cancelled for ‘con-

tributory negligence.' He could have done it, too!

"When the *Forethought* dropped anchor off Macao, a few days later, I was in a tight box. I had no ship. I had no money, for there had been no chance to get below, even for a minute, the night of the wreck. I had my company director sore against me, and the way he told the story of the loss of the *Frugal Venture* to the American consul wasn't favorable to me—to put it mildly!

"The only way I could get back to the States was as a passenger, for the *Forethought* had a full complement of officers. You can bet I didn't want to go back in her! Three or four months with that sour-faced director would be too much for me. I'd have thrown him overboard or jumped in the sea myself!"

"What did you do, then?" his companion queried.

"I quit the sea! There was an American in Macao, Talbot, his name was, who had a share in several of the shady deals which were being worked by Innes, one of the British 'factory' merchants. It was smuggling, of course, and most of it was opium.

"Talbot, hearing that I was down on my luck,

offered me a job. He meant me well, but naturally he wanted me to do the dirty work, or, rather, the dangerous work. It was good and dangerous, too, about that time, for there was a new governor of Canton who wasn't in the pay of the British and he was as suspicious an old screw of a mandarin as ever I saw.

"The English thought they had him bluffed, but the wily old Heathen Chineese pulled the wool over their eyes, instead. One day, when they were expecting it least, Innes and Talbot got caught with the goods, and were arrested by the Chinese. There was a sort of trial and both men were ordered to be expelled. The consuls interfered and a second trial was held. Innes was sure enough guilty, but Talbot managed to get off. They couldn't prove it on him, because all the crooked work had been done by me."

"How did you escape, then?"

"The Chinese were too busy trying to get the bigger fish. But when Talbot and Innes didn't go at once, they got sore and strangled a Chinese opium-smuggler on the steps of the English consulate, as a protest against the English delay in expelling Innes. This execution within the foreign compound, was regarded by all the con-

suls as so contrary to diplomatic usage that every one of them hauled down his country's flag and trade was entirely suspended.

“This sort of thing, which was intended to impress the Chinese with the haughtiness of the Barbarians, had exactly the opposite effect. Although the hong merchants were making money and a great many mandarins were getting rich from bribes, China and the Chinese court regarded European trade as a mere flea-bite. When the consuls took this action, however, the governor of Canton—in fear for his head—went to Peking and explained. A secret investigation was made, on the orders of the Emperor, and it was found that opium smuggling was no longer confined to the coasts, but that the drug was actually being shipped weekly into the foreign ‘factories’ with the officials well paid to wink at it.

“Then a most amazing thing happened. The Emperor, himself, interfered. He sent for Lin, his most trusted viceroy, and, so I heard, the Son of Heaven actually wept over the degradation that was coming over his people from opium, declaring that ‘the shame is such that I cannot die and go to the shades of my imperial father and ancestors until these direful evils are removed.’

“Viceroy Lin reached Canton a week or two afterwards and wasted neither time nor words. His decrees were short and sharp enough. He declared that the Emperor was extremely angry, ordered the death penalty for any person found smuggling opium, and commanded that every ounce of opium be delivered up instantly, without compensation.”

“That was sweeping,” agreed Father Marsotte, “but, after all, it seems to me that the Chinese were in the right to say what they wanted in their own country, don’t you think?”

“I thought so, Padre, but the English didn’t. To them, opium was some sort of sacred thing that you couldn’t touch. The English merchants didn’t exactly refuse the order, but they started to argue about it.

“Old Lin wasn’t built that way. He issued a decree which is the record for brevity in Chinese affairs. It ran:

“ ‘To the Barbarians: Deliver all opium first; then talk. An order!’

“Next day the traders made a protest, long, and full of grievances.

“Lin moved, and moved fast.

“Before sunset a fleet of war junks arrived and

made a circle three deep outside the whole foreign settlement from the water side. Gangs of masons were set at work to wall up every street leading out of the settlement on the land side, leaving only one narrow exit, and the viceroy surrounded this wall with soldiers, several ranks deep. A rat couldn't have got out.

“Then, ignoring all the European threats, Lin was carried into the foreign settlement in his sedan chair, under a canopy second only in richness to that of the Emperor himself, and accompanied by the picked soldiers of the Empire.

“He seized 22,283 chests of smuggled opium, worth over \$8,000,000; searched the offices, houses and even the clothing of every foreigner in the place, and removed every account book, paper and letter that he found.

“All Chinese clerks and servants were bundled out of the settlement after having been searched, the food supply was cut off, and the foreigners were held strict prisoners until Lin was satisfied, not only that he had all the opium in his own hands, but that he held all the clues to the entire smuggling system and the names of all the mandarins who had accepted bribes from the English smugglers. Over 160 high Chinese officials either

118 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

were executed or were given the opportunity to commit suicide before the next moon.

“The English had stomached all sorts of insults to their envoys, but this attack on their pockets was more than they could bear. Viceroy Lin, who was nothing if not frank, told them they could resume legitimate trade, as soon as they wished, but—no more opium!

“Against this decision, there was a loud protest. The English didn’t want to be confined to legitimate trade because opium-smuggling was more than five times as profitable. The British Consul broke off official relations, notified English residents to leave China, and England prepared for war.”

“What did you do?”

“Me? Oh, for the time being, I did a little trading for the American merchants, and went on smuggling opium for Ying Hsiu, who had been too shrewd to get caught by Lin. I had to! That was the only job I could get. You see, Padre, I was already implicated. Of the opium that Lin had seized, 1,540 cases were in the hands of Americans. That had been fixed up at the time of the seizure so that these cases were listed as British property.”

“And were they?”

Dorrocks laughed.

“I’d brought in a few hundred of the cases, myself, and I hadn’t seen a penny of the British money! But the Americans had covered up their tracks pretty well, though they had to stand their losses, as well as the rest.

“We expected, all of us, that the Chinese would sell the confiscated opium and pocket the proceeds. That might give us some sort of a chance to demand an indemnity. On that point, though, the Emperor was as hard as chilled steel. He refused to allow one ounce of it to be sold. The whole 22,283 chests of opium were carried far out to sea and sunk, most of the work being done under Lin’s watchful eye. There was no fishing that up again! Opium’s heavy, you know.”

“I admire the Chinese Emperor for his honesty and uprightness!” exclaimed Father Marsotte.

“It only made the English angrier, though,” came the response, “and, just a year later, the actual hostilities began. On June 22, 1840, fourteen men-of-war appeared off Canton Roads. One of the American merchants whom I was dealing with, at Macao, and who was in secret part-

nership with Ying Hsiu, sent me out with a ship to find out just what was going to happen. The American Consul wanted to know, too, in order to determine where America stood, in the war.

“So I slipped out at night, with no lights showing, and then rounded to in the morning and stood in as though coming into port and looking for a convoy. I got in touch with some of the officers of the British fleet and they told me how matters stood.

“England had been too shrewd to declare it a war, because then she'd have to explain to the world why she was making war on a peaceful nation which had done no harm except maintain its own laws and arrest smugglers, which, as I understand it, is within the right of every nation.”

“If it was not war, then, what was it?” the priest queried.

“According to the fleet captains, it was only an Admiralty Order demanding ‘satisfaction and reparation for the late injurious proceedings of the Emperor of China against certain of our subjects and officers.’ ”

“But it turned into war, surely?”

“Not officially, but it would have puzzled any one to tell where the difference was. Chin-kiang,

for example, was taken by assault, sacked and destroyed with horrible slaughter. Over a hundred thousand men, women, and children were actually slain or burned to death when the city was set on fire. So, at least, the Chinese told me, and I knew a lot of people in Chin-kiang. The English reported that 'there had been resistance by the civil population against the peaceful occupation of the town.' I don't pretend to be a diplomat, but I don't consider musketry and cutlasses as methods of 'peaceful occupation.'

"I didn't see any of the actual fighting at Chin-kiang, it's true, for I put in most of the first two years of the War at Ning-po. Ying Hsiu, who was a sly old bird and who had dealt a good bit with foreigners, realized that while England could never harm China on land, she could easily ravage the coast. He had a lot of property and financial interests in Ning-po, and he figured that if Ning-po could be surrendered to the English without bloodshed, there would be less danger of looting. So, as I told you, he worked a little deal by which the water gate of Ning-po was surrendered to the enemy. I had the job of carrying that deal through."

"But that was treachery!"

“For Ying Hsiu, perhaps, but not for me. It was all for the best, at that. It saved Ning-po from the fate of Chin-kiang, and it kept the wealthy classes of Ning-po from having to pay a heavy indemnity. Ying Hsiu, wily old fox that he was, saw to that.

“Other cities got it heavily. Canton was ransomed from assault by the payment of \$6,000,000. Amoy and Shanghai resisted, and were taken by assault, being subjected to looting, after. Finally, the ancient capital of Nan-king was invested, and it was only saved from assault and destruction by the unconditional surrender of the Chinese. The English had won the war at every point, and taught the Chinese that their weirdly costumed soldiers were too poorly armed to be able to stand up against modern troops.

“Of course, the treaty after the war was all to England’s favor. Five ports were opened to foreign trade, and \$30,000,000 was paid as compensation for the seized opium and for a war indemnity.”

“And what was the treaty decision about the opium trade?”

The trader laughed.

“England was too clever to put that in the treaty.”

“But that was what the war was about!”

“Not officially, remember! During the discussions, the English officials dropped a lot of crocodile tears, sympathizing with China over the prevalence of opium-eating. The Chinese plenipotentiary answered that if England was in earnest, she could easily stop the whole traffic by forbidding poppy-fields in her dominions. The suave English answer to that was that to prohibit an agricultural crop was unconstitutional, and China was advised to license the traffic and thus add to her internal revenue. The Emperor wouldn't hear a word along that line. So, of course, after the War, opium-smuggling continued more vigorously than ever, for the British merchants felt they could defy the Chinese with all the insolence of victory.”

“You really blame the War on opium, and on opium alone?”

“I don't say that, Padre! There was the question of treaty ports, there had been insults to the British flag, there had been gross attacks upon envoys, and strong opposition to missionary ef-

fort. Lin's seizure of opium was admittedly the prime cause. Bad as the motive undoubtedly was, I really think, myself, that the war did some good to China. Certainly it did to the rest of the world.

“As a matter of fact, America's stand was the most important diplomatic victory of the whole affair. When the War broke out, an American squadron was sent to Chinese waters. Commodore Kearny, after having pointed out to the governor of Canton that the Americans hadn't done any opium smuggling, and hadn't taken any part in the war, demanded that American merchants should be placed on the same basis as the merchants of the most favored nations. This was granted.

“When, later, during the treaty parleys, England demanded a monopoly of all Chinese trade, a part of the price of her victory, China replied that she had already promised a share to America, and, of her own accord, the Celestial Empire made the treaty ports free to the ships of all nations. The ‘open door’ was an American policy and a triumph of American diplomacy.”

“And you, after the war, you went on opium-smuggling, I suppose?”

“What else was there for me to do? Once, I remember—”

He broke off suddenly and rose to his feet.

“What’s that, Padre? Isn’t it the boat?”

Father Marsotte also rose and peered at a dark shadow on the river, approaching slowly. Then the sound of an oar backing water was heard, and the boat stopped.

A moment later, the Chinese wife’s voice was heard.

“Have I my lord’s permission to speak?”

“Speak, Chin-sa!”

“I have fulfilled my lord’s words. Here is the sampan, my lord. It is fitted with all things needful.”

“Good; bring it to shore, then.”

“And I, my lord?”

“You will come with us,” answered Father Marsotte, hastily, speaking in the trader’s stead, for he feared that Dorrocks would reply with a dismissal.

“It is not fitting,” rejoined the woman. “Let my lord hear! If I leave my country, not knowing when I may return, where shall I be buried? Has not my lord promised me a rose-granite tomb with the two stone lanterns? Of what use will

be that tomb in a foreign land? My soul would never be able to travel so long a road back to the place of my ancestors.”

The trader answered angrily:

“Wild words, Chin-sa! Bring the boat here! It is an order!”

“The order shall be obeyed. The current of the river will bring the boat. But the slave of my lord will stay in her own land. Farewell, my lord, trouble for me no longer; with gladness I go to my ancestors.”

There was a slight splash, and on the level yellow flood could faintly be seen the head of Chin-sa as she swam swiftly to the farther shore. Dor-rocks shouted after her, but the woman paid no heed.

The boat came drifting slowly down and Dor-rocks waded out into the water to stop it. He caught the bow of the sampan as it came near him, and swung it in to shore. But, as he peered in, and his eyes became accustomed to the dim light, he uttered a cry of astonishment.

“What is it?” cried the priest.

“Duncan!” cried the trader. “My boy Duncan is asleep in the bottom of the boat!”



THE PEACOCK IN CONTACT WITH ICEBERG.

From "Narrative of U. S. Exploring Expedition," by Charles Wilkes, U. S. N. Lea & Blanchard.



THE LAHLOO.

Tea Clipper, 1870.

From "The Clipper Ship Era," by Arthur H. Clark. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CHAPTER IV

CHASED BY PIRATES

NIGHT, black night, with the jagged outlines of Japan's rock-bound shore stabbing up to a leaden-indigo sky. A sailing sampan, without any lights, hugs the treacherous coast. In the bow leans Father Marsotte, praying, for there is need for prayer. At the tiller stands Dorrocks, gaunt and grim, his eyes deep-sunk from sleeplessness and hunger. Only little Duncan, his head pillowed on an old sail, slumbers soundly.

Forty-two days they had been at sea, landing only twice for fresh water, once on Formosa, once on an island whose name was unknown to the trader. During those six interminable weeks Dorrocks had taken only such short snatches of sleep as Nature compelled, for there was no one to relieve him at the tiller save Father Marsotte, and the priest was not a sailorman. In those perilous waters, nautical skill was necessary, and every hour that the trader slept was an hour of increased peril.

While not actually tempestuous, the weather had been unfavorable, the winds chopping to every quarter, heightening the dangers from the cross-currents of the dreaded China Sea. Only Dorrocks' superb seamanship had pulled the fugitives through. And now, when the very coasts of the land they sought loomed before them, an even greater menace than the storm-fiend hung on their very heels.

Somewhere, in the dark, not far away, a Japanese junk pursued them. This junk had sighted the sampan early the evening before, and had set after it immediately. For his part, as soon as Dorrocks had caught sight of the mat-sails and the build of the junk, he had recognized her as a pirate.

No man knew better than he what fate they might expect from Japanese pirates, with whom a hatred for foreigners was added to the natural ferocity of sea outlaws. True, the fugitives need not fear torture—for therein the Japanese pirates differed from the Chinese—but neither might they look for mercy. Few were the white men who had ever escaped from the hands of the Yellow Rovers to tell their tale.

In spite of his long experience by sea and on

land, Dorrocks was at a loss to know what to do, in this emergency. With an exhausted priest and a tiny child as his only companions, his every motion was crippled. The trader's fatigue-red-dened eyes scanned the coast sharply for any gleam of light, for, should the worst come to the worst, it were better to run the sampan upon the shore, to risk the pounding of the surf and to throw themselves upon the mercy of even the most isolated of Japanese fishermen rather than be taken by pirates.

Alone, or even with only Duncan to think of, Dorrocks would not have hesitated. He would have tried to beach the boat. Now that his shoulder was fully healed, he was a strong swimmer, and, if he failed to find either a beaching spot or an anchorage, he could easily have swum through the surf with the child. But, as the trader had found out the night that they had drifted down the river, Father Marsotte was a poor swimmer and would be helpless in such a sea as was running. He could not take both the priest and the boy through the breakers.

The coming of daylight was to be regarded with equal hope and apprehension. It might show them some bay or inlet into which they could run

for safety, but it would also reveal them to their enemies.

A faint lightening of the sky to the east heralded the dawn. Dorrocks rubbed his salt-encrusted eyes and devoured the contour of the coast. Rough gray crags rose sheer from the sea. The trader edged in closer, for he knew that in cliff-like formations of that character small bays were often to be found, though generally too land-locked and too rugged to be seen from any distance off shore.

The light intensified rapidly. Casting a look of anxiety behind him, Dorrocks saw the matsails of the junk, astern, and not more than a couple of sea-miles away. At almost the same moment, in the lemon glow of early dawn, he discerned a blur on the horizon which denoted the sails of a ship.

The utter silence which had been maintained the whole night, for fear of betraying their whereabouts to the pirate junk, was useless now, for they had been seen.

“Are you going to run inshore?” queried Father Marsotte, for this had been the plan agreed upon, the evening before.

“Not unless I’m forced to, now. I’m going to try to reach that whaler.”

“You mean that ship far away on the horizon? How do you know she’s a whaler?”

“I don’t know, for sure, at this distance. But she’s square-rigged, for a certainty, we’re off the track of trading vessels, and too far south for fur-seal or sea-otter cruising; what else but whaling would bring a white man’s ship into these waters?”

The argument was unanswerable.

The light grew brighter, and, as the first rays of the sun shot across the sea, Duncan stirred in his sleep. Soon he would be awake, and clamoring, boy-like, for his breakfast.

“How many rice-cakes are there left?” queried the trader, in a low tone.

“Enough for to-day and to-morrow on the famine rations of the last ten days,” the priest answered.

“It’s no use saving food now. Give the youngster all he wants when he wakes. We’ll eat heartily, too, you and I, Padre. In a few hours we’ll either be resting on board that ship there, or fighting our way through the surf, or walking the

pirate plank to Davy Jones' Locker. Whatever way things turn, we'll do better on a full stomach."

As his father finished speaking, Duncan came up to a sitting position, wide awake on the instant. He burst into a rapid babble of Chinese.

"Speak English, Duncan, my boy," said the trader, "we're not in China, now."

The lad stumbled over the thwarts and put his tiny hand on the tiller.

"I fordot!" he lisped, looking up, and he added, evidently translating mentally from Cantonese, "I like, now, breakfast."

"Ask 'Second Father,' then," bade Dorrocks, passing his hand kindly over the boy's hair, "he'll give you a big breakfast to-day, all you want to eat."

"We det home soon, Daddy?"

"We'll find another home, Son. Now, go and eat all your little tummy will hold!"

The boy went to Father Marsotte more than willingly. During the six weeks' voyage in the small boat, the priest had been more than kind to the little lad, who had returned this kindness with affection. The term "Second Father," di-

rectly translated from the Chinese, was of the boy's own coining.

So, while Dorrocks steered toward the ship which held their hopes, and watched with dread the pirate junk which was gradually creeping up upon them, Father Marsotte and the boy chattered freely, munching rice-cakes the while.

Duncan had learned much in these six weeks. The trader, though he had frowned once or twice when he heard the priest giving some simple religious instruction to the boy, did not interfere. In his direct sailor-fashion of thinking, he considered that religion was a priest's duty and he held that no man should be attacked for doing his duty. Then, too, though far from religious himself, he was sensible enough to realize that religious principles—no matter from what church—could never do any harm.

Now, as he watched the two together, he smiled contentedly, despite his inward worry. Duncan looked up and answered his father's smile.

“Oor b'ekfas' nex', Daddy!” he chirped.

Then, with both chubby hands full of rice-cakes, half of them salted and half sweet, he came to the stern, his face full of seriousness with the

importance of his task. The priest brought the wicker-covered jar, for water was a commodity far too precious to be entrusted to tiny hands in a rocking boat.

Dorrocks, who was ravenous with hunger and parched with thirst, ate and drank with furious avidity, keeping his eye on the junk, meanwhile.

"I'm afraid they are overtaking us," commented Father Marsotte, anxiously.

"Sure! They're overhauling us, fast."

"And the whaler?"

"She's a dozen miles away, still."

"Do you still think there is a chance of reaching her?"

Dorrocks measured the respective distances critically with his eye.

"There's a chance, of course, or you can bet I'd be heading for the shore as hard as I could pelt. It all depends on the wind. If the breeze freshens, the junk will make quicker time than we do, for those mat-sails take more than a cap-full of wind to fill them; if it drops a bit, so much the better for us, for a sampan will slide through the water on a cat's-paw, where a junk would be becalmed."

“It seems to be freshening!” came the troubled remark.

“I’m not so sure. This dawn breeze may be only the usual sunrise puff we get in these latitudes; if so, it won’t last long. But, at that, we’d better make what use of it we can. Go, Padre, and take that old sail Duncan was sleeping on. Fasten it on the mast, as high up as you can reach, and prop up the other end by wedging the toughest of the fish-spears against a thwart and running one of the prongs through the cringle of the sail. No, you take the tiller a second, and let me do it.”

The maneuver, in Dorrocks’ skillful hands, took but a couple of minutes.

“So,” he said with satisfaction, as he took the helm again, “there isn’t much added sail-spread there, but it may give us half-a-knot more.”

Evidently the pirates thought so, too.

From the junk there came a flash and a report. A solid shot plumped into the water, only a couple of hundred yards astern of the sampan.

“Sounds like a nine-pound carronade!” commented Dorrocks.

“Hadn’t we better make for the shore?” queried the priest, nervously.

“If they don’t aim any straighter than that, we’re safe enough.”

“Do you think the whaler has seen the firing?”

“You can bet your life she has. What do you suppose a lookout’s for?”

“Then she ought to come to our help, as fast as possible.”

“She’s more likely to keep away, to avoid getting into trouble,” the trader corrected. “No one with any sense in his head is hunting for trouble on the China Seas. It’s too easy to find!”

“If we only had a flag, or some sort of distress signal to show!”

Dorrocks nodded approvingly.

“That’s a good idea of yours, Padre. There is an old shellback’s trick they may know, perhaps. Take the helm again, a minute.”

He slackened his belt, took off his trousers, and, shinning up the mast, hung them upside down to the end of the slender sloping yard of the sampan.

“There,” he said, as he took the tiller again,

“they ought to see that if they’ve a good glass aboard.”

The pirates noticed the signal, surely, for a second round shot came plumping into the water, nearer the sampan, indeed, but still a long way from harm.

As Dorrocks had hoped, the dawn wind began to die down, coming in lesser and lesser puffs. Insensibly, the sampan began to increase her distance from her pursuer.

Then, suddenly, the trader let out a sonorous sea oath.

“What is it, now?” asked Father Marsotte, following his companion’s anxious glance at the junk.

“I’m afraid they’re getting out their sweeps, Padre!”

The fear was justified. A minute or two later, sixteen long sea-oars began to strike the water.

Dorrocks cast a worried look at the whaler, still several miles away, and then at the shore.

“I’m not so sure whether we can make it, with that,” said he. “Those sweeps’ll make that old junk just travel!”

“Put your trust in—”

“I’d rather put it in a good six-pounder, right now,” retorted the trader, who was in no mood for sermons. “If I could put a shot into that craft between wind and water and send the whole pirate gang—cap’n, cook, and crew—to the hot place where they belong, I’d feel a whole lot better.”

Then, from the distance, came a dull, heavy boom.

Dorrocks whirled to look. From the whaler’s bow, a curl of smoke was drifting away.

“She’s seen our distress signal!” he cried exultantly. “She’s changing her course! That gun was only to tell us to hold on, for the junk’s out of her range, as yet. There! What did I tell you! Up goes her balloon jib! Main and fore-to’gallant staysails, too! Now she’ll walk along! Watch how the pirates’ll run!”

They did not run. To the trader’s great surprise, the sweeps were pulled steadily. Minute by minute, the junk drew nearer.

Even with the rescuing whaler steadily approaching, Dorrocks began to despair. A pirate junk which carried on and showed no fear of a good-sized whaling brig must be well-armed and must carry a big crew of cut-throats.

There came a second dull report from the distant vessel. Although she was so far away, the shot fell close to the junk.

“Some shooting!” exclaimed the trader.
“That must be a naval gun!”

The length of range and the straightness of aim evidently caused some confusion on board the junk. Over the water there came the sound of distant pistol shots, and several of the sweeps hung idle. But the disturbance, whatever it may have been, was quelled, and after a couple of minutes' delay, the junk came on, even more vigorously.

Again the pirates fired at the sampan with both their bow guns, one of the shots falling within less than thirty yards from the boat. Dorrocks hardly noticed it, so intently was he scanning the vessel which was speeding to their help.

“What in thunder is that craft, anyway?” he muttered. “She’s whaler-built, that’s sure, but she’s flying the Dutch or the German flag—I can’t see which, quite—and she’s carrying heavier guns than any whaler I’ve ever seen. There!”

A volley of three reports came simultaneously.

“Two ten-pounders at the bow and broadsides of three six-pounders each, I reckon!” He

turned to his companion, with a glint of hope. "Padre, we'll see that junk go down to Davy Jones, yet!"

Yet the pirates were not daunted. They followed hot upon their prey.

There came a rattle of musketry from the junk. Two holes suddenly appeared in the sampan's sail, and one bullet splintered the bulwark just above Duncan's head.

The trader turned white, but not with fear for himself. He set his teeth hard and turned his body edgewise to the foe.

The whaler's big bow-gun spoke again.

Where it hit, Dorrocks could not see, but its effect was immediate. Some of the sweeps stopped, and, a moment later, one of the matsails swung half round, as though the lee braces had been suddenly loosened. Again pistol-shots could be heard on board, and, so near was the junk, excited cries, also. Men could be seen struggling on the deck.

"Mutiny, for sure!" exulted the trader. "The crew don't want to fight! Now, they'll have to run!"

But again, so it seemed, the pirate chief forced

his will upon his mutinous crew. The sails were braced home, the sweeps re-manned, and the junk followed the sampan close. The plan of the pirates was clear. They would overtake the small boat, first, and turn to fight the larger enemy, afterward.

A second volley of musketry followed. The bullets whistled around the standing figure of Dorrocks, but none of them touched him.

Then—

Crash!

A shell burst full on the poop of the junk, killing the helmsman and an officer, splintering the wheel and jamming the steering gear.

The junk was now so close that those on board the sampan could hear the shouts of fury and despair, that followed the bursting of the shell. Dorrocks and Father Marsotte, watching intently, saw a rush of men along the pirate's deck and the puffs of smoke or glitter of steel, as officers and mutineers met.

Unmanageable and not answering to her helm, with her officers and crew in a death-grapple, the pirate junk slewed round. Her mat-sails filling, she drove before the wind for the shore.

Another broadside from the whaler riddled her upper works, for the brig was coming within easy range, now.

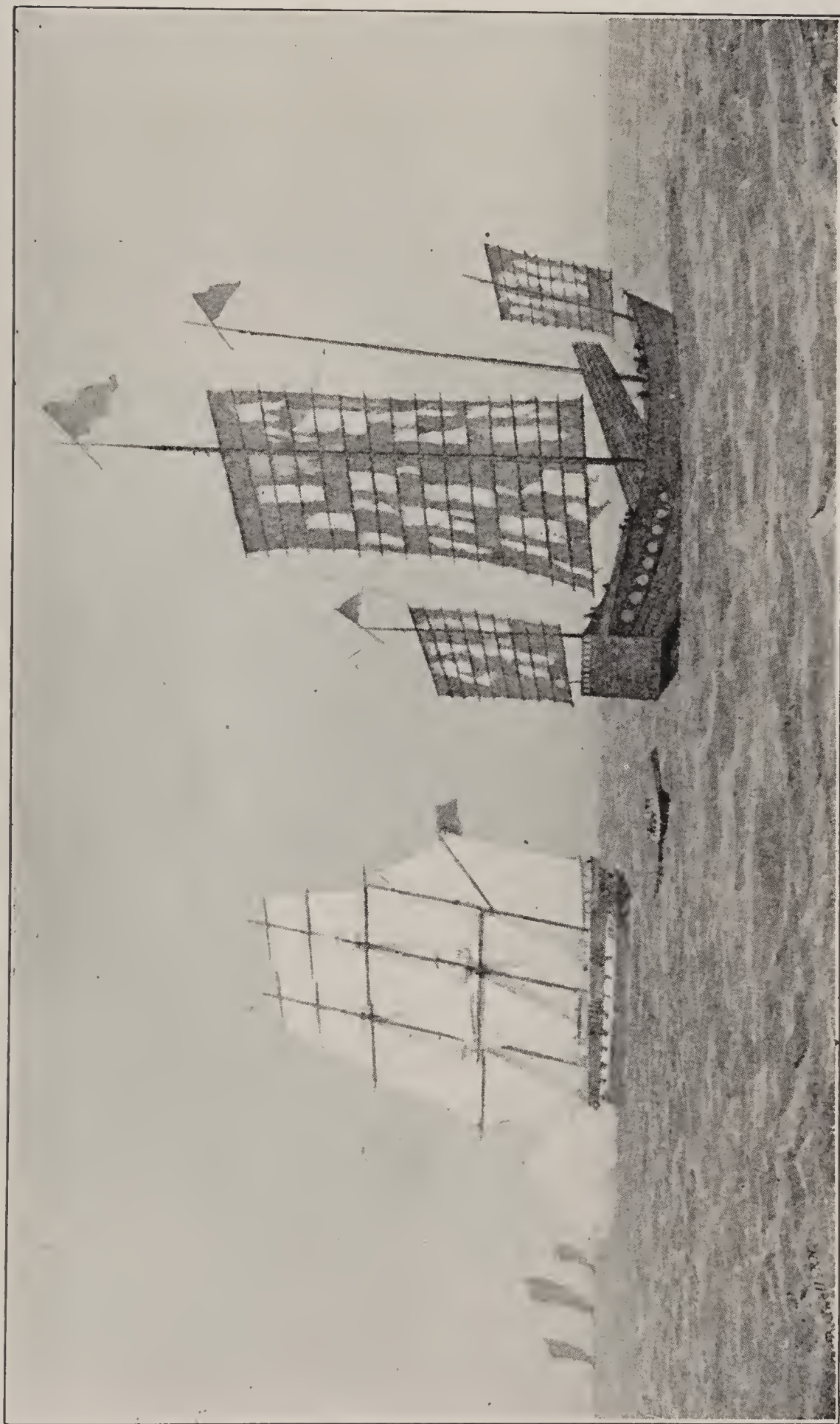
“Fools!” cried Dorrocks, his sailor instinct coming uppermost. “Why don’t they cut their halyards and let the sails run? They’ll be on the rocks before they know it!”

But, aboard the junk, discipline was at an end. Some one—probably without orders—let go the anchor without first heaving the lead to find out whether there were an anchorage or no. The anchor caught, then dragged, caught again with a jerk and the cable parted.

There was no need for further firing. As the sampan sailed toward her rescuer, the brig backed her main-sails to watch the fate of the doomed pirate craft.

A few minutes longer the junk drove on, blindly, then struck a reef of rock, a cable’s length off shore. A minute or two she hung there, then heeled over, and, down by the head, lunged straight on for the hungry cliffs. A second time she crashed, fell over on her beam ends and filled. Once more she almost righted and then plunged for the last time.

The pirate junk was no more!



RESCUED FROM PIRATES OFF YANG-TSE CAPE.



EAST INDIA COMPANY'S STEAMER, *NEMESIS*, AND THE BOATS OF THE *SULPHUR*, *CALLIOPE*, *LARNE*,
AND *STARLING* DESTROYING THE CHINESE WAR JUNKS IN ANSON'S BAY, JANUARY 7, 1841.

Five minutes later, the sampan had ranged alongside the brig, and Father Marsotte climbed wearily up the swinging rope ladder. Dorrocks handed the child to him, tossing the painter (rope) of the sampan to a waiting sailor and clambered on board with a seaman's agility.

Two men were waiting for him, at the rail.

"English?" came the query from one of them, the master of the ship.

"American," Dorrocks answered. "Captain Dorrocks of the *Frugal Venture*, hailing from Nantucket, Mass., wrecked on an uncharted reef and put ashore in China. We escaped from Ning-po in this sampan because an anti-foreign riot was raging there. But, since we've been forty-two days in that small boat, you've probably got more recent news from China than we have."

"And I, Captain Obersann, of the German brig *Freischutz*, at your service."

"On a whaling trip, Captain?" queried Dorrocks, with a natural curiosity, for the one swift glance he had cast around him when clambering over the rail had shown him that the armament of the *Freischutz* savored of anything but whaling, and that the crew were Orientals to a man.

“Cruising for the owner, who aboard is; on a special venture we sail.” He turned to the lean-faced man who stood beside him and who had listened with great intentness. “Mr. Jenkins, your countryman, the owner is.”

“From the States?” said Dorrocks. “Fine!”

The two men shook hands heartily, each sizing the other up shrewdly.

The owner of the brig then took up the conversation, asking bluntly:

“Who are your companions, Captain Dorrocks?”

“This is Father Marsotte, head of the French mission hospital at Ning-po, who escaped when I did; this youngster is my son Duncan.”

“H’m! French, is he? Excuse my sayin’ so, Father, but I don’t like that.”

“And why not, Monsieur Jenkins, if I may ask?”

“Certainly you may ask, an’ you’ve a right to. I’ll tell you straight. We’re bound for Korea.”

“And what if so, Monsieur? Please explain.”

“Then you haven’t heard what’s happened to your people in Korea?”

“Has something happened? I have not heard a word, Monsieur. I have been in Ning-po for

ten years. There is not much news that finds its way there.”

“I’m sorry to have to give you bad tidin’s, then,” said Jenkins, gruffly, but not unkindly. “All your three bishops an’ seventeen of the twenty French priests there have been tortured an’ butchered by the direct order of the King. Only three o’ them escaped, where, I don’t know—China, I suppose. Over six thousand Korean Christians were killed, too. Every church, mission house an’ hospital’s been burned down. What’s more, laws have been passed that every missionary landin’ in Korea is to be put to death by the first magistrate that finds him, without botherin’ about any trial.”

Father Marsotte paled, staggered to the hatchway and sat down. In his exhausted state, the shock hit him hard.

“It is terrible news, indeed, Monsieur, terrible! May their souls rest in peace!” He muttered a prayer, while the others kept a respectful silence. “Ah, Monsieur,” he went on, “many of them were my friends!”

Again a sympathetic pause. No one moved or spoke, awaiting the priest’s next words.

“When did all this happen, Monsieur?”

“Four years ago, Father.¹ It’s a wonder you hadn’t heard.”

“And has nothing been done since?”

“Oh yes. France intervened at once an’ made things a durn sight worse. Admiral Roze, of the French Asiatic Fleet, was sent in command of a squadron of six small ships-of-war an’ 600 soldiers to dethrone the King of Korea an’ raise Cain with every one who had a hand in the massacre. The French didn’t know it, but that was a job for a whackin’ big army, not a handful of men. The troops had orders to attack Chemulpo first, an’ then to force their way to the capital. They didn’t know Korea! That wasn’t their fault; no one did, then. No one does yet, for that matter.

“On their way to Chemulpo, the French fleet was compelled to attack Kang-wa, a city of 20,000 people, built on an island, an’ commandin’ the narrow channel to the port. The resistance was desperate but the place was finally taken an’ set on fire by burstin’ shells. There wasn’t any

¹ The voyage of the German brig which was financed by the American adventurer Jenkins took place four years before the date given in this book. While all the incidents are historical, this slight change of date has been made to fit the purposes of the story. F. R-W.

chance for escape an' hundreds of non-combatants were burned to death. That didn't make the natives love the French, any more, you can bet on that!

"When the Admiral reached the mainland, at last, and got ready to march on Chemulpo, he found a good-sized army gathered. The Koreans seemed to be well-disciplined an' well-led, but they were armed only with barbaric weapons like double-bladed swords, jagged-edged battle-axes, spears, an' bow-an'-arrows. It looked like an easy win.

"Although his force was so small, Admiral Roze had his orders. He landed his 600 soldiers an' every sailor who could be spared from the ships, an' charged to take the town in flank. The Korean ranks broke at the first rush, but, as it proved afterwards, this was only a trick. The French were led into an ambush. Half the force was cut to pieces almost immediately, an' it was only with strenuous fighting an' with heavy losses that the survivors were able to make their way back to the ships. France hasn't dared to tackle Korea again.

"So you see why it is, Father, that I can't take you with us to Korea. As a Frenchman an' a

148 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

missionary, you'd be in danger twice over. Your presence aboard might destroy our chances of success, an', if you were found out, you'd be bowstrung, sure!"

He turned to Dorrocks.

"Of course, this doesn't apply to you," he went on, "you're an American. If you could come with us on the expedition, I'd like it. An' I'd make it well worth your while, too."

"What is the expedition?" the trader queried.

"Come aft a minute, an' I'll tell you."

Captain Obersann, himself a Catholic, nodded approvingly at Father Marsotte, after the others left.

"What Mr. Jenkins says true is," he affirmed. "Most horrible murders have been. It is a country which now not safe is."

The priest considered.

"It is my duty to face any risks that come in the order of my work," he responded, "but it is spiritual egotism to seek martyrdom uselessly. I will be guided by Captain Dorrocks, to whom I owe my escape."

After a few minutes' consultation, the trader returned with the owner of the brig.

"I think Mr. Jenkins is right," he declared.

“It will be safer for you in Japan, Padre. He has offered to put you ashore in a port where he knows you will find friends. He has bought the sampan, too, so I can give you some money to go on with. It isn’t healthy to be adrift in an Oriental country without cash.”

“And what about Duncan?” queried the priest. Dorrocks shrugged his shoulders.

“He’d have been better off with Ying Hsiu, of course, if that old fox hadn’t made his house the headquarters of the anti-foreign riot leaders, so that Chin-sa couldn’t leave the boy there; that is, if she told the truth in that letter she left in the boat. The way things are now, I suppose the youngster’ll have to take his chance with us, though it’s a wild cruise and a wild crowd.”

“Leave the boy with me, then. He is much too young to be subjected to a wandering life. As soon as I get settled, I will write a letter to the American Consul at Nagasaki telling him where I am or where I have placed the boy. You will always be able to trace your son, that way.”

“Now, that’s a rattlin’ good idee,” put in Jenkins. “As I’ve told you, Cap’n Dorrocks, this is a risky business. I’ll take the boy along, as I promised, if you want me to, because I’m not

goin' to see an American youngster in trouble, if I can help it. To my way o' thinkin', he'd be better off ashore. But you can settle that between yourselves."

And, with a consideration not to be expected from his brusque manner, Jenkins turned away, Captain Obersann following.

"Tell me," asked the priest, "is this another smuggling voyage?"

"No," answered Dorrocks, "it's not."

"Something worse, then?"

The trader hesitated.

"Yes," he admitted, "I suppose you'd call it worse."

The priest laid a hand on his companion's arm.

"Come with me to Japan, my friend; you say you have a little money. We will find some way to live. It is better to be poor than to go back to evil ways."

The trader shrugged his shoulders.

"Needs must when the Devil drives, and the Devil is right busy around the China Seas. No, Padre, stuck as I am, now, without a cent except what Jenkins has paid me for the sampan—fairly and squarely I'll admit—I'm not in a position to refuse any chance to earn a little money. The

Freischutz saved our lives, too, we oughtn't to forget that.

“As for Duncan, I'll take your offer, Padre, and be really grateful. The boy is fond of you, anyway. Let me know through the Consul at Nagasaki, like you say, and, just as soon as I can get hold of some more cash, I'll forward it on to you. I don't want any boy of mine to be brought up on charity.”

Late that afternoon, the *Freischutz* rounded a rocky point and sailed into the fishing harbor, where Jenkins had guaranteed that the fugitives would find friends. Before actually landing, however, Dorrocks demanded an absolute assurance from the owner of the brig that Father Marsotte and the boy would be safe.

“The Japs haven't got any too good a name,” the former opium smuggler declared, doubtfully. “I remember when the *Morrison*, bringing gifts to the Mikado and having American Protestant missionaries aboard, was fired on in the Bay of Yedo, although she didn't even carry a deck-gun.

“Then there was the *Manhattan*, which carried back to Japan twenty-two shipwrecked Japanese sailors—eleven of them rescued from a desert island—and, although she was just doing an act

of kindness, she was held up and none of the crew was allowed to land on pain of death. I know that's so, for the skipper—he was a Sag Harbor man—told me so himself, a year or two later.

“He told me, too, how Commodore Biddle of the U. S. Navy was shoved and hustled on his own quarterdeck by a Japanese soldier, while he was on a mission to deliver a letter from the President of the United States to the Mikado. He had to go away with a flea in his ear.”

“True enough,” agreed Jenkins, “and the Mikado's answer was as insulting as it could be made. I'll admit that. But our Minister in China had told Washington that the time wasn't ripe for tryin' to make treaties with Japan, yet.”

“I'm not talking diplomacy,” retorted Dorrocks, “I'm talking facts, and those facts aren't any too savory. As for the crews of shipwrecked whaling vessels, there are plenty of records showing how distressed mariners on the shores of Japan were imprisoned, shut up in narrow cages, put in the stocks, stoned, and handled so roughly that a good many of them died. When I was sailing these seas, in the Opium War time, the Japs had a worse reputation for hostility to foreigners than even the Chinese.

“So I want to know, Mr. Jenkins, before I agree to quit Father Marsotte and my boy, and to go on this expedition with you, if they’re going to be absolutely safe, here. I’ll not leave them, else.”

The owner of the brig shrugged his shoulders.

“Absolutely safe? You know as well as I do that’s askin’ too much of any Oriental country. But you’re thinkin’ o’ the old days, as they were before Perry came. When you start talkin’ about conditions in Japanese waters an’ this part o’ the world in general you want to remember that the biggest an’ best piece of diplomacy that ever happened in the Orient was pulled off by an American, and a navy man, at that!”

“You mean Commodore Perry? I’ve heard of him, but I never knew what he did. Down in Ning-po, I’d enough to do trying to keep track of Chinese affairs.”

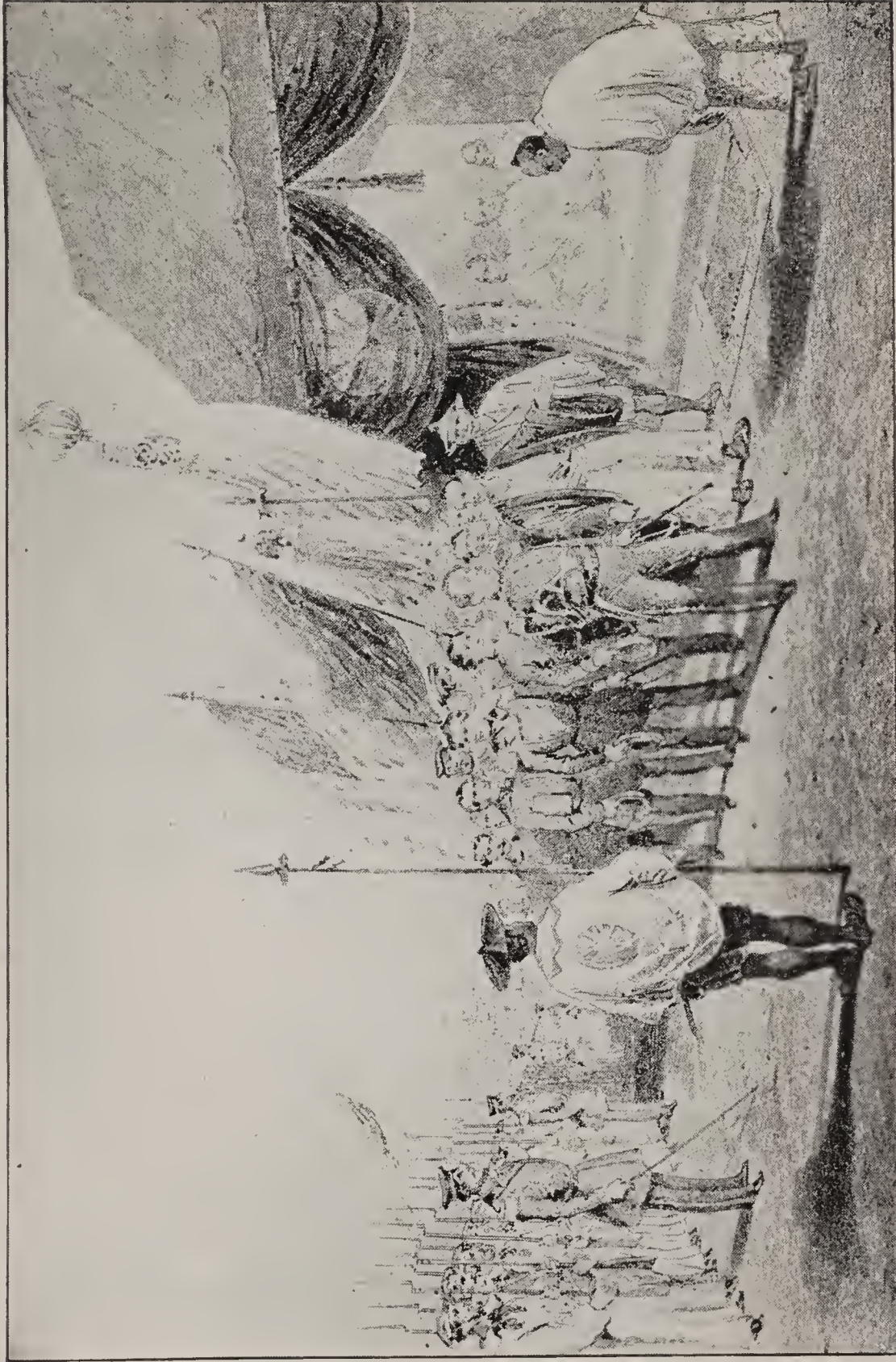
“That explains it,” retorted Jenkins. “Well, Cap’n Dorrocks, you put this in your log—the openin’ of Japan to commerce, the awakenin’ of what’s goin’ some day to be a great nation, the puttin’ of modern idee’s into the heads of a people that were a thousand years behind the times, was the work of just two men.

“When I tell you that Father Marsotte an’ your boy are goin’ to be safe in Japan, it’s only because of what Commodore Perry did, eighteen years ago, and what Townsend Harris spent the next ten years in nailin’ down. He only had the rank of a Consul-General, had Harris, but he’s to be reckoned among the great diplomats of the world. He made the treaties with the Shogun, and another of our men, R. H. Pruyn, clinched the job with the Mikado, for good.

“That Shogun-Mikado business is too long a yarn to go into, now, for I want to get back to the ship before dark. I’ll tell it to you some time, though, if you want to know, for I’ve made it my business to find out. But, Shogun or Mikado or what-all, you don’t need to worry.

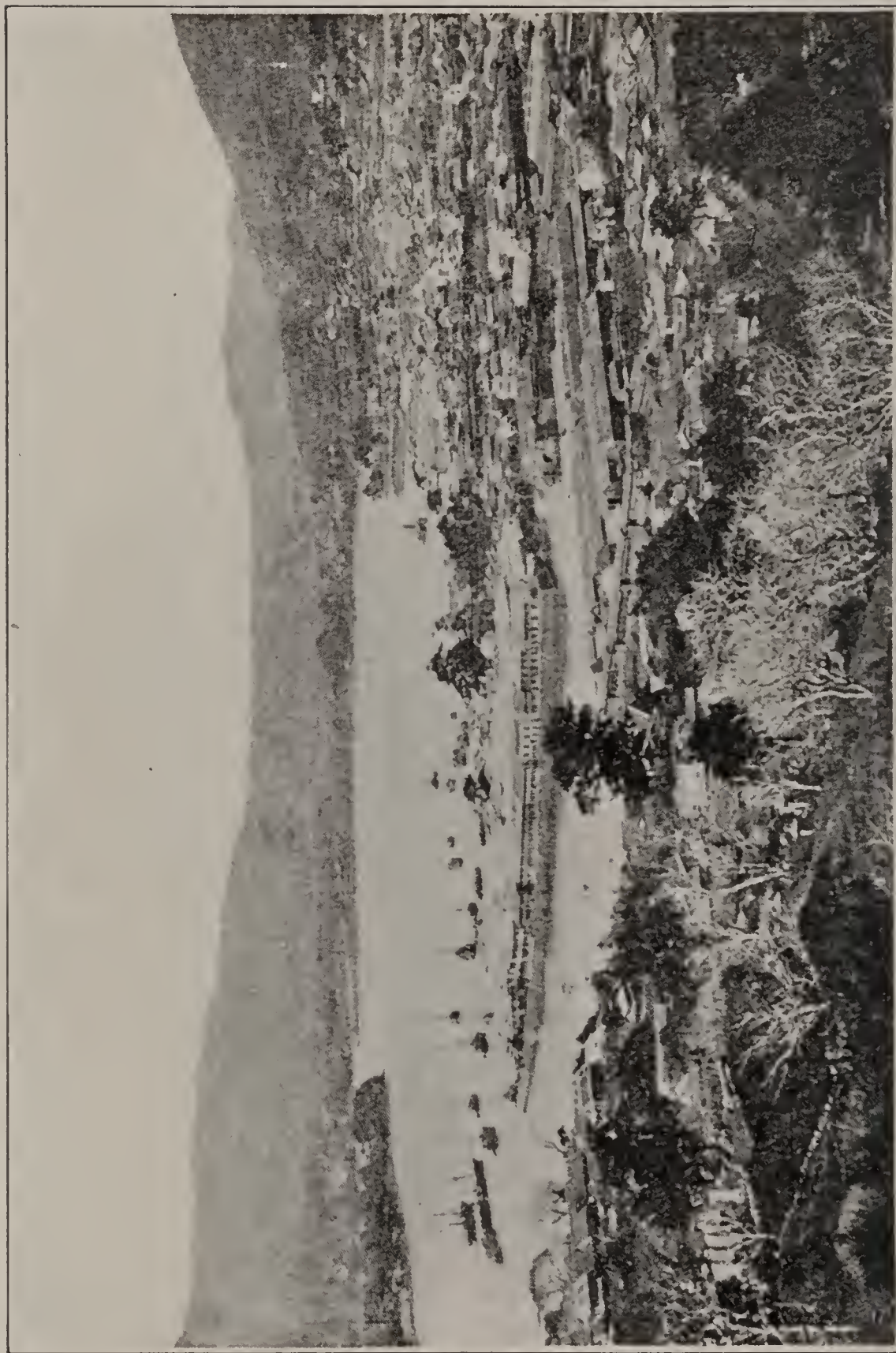
“This fishin’ village we’re comin’ to was one o’ the first to welcome the great missionary apostle, Francis Xavier, soon after he landed in Kago-shima in 1549. Maybe you know how he Christianized Japan, so’s there were two million converts in less’n fifty years, an’ how, in 1582, the Japanese Christian nobility of Japan sent an embassy to Rome.

“That was a quick-fire conversion, for sure! But the Jesuits went ahead a bit too fast, made



Courtesy of U. S. Navy Department.

COMMODORE PERRY MEETING THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONERS AT YOKOHAMA.



NAGASAKI AND THE DUTCH SETTLEMENT, DESHIMA.

From a Photograph taken by a Japanese in 1867.

enemies of the Buddhist priests, started meddlin' with politics an' got the Shogun sore on them. The embassy to Rome annoyed the Mikado, because the nobles, when they came back, announced that the Pope was a bigger religious head than he.

“Laws were passed right away expelling the Jesuits. The Christians revolted, an' put up so good a scrap that the rebellion had to be put down hard. Then there came a second anti-foreign bust-up, this time over the Portuguese traders, who were tryin' their old slave-dealin' tricks. The traders were kicked out of the country, too, and Japan was shut up tight.

“Only four Dutch merchants, in a single ‘factory’ on the tiny artificial island of Deshima, in the harbor of Nagasaki, were allowed to stay, because the Dutch, bein' Protestants, were hotter against the Jesuits than the Buddhists themselves. Deshima was more like a prison than a trading-post, though. The Dutch were never given a chance to leave their island—which was only two hundred yards long by eighty wide—and only two ships a year were allowed to come and trade.

“But Japan found—like a good many nations have found before her—that persecutin' a religion doesn't kill it. The more you cut it down,

the more it crops up again. When Townsend Harris made the treaties with the Shogun, he managed to get in an article providin' for toleration in religion. The native Christians, who were supposed to be extinct, dared to show themselves again. After a while new laws o' suppression were declared, but the next American Consul, Pruyn, took the matter up with the Mikado an' succeeded in squeezin' out an Imperial Edict o' Toleration for all Christians—Catholics an' Protestants alike. That happened about three years ago.

“As soon as that Imperial Edict was promulgated, this fishin' village, here, came right to the front. It claimed to be the only place in Japan where a handful o' Christians had maintained unbroken Sunday services all the centuries since the time of Francis Xavier, an' they had records to make good their claim, too. The local daimio, or feudal lord, was a descendant of one of the Japanese princes who had visited the Pope in the Sixteenth Century, an' he'd protected his retainers. There was a big festival held, right on this beach, an' pilgrimages o' native Christians came from all over Japan.

“That's how I came to hear about it. When I

read about the pilgrimages, an' found the place they were goin' to was right on the sea, I figured it would be a good place to keep in mind. I could run into the harbor, easy, in case I had trouble in Korea. Bein' Christians, I figured they'd be kindly disposed to foreigners.

“That's about the whole story, Cap'n, but you can see why I was willin' to bet that Father Marsotte an' the boy would be safer here than anywhere else. Now, come ashore and see for yourself.”

No sooner did the keel of the boat grate on the beach than Dorrocks was able to see for himself that Jenkins had not exaggerated. On learning who the foreigners were, the headman of the village sent a runner to the daimio announcing their arrival.

As for the fishermen, when they saw the cassock of the priest—though the black garb was rusty from the sea and much the worse for wear—they clustered around him and clamored for his blessing. Some of them could speak the Chinese *lingua franca* common to the coastal peoples and those were extravagant in their expressions of joy that a priest had come to them at last.

The fishermen's wives, who were permitted

more freedom than their sisters in the cities, encircled the little Duncan, and, with clacking laughter, offered him quantities of candies and queerly prepared sea dainties, clapping their hands delightedly at the little fellow's quaint Chinese manners of courtesy.

Dorrocks watched the scene with satisfaction and interest, all the more heightened when the runner returned with a message from the daimio that the "honorable strangers were to be hospitably entertained, and that he would appoint an auspicious day to receive them."

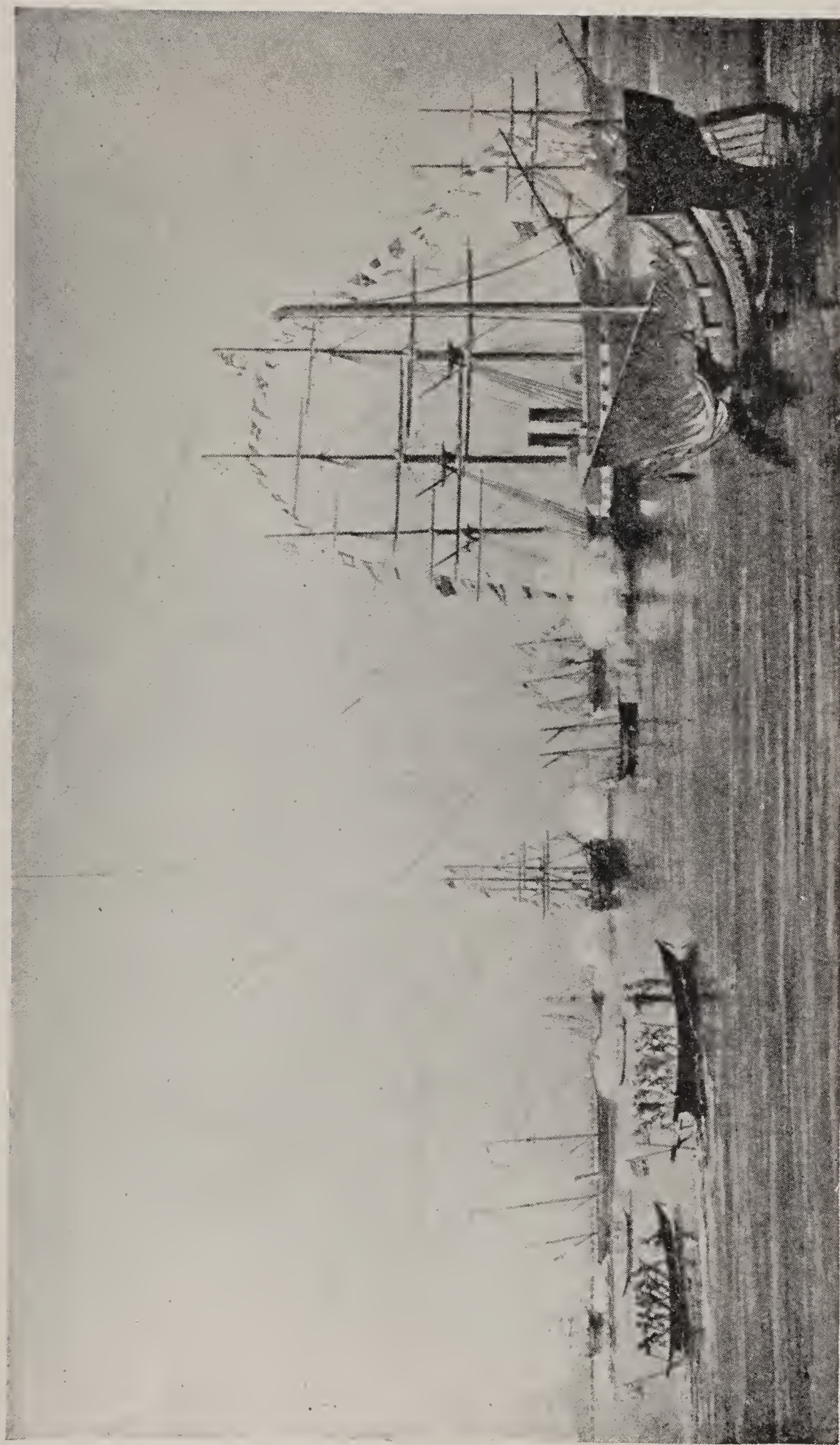
"Are you satisfied that I had it about right, Cap'n Dorrocks?" queried Jenkins, when this message was given.

"Quite; and I'll go with you to Korea, as I said."

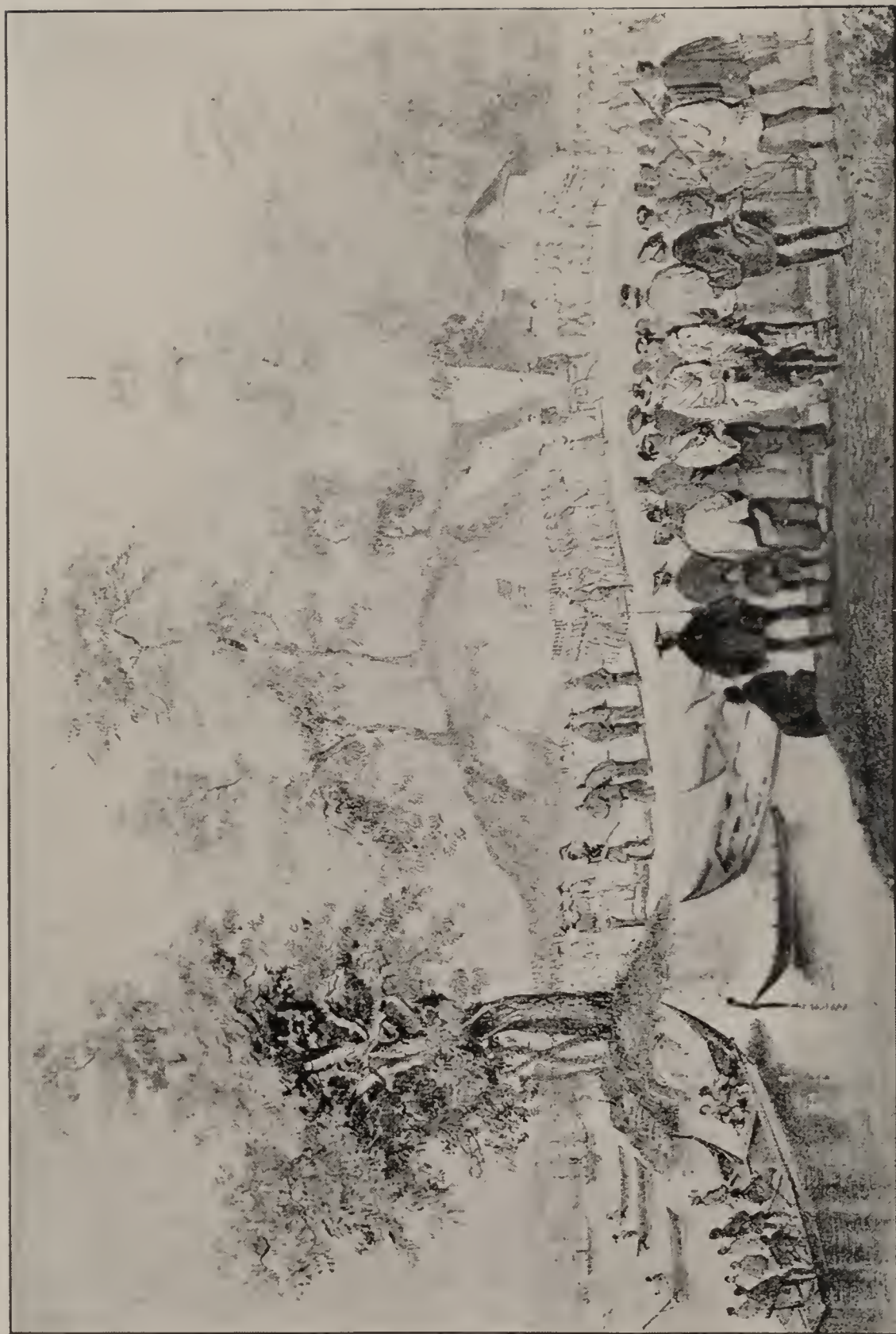
He turned to the group on the beach.

"You will stay here in Japan, for a time, with 'Second Father,' Duncan," he bade, picking up his young son and giving him a tremendous hug. "It won't be long before I come back."

"Dood-bye, Daddy," replied the youngster, his mind more intent on the candy than on the farewell; "tum back soon, Daddy!" Then, munching contentedly, he cried, as the boat pushed off, "I yike Dapan, Daddy!"



FINAL CEREMONY ON SIGNING OF TREATY, YEDO, 1858.



Courtesy of U. S. Navy Department.

COMMODORE PERRY PAYING HIS FAREWELL VISIT TO THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONERS AT SIMODA.

CHAPTER V

DESPERADOES IN KOREA

THE *Freischutz* lost no time in getting away from the Japanese fishing village. So feverish was the haste shown that Dorrocks rightly guessed that Jenkins did not intend to give his new acquisition any time to reconsider his decision. The trader realized that he was anxiously wanted, and decided to shape his course accordingly.

That evening, a cabin council was held. There were present Dorrocks, Jenkins, Obersann, a bulldozing Bristol mate called Trevellyn, who was also the chief gunner, and a shifty Hamburg peddler known to history in many guises, but whose true name was Otto Silberbaum. The latter was the evil genius of the whole affair, though the money for the expedition had been put up by Jenkins.

Obersann, albeit a fair navigator, only held a mate's certificate, and Jenkins was well aware

that this might bring him into trouble with the authorities in any port, if the truth should come out. He had not been able to get hold of a certificated captain for such a crooked venture as this one, neither in Shanghai, whence he had first sailed, nor in Manila, where he had picked up "Bully-Boy" Trevellyn and his unscrupulous crew.

Dorrocks, with his Master's Certificate and his shady record, was the very man the expedition most needed. Jenkins had tempted him to join them by the offer of a large share of the prize money, if the venture should succeed, and fair captain's pay, even if nothing should come out of it. The trader, as he had told Father Marsotte, was not in a position to refuse the offer, but he had no intention of becoming the mere tool of his fellow-adventurers.

"Let me see if I get this straight," said Dorrocks, after a long conference in which case-bottles of Malay rum had played a leading part. "As I understand it, this filibustering venture of yours is a scheme to get hold of some money which is buried in a king's grave."

"Jewels, mine frient, jewels! Rubies big like a pigeon's egg, emeralts like valnuts, lumps

of gold like 'Bully-Boy's' two fists! We will be rich, Captain, all of us, rich! Each of those kings is buried with his jewels, pearls, maybe diamonds, and—"

"You can make your own pawnbroker's catalogue, Silberbaum," interrupted Dorrocks, contemptuously. "There's treasure there, sure, or you wouldn't be nosing it out."

"I've got reason to believe him, or I wouldn't have put money into the quest," added Jenkins.

"Very good. Now these kings' tombs, so far as I can make out, lie inland about a mile from the coast at a sort of royal cemetery called Ping An, which is marked on the chart, here. One king reigned for over fifty years, and, as it's the custom of the country for the nobles to give the king some more jewels on every coronation anniversary, and all these gems are buried with him when he dies, you figure that this royal grave ought to give some good pickings. That's none of my business. Silberbaum can run the ghoul end of it. Have I got it about right so far?"

"You use pretty strong language, Captain Dorrocks," replied Jenkins frowning.

"You don't like 'ghouls'? Well, 'body-snatching,' if you like it better. It seems to me that I

heard Silberbaum say something about taking away the bones and holding them up for ransom!"

Jenkins moved uneasily.

"Silberbaum talks too much," he commented.

"It's true, then!" said the trader. "I thought so! Well, the next part of the story seems to me a bit mixed up. If I get it right, Mr. Jenkins, you've told some kind of fairy tale to the American Consul-General at Shanghai to the effect that the Korean Government is planning to send an embassy there to offer indemnity for the destruction of the American schooner *General Sherman* last year and for the murder of every member of its crew. This, I take it, is pure invention."

"Every word of it," admitted Jenkins cheerfully.

"I don't see what you expected to gain by that, but it's your affair, not mine."

"I had to pull some wool over the Consul's eyes," the owner of the brig explained, "or I could never have cleared this craft. He was a bit suspicious, anyway. But he swallowed the story and gave me a sort of unofficial answer that the embassy would be welcomed. That way, I've got American papers, as well as German, and if I

get caught anywhere, I can cover up my tracks, on the ground of secret diplomacy."

"So much the better for all of us," Dorrocks agreed, "if anything happens, we may need every trick to get away alive. It must have been a smooth yarn! But, just as body-snatching is Silberbaum's business, so diplomacy—shall we call it?—is yours. I've got nothing to do with either, and I don't want to have. That's clear, I think. No offence, I hope?"

"Not in the least," replied Jenkins, "on the contrary. The closer each man sticks to his own work, the better."

"Now for my part in the affair," went on Dorrocks. "Captain Obersann, as I understand, remains in nominal charge of the ship and the men, but since I hold a Master's Certificate, I'm to act as Sailing Master and to give the courses to Captain Obersann and Mr. Trevellyn. I take this opportunity of complimenting Mr. Trevellyn for his handling of the ship and for his gunnery to-day; it's a comfort to have a man of his type aboard."

"Thanks, Cap'n. Did my job, that's all," put in Trevellyn, but, by the mate's expression, Dorrocks knew that he had gained a powerful ally.

"Now, to go on: When we reach Ping An, the

ship's company is to be divided into three. One party, under Mr. Trevellyn, is to remain in charge of the ship; the second party, under my command, will supervise the landing and act as a covering force; the third, under Captain Obersann and Silberbaum, will rifle the graves. Mr. Jenkins holds himself free to be with whatever party he likes, and his word, as to the general conduct of operations, is final. Is that the plan?"

"It is exact," the leader answered. "I couldn't have put it clearer myself."

"Good. And when do my duties start?"

"Right now."

"Enter my name on the ship's articles as Sailing Master, then, and add 'in full control of navigation.'"

The articles were brought out and the entry made.

"Another thing," went on the trader, "I'd be glad to have that statement signed by Mr. Jenkins as owner, and by Captain Obersann and Mr. Trevellyn as officers of the ship."

"Cap'n Dorrocks a sea-lawyer is!" objected the German, but he signed with the others.

"Good!" declared Dorrocks with a grunt of

satisfaction, when this was completed. "Now, Captain Obersann," he added, turning to his companion briskly, "you'll change that course three points to the east'ard as quickly as God'll let you!"

"Why?"

"Because I say so!"

The German thrust his chin forward obstinately.

"But why?"

The air became electric. It was clear that the master of the brig resented the intrusion of the newcomer. Dorrocks realized that he must establish his authority, now or never.

"Since I'm Sailing Master in full control, it's not your business to ask me why," he said, sharply, "you're to do as you're told. But I'll explain, just for your own satisfaction and that of the others here. You're running the ship into danger."

"It is not so. Upon the chart, rocks and shoals none marked are."

"You don't know much about these waters if you reckon to go by a Dutch chart twenty years old and more. I've been aboard three watches, now, and the lead hasn't been heaved once. Do

you call that proper navigating in strange waters? I'll take the correction sight by the stars to-night, and I wouldn't be surprised if you were forty miles west of your course. If you weren't out of your course, you wouldn't have sighted Japan where you did. And your log shows another omission, too. What leeway have you allowed for the Kamchatka Current?"

"Upon the chart no current marked is."

"If you'd ever hunted sea-otter in these waters, you'd know the Kamchatka Current, whether it's marked on the chart, or no. Whose watch is it, now?"

"Mine, Cap'n Dorrocks," answered Trevellyn.

"Change the course three points to the east'ard and shorten sail, Mr. Trevellyn."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the mate cheerfully, and went on deck. The clank of the wheel-chains and the creaking of ropes and yards showed that the orders were being carried out.

Dorrocks turned to his companion, who was staring sulkily at his rum-glass but dared not make an open protest, so evident was it that the new Sailing Master knew his business.

"Do you know how to take a night sight, Captain Obersaun?"

“From the books, yes, but never one have I taken.”

“Come along with me, then and we’ll do it together,” suggested the trader, and, for the rest of the evening, he devoted himself to the task of smoothing down the ruffled temper of the German.

As the days slipped by, and the *Freischutz* made her way nearer to the coast of Korea, Dorrocks grew more and more careful. He was now navigating a stretch of water absolutely unknown save to a few sealers and sea otter hunters. He kept the lead going, day and night, and any grumbling on the part of the crew for the extra work was promptly stopped by “Bully-Boy” Trevellyn, a fine practical sailor and a marvellous handler of men.

When, on two different occasions, the lead revealed a shoal not marked on the chart, with only two fathoms of water under the ship’s keel, every one on board, Captain Obersann included, admitted that the American skipper had earned his right to authority.

As they approached the shore, moreover, a period of sea-fog set in and it became necessary to travel by dead reckoning. In spite of the impa-

tience of the adventurers—Silberbaum, especially, being most persistent and annoying—Dorlocks reduced sail until the *Freischutz* had little more than steerage way.

When the fog cleared, a week later, Dorlocks' caution was again justified. The coast-line of the Hermit Kingdom showed as a dim blur. The Sailing Master refrained from comment, but both officers and crew realized what would have happened had they hit that rocky coast, in a fog, under full sail.

"How about anchorage?" queried Dorlocks, at breakfast that morning. "Does any one know what kind of a shore it is, off Ping An?"

"It is goot!" declared Silberbaum. "I have seen it. T'ere is a bay, safe from vindt, and no rocks beneat' the vater."

"How do you know what's below the water?" snapped the trader, eyeing the "body-snatcher" suspiciously.

To this the peddler could find no reply.

Later in the morning Dorlocks took the occasion of a private chat with the head of the expedition.

"Do you trust this man Silberbaum?" he queried.

“Not in the least,” Jenkins replied frankly. “He’s a slippery customer, sure. But, on board here, he’s everythin’ to gain an’ nothin’ to lose by stickin’ with the gang. He’s to get a big slice of the treasure. That’s comin’ to him. He found out about it, first, an’ he’s taken a lot o’ risks in Korea, locatin’ it.”

“H’m! Why do you suppose he’s been so fussy over our delay in the fog?”

“Wants to lay hands on the cash as soon as he can, I suppose.”

“Maybe; but he’s been gnawing his nails over the calendar a bit too much to please me.”

“What are you drivin’ at, Cap’n Dorrocks?”

“How much of the treasure have you promised him?” pursued the trader, ignoring the other’s query.

“A quarter. I get a quarter as interest on my investment. The third quarter is set aside to pay expenses. The remainder is to be divided pro rata between Obersann, Trevellyn, you, and the crew.”

“That’s fair enough, but Silberbaum might be wanting a bigger slice. Suppose he’s figured out some way of getting a third of the loot, or even a half?”

“What do you mean? Mutiny? Do you suspect Obersann or Trevellyn?”

Dorrocks shook his head.

“Neither, as yet. They’re both on board. A day sooner or later in landing wouldn’t make any difference to them. But when a man begins to get panicky because he doesn’t arrive by a certain date, it looks as if he figured on something happening by that date, eh? Suppose that skunk had double-crossed you and was expecting some one?”

“You know something, Cap’n!”

“I know nothing. I’m only feeling ’round. This is a queer trip, Mr. Jenkins, and we’re the only two Americans aboard. I don’t trust Silberbaum, any more than you do, probably less. I’ve been watching him pretty closely, this week back. Why was he so cussed anxious to talk about a good anchorage in a small bay, he, who doesn’t know a lead-line from a bucket-rope?”

“What are you afraid of, exactly?”

“Running into a trap, Mr. Jenkins, if you want a plain answer.”

“What do you propose to do, then?”

“Find an anchorage, myself. If the idea

strikes you right, we'll stand in, towards sunset, and heave to. Then I'll have the sampan swung outboard, take three Chinks with me, one to swing a hand lead-line, another to manage the sails and a third to steer, and I'll do a little surveying along the coast. You don't want to lose the *Freischutz*, do you?"

"I've put every cent I've got into this venture."

"Then don't drop anchor off Korea until you know where you're at! And, Mr. Jenkins, if you'll take my tip, don't let Silberbaum out of your sight for a second. Stay right with him. Don't give him a chance to send a signal of any kind. Even if he wants to light a match, at night, stop him! I may be over-playing the cautious end, but it can't do any harm.

"As for me, I'll get back in the sampan as soon as I find a decent anchorage. It may take me a day or two, because we ought to have a place where the guns of the brig'll cover the landing beach."

"You're takin' this idee of yours durn seriously, Cap'n!"

"Most treasure hunts fail because of treachery, somewhere, and I'm leery of Silberbaum. Any way, you engaged me as Sailing Master, and I'd

be a poor sort of sailorman if I dropped my anchor in an unsurveyed bay because a two-for-a-cent push-peddler tells me he thinks it's all right! When I let the hook go, I want to be sure what kind of holding-ground it goes into. But don't let any one suspect anything until I get away."

According to plan, as dusk came on, the *Freischutz* drew in towards land, reaching the shore by dark. Just before heaving to, Dorrocks gave orders to Trevellyn to swing out the sampan with three picked men and a week's provisions.

"Going in to survey for an anchorage," he explained.

"An' Silberbaum's bay—" began the amazed mate, and then stopped suddenly, as if he had bitten his tongue.

Dorrocks pretended not to notice the remark, but, as he sailed towards shore in the sampan, he pondered over it. Of course it was possible that Silberbaum was honest and it was natural that he should have sought a landing place before engaging capital in his venture; it was equally likely that he was dishonest, and, if he were, Trevellyn was probably in the plot.

In vain the trader tried to pump the Chinese sailors, using his most fluent Cantonese. Either

they knew nothing, or they would say nothing.

The first day's survey, to the southward, brought no results. The rocky shores rose sheer from the sea. There was no beach for landing, and the lead-line showed a rocky bottom with no holding-ground for an anchor.

On the second day, however, Dorrocks sailed into a small bay, just about the place where the chart on board the *Freischutz* was marked with a cross. As he rounded the point, the trader fancied that he intercepted a glance between the Chinese sailors. This put him on his guard, and he scrutinized the bay all the more closely. This, he thought, might be Silberbaum's anchorage and landing-place.

The more he looked at it, the less he liked it. The bay was sufficiently enclosed to afford a good harborage, it was undoubtedly "safe from vindt" as Silberbaum had said, and there was a small beach, sloping steeply, indeed, but still negotiable.

At the same time, the bay was too landlocked for easy running out to sea in case of danger, and a hostile force on the cliffs, with a single gun, could hold any ship a prisoner. In short, the harbor could be made into a perfect trap.

It was not until the third day that Dorrocks

returned to the *Frieschutz*, tired, but content.

“What luck?” queried Jenkins eagerly, when they were alone.

“The best!” came the response. “Four miles up the coast I’ve found a good anchorage, commanding a smooth landing-beach. The holding ground is fair, and there’s a clear run to open sea in case of need.”

“That can’t be the place that Silberbaum talked of, then.”

“What was his place like—a small landlocked bay, out of sight from the sea, with a high cliff on one side and a rocky plateau on the other?”

“That’s exactly how he described it. You must have seen it, then?”

“I did, the second day I was out.” Dorrocks lowered his voice. “I sailed back there, without lights, the night after.”

He paused impressively and continued:

“There was a fire blazing on the plateau, facing out to sea!”

“There was?”

“I watched it for an hour.”

Jenkins gave a dry chuckle, in spite of the gravity of the news.

“If that was a bit o’ signallin’, Silberbaum

hasn't had the ghost of a chance to answer it. He hasn't been alone a minute since you left, only in his cabin, an' I hove the ship to on the starboard tack, so's his port-hole should be facin' away from the land. He's locked up there, now. I didn't let him talk to Obersann nor to Trevellyn, neither, all the time you were away. You're right, Cap'n! He's got somethin' up his dirty sleeve!"

"I'm afraid so. Well, if it suits you, Mr. Jenkins, we'll run in at dusk, and, if you'll take my advice, you'll not lose a minute. Have the men equipped and the boats all ready to drop into the water when the anchor's let go. Get to shore at once, cover the four miles to Ping An at a good pace, smash the grave open and bag what you can in a hurry. Get back to the landing-beach by sunrise, if you can. Four miles out and four back—say at two miles an hour over rough country—that's four hours. I'll have the anchor down by ten, it isn't sunrise until about six. That'll give you four hours clear at the grave. You ought to be able to blow up the Pyramids of Egypt in that time!"

"If we don't have any trouble finding the place!"

“If you do, it’ll be Silberbaum’s fault. If he hesitates or starts making excuses, put a pistol to his head. If he’s obstinate, shoot off one ear and tell him you’ll take off the other if he doesn’t make good. That’ll fetch him.”

Jenkins shrank at the suggestion.

“I’m not a pirate, Cap’n Dorrocks!”

“You’re treasure-hunting with a crooked gang,” the trader replied grimly, “and Sunday-school methods won’t go!”

“An’ you’ll cover the beach?”

“I’ll do my durnedest. There’s another thing, Mr. Jenkins, you’d better take a couple of blue lights. If you need help, send up a rocket and I’ll come at the double, but don’t do it unless you’re forced to, because it’s unsafe to abandon the boats. If I see danger, I’ll send up a blue light at this end, and you streak back as quick as you know how.”

Jenkins, little used to such affairs, followed Dorrocks implicitly. The day was spent in arranging the landing-parties and in serving out tools and weapons. The trader—who was as well acquainted with Chinese character as a white man ever can be—was well satisfied with the men and with their obedience to Trevellyn, but he did

not hide from the owner his belief that there was a conspiracy, somewhere.

With three such officers as Dorrocks, Obersann, and Trevellyn, the details of anchoring and landing went like clockwork. Scarcely had the brig swung to her cable when three boats were out, Jenkins accompanied by Silberbaum commanding the one, Obersann being in command of the other, and Dorrocks of the third. A fourth boat was left on the ship.

The instant the boats beached, the "body-snatching" party sprang ashore. They carried spades, pickaxes, and crowbars, but were armed also with revolvers and knives. Jenkins and Obersann carried rifles. Silberbaum, despite his protests, was stripped of his weapons. There was a stiff clamber up the rocky cliffs, and the treasure-hunting party was immediately out of sight.

Dorrocks had all the boats drawn up on the beach, stern first, ready for launching with a slight push. This done, he curtly ordered his men to the cliffs.

One of them, a headman, made an insolent reply in Chinese. It was only a grumble, but, as such, it was subversive of authority. On such an

occasion as this, when mutiny seemed to be brewing, there could be no relaxation of command; if plotting were toward, Dorrocks could not afford to run the risk of having one of the men set the boats adrift and thus leave the whole party marooned.

The trader did not stop to argue. Without an instant's hesitation, he drew his pistol and shot the man dead.

The others, Chinese-fashion, showed no perturbation at this slaying of their headman. But, no one grumbled further. All obeyed the trader's orders with promptitude.

Midnight came and passed. Dorrocks looked at his watch.

"So far, so good. They ought to be there, by now!" he muttered.

Another hour slipped by and the trader's spirits rose. Surely all must be going well. Then, suddenly, the distant sky in the direction of Ping An was lit with a bright light, and a dull "boom" came a few seconds later.

"That's the dynamite!" commented Dorrocks. "They've found the tomb, all right, then!"

Not an hour after, a blue light flared in the sky. Trouble!

It was the call for help!

Dorrocks snapped out an order in Chinese for his men to advance at the run. The sailors took rank, obediently enough, all save one, who, at the first flash of the blue light, had started like a streak toward the boats.

The opium smuggler, experienced in many a danger, had not lost a motion, and, as the man got away, he raised his rifle to his shoulder. The sharp report was almost instantaneous. The man fell, and lay.

Still covering his men with his revolvers, Dorrocks walked backwards to the place and cast a glance at his victim, to make sure that the Chinaman was not shamming. There was no doubt about the matter. The man was dead.

“Forward, the rest of you!” cried Dorrocks, advancing again, “The first man who breaks rank goes to his ancestors, and quick!”

For an instant, the mutineers hesitated.

Fearing that they might turn on him, the trader let blaze.

A third man fell.

Convinced, at last, that their leader would brook neither resistance nor delay, the rest of the Chinese broke into a run.

It was a weird race through the night, and Dorrocks, a heavily built man, felt his heart pounding as he labored after the lightly-running Celestials. If they outdistanced him, he had reason to fear that they might turn and make an ambush. His only chance lay in remaining right at their heels and menacing them with his weapons. And ever, as he ran, he heard in front of him more and more clearly the barking of pistols and the crack of a single rifle.

Up through a rocky gorge they tore, and suddenly came upon the Tombs of the Kings and the scene of the fight. Men were mixed in a hand-to-hand *melée*, all the stranger to look upon because the fighters were dwarfed by the huge stone effigies reared upon the plain.

In the faint light of false dawn, it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Several men were down.

Jenkins, kneeling between the outstretched paws of a huge sculptured stone cat was using his rifle at easy range, and none dared to charge him.

Driving his Chinamen before him into the confusion, Dorrocks dashed up to Jenkins.

“What’s the trouble?” he panted.

"Don't know!" came the reply. "I haven't got the hang of it, at all. I haven't an idea who we're fightin', nor why. We'd blasted out the sarcophagus an' were tryin' to pry it open, when a bunch o' Japs came down from the hill. I didn't even see 'em until the scrap started."

"Did your men stick?"

"Can't exactly say. Some of 'em seemed to join up with the Japs, right away; some started fightin'. I can't tell which is who. I'm pottin' every one I can get a bead on, regardless!"

"Did you get the treasure?"

"A couple of handfuls of gems, and a little casket from a small grave I opened up myself while the others were workin' on the big tomb. We hadn't been able to get into the old king's coffin before the Japs were on us."

"Are you sure they are Japs?"

"They look like Japs, anyway. Stand fast, Cap'n, here they come, the lot of 'em!"

Dorrocks knocked up the muzzle of his companion's gun, just as he was about to fire.

"They're running away, not charging!" he warned.

In effect, as they came nearer, from the fleeing men burst a frenzied cry:

“The Koreans! The Koreans!”

For a second Dorrocks thought the cry was a ruse, but, in the growing light of dawn, he could see that the fear was genuine, for, like ants pouring out of an ant-hill, a torrent of black specks rolled down the slopes beyond.

“To the ships!” cried the fleeing sailors.

Dorrocks sprang to his feet.

“Run, Jenkins, run!” he cried. “Move as fast as you know how! If those yellow devils get to the boats first, they’ll push off and leave you stranded.”

The leader of the expedition swung himself down from the paws of the huge stone cat and set off at his best speed, Dorrocks pounding after him. Running was easier, now, for daylight was coming fast, but that helped the Orientals as much as the white men.

Out from the ruck of the following Chinese and Japanese, one tall man came speeding. Dorrocks turned to face him, his pistol ready.

To his great surprise, the stranger, without slackening his pace cried, “Got my hands up!” in good American, suiting the action to the word. “I’m with you. Beat it for the boats!”

“Who the blazes are you?”

"Tell you about that, on board ship, if we ever get there," came the reply.

It was an unsatisfactory answer, but, under the circumstances, it was idle to argue. Side by side the two white men tore along, the Chinese not more than a hundred yards to the rear.

Soon, Dorrocks, in spite of his iron will, began to fall behind. His years and his weight told on him, and he had run at his fastest speed all the way to the battle. Now his breath began to come hard and his feet to drag.

The stranger noticed it, and he eyed his companion's condition critically.

"You won't be able to make it," he said, "you're about all in. Drop to a walk an' go ahead. I'll cover your retreat."

"But you?"

"If I can't hold back a pack of curs like that, I'm not much good! As for catchin' up with you, again, don't worry. I can run like a jack-rabbit. I used to be on the Cornell track-team."

"But—"

"Don't waste your breath, talkin'. Walk, if you have to, but get on!"

He dropped back, took cover, and immediately began shooting.

The fleeing sailors supposed at once that the three white men, all well-armed, confronted them. Panic-stricken at the thought of an ambush in front of them and the Koreans behind, they scattered away from the faintly-marked path. They still ran on, indeed, but over ground bestrewn with rocks and huge boulders, where speed was impossible.

The stranger, firing from time to time and loading as he ran, caught up with Dorrocks a mile further on.

“Jenkins has got away clear, has he?” he queried.

“Yes,” the trader replied, wondering who this man could be who seemed to know so much about the expedition. Then the truth flashed on him.

“You must be the leader of the other bunch,” he declared, “of the Japs who attacked Jenkins!”

“I am, or rather, I was. I don’t know who you are, though.”

It was on Dorrocks’ lips to give a sharp retort, but he remembered, in time, that this man also was armed, was a better runner than he, and, as a leader of a marauding gang, would probably stick at nothing.

“Tell you on board, too,” he gasped.

They ran on in silence for a few minutes.

“Good thing this path is gettin’ so rocky,” the stranger commented, presently.

“Why?”

“Horses can’t travel fast over it. Some of those Korean officers are mounted.”

“I thought I saw horses in the distance.”

“They’re not in the distance, now,” came the grim retort. “I can hear hoofs.”

“Hadn’t we better make a stand?” panted Dorrocks.

“No. It takes better shootin’ ’n any Korean c’n do to aim straight from a gallopin’ horse. Keep on goin’, that’s all. It’s not more’n half a mile to the edge o’ the cliff. I suppose, by the way you’re all headin’, your ship’s down there. I’ve been lookin’ for her, a week past, four miles down the coast.”

“In Silberbaum’s bay, I suppose. I know!” He made a pause, for his breath was coming in sobbing gasps. “I saw your signal fire, there.”

“You did, eh?” The stranger’s voice was thoughtful. “Well, something’s gone wrong with the plans, that’s a cinch. The scheme’s all gone to pot, an’ we’ll be lucky to save our skins instead of pocketin’ the treasure.”

This remark called for an explanation, but Dorrocks had no strength to spare for speech.

“H’m, that’s bad,” his companion went on, presently. “There’s one of those confounded Korean horsemen, comin’ over the crest, now. You’ve got a rifle. Do you suppose you could pot him?”

“I’ll try!”

Dorrocks stopped, but his heart was pounding so hard and his hands were so shaky that he could not draw a bead.

“You take it,” he said, handing the rifle over, “I couldn’t hit a haystack, now.”

“Run on, then, or walk, if you can’t run. I’ll teach that Korean gentleman to poke his nose in where he’s not wanted!”

Though a trustful action, this surrender of the rifle was a dangerous one, for the stranger—who was, or who had been a foe—might easily have put a bullet into Dorrocks’ back. Yet the newcomer inspired confidence.

Nor was this trust misplaced. A couple of minutes later, there was a sharp crack.

Again Dorrocks heard the light quick step of the stranger, overtaking him.

“The sun’s comin’ up an’ he was silhouetted

right against the most dazzling bit of it. That made tough shootin'. I plugged the horse, to make sure. The rider, whoever he is, won't come on alone. Keep it up, we're not far from the cliff.

"Ah," he continued, as they passed a cleft in the rocks, which gave them a sight of the sea, "there's your ship, eh? Then we're nearly there."

"There's a stiff bit of climbing down to do, yet."

"Tired out, eh? You look about collapsed. Well, easy does it. Here, I'll go ahead a step or two and give you a hand down."

The two were not more than half-way down the cliff-face when the horde of Chinese and Japs appeared above them at different points on the cliff, scrambling, sliding, slipping, falling, getting away from the pursuing Koreans as best they could.

Down below, Jenkins was just crossing the beach at a smart run. With a sigh of relief Dorrocks observed that the boats were still there.

Then, above their heads, appeared the advance guard of the Koreans, right on the edge of the cliffs.

A new factor came into the battle.

A shrapnel shell came screaming above them, and burst just before reaching the band of pursuers. The bullets whistled venomously. Screams of pain came welcomingly to the ears of the fugitives.

"That'll help a bit," exulted the stranger, "Come on!"

Black spots were dancing before Dorrocks' eyes. Had he been alone, trying to descend those jagged rocks, he would have fallen. His companion took him by the arm with an iron grip, and forced him on.

Thus handicapped, the sailors easily overtook and passed them in a frenzied rush for the boats.

"You'll get left!" gasped Dorrocks. "Go ahead and leave me."

"Not by a durn sight! Isn't Jenkins there, anyway?"

"He can't hold them all back. He's a green-horn at this game. They'll rush him!"

Summoning up all his force, the trader shouted at top voice:

"Get in and shove off, Jenkins! You can pick us up, afterwards!"

The warning was just in time.

The flood of Chinamen and Japanese was pouring across the beach as Dorrocks' shout rang from the cliff.

Two of the foremost sailors, indeed, reached the boat which Jenkins was pushing into the sea, and, regardless of the fate of their fellows, leaped in, also. With scarcely a few seconds between them, the other three boats took water, in the panic of hurry one being overloaded almost to sinking, while two were only half-filled.

A score of sailors were left stranded on the beach. Lining up, they formed a threatening barrier to the two white men who had reached the bottom of the cliff and were crossing the beach to the shore, Dorrocks stumbling at every step and being borne up only by his companion's strength.

"Do you suppose you could swim a stroke or two?" queried the stranger.

"A mile or two!" came the gasping but confident reply.

"Good. We'll cut through and make for the water, then."

He called aloud, suddenly, in Japanese:

"Shimoni! Nape! If you want to save yourselves, come with me!"

There was a sudden commotion in the barrier of men standing by the shore, and, seizing the advantage of this diversion which he had planned, the stranger burst through the cordon and plunged into the sea, Dorrocks and two of the Japanese following.

Just before he dived, the trader called aloud:

“Ahoy, Jenkins! Stand by to pick us up!”

The cold water restored Dorrocks almost instantaneously. He was a perfect swimmer, and the buoyancy of the water was an incredible relief after that nightmare race on shore. Treading water, he stripped himself of his clothes and pulled off his boots, with as much ease as if he were in his own cabin.

It was well he did so. The stranger could swim, after a fashion, but the sea was choppy, and he struggled and spat in a manner that betrayed he could not long keep afloat.

“I can’t swim in my clothes,” he gurgled. “Is the boat far?”

“Put your hand on my shoulder,” replied the trader, “that’ll keep you afloat, and give you a chance to get your boots off, at least. Even if Jenkins can’t pick us up, I think I can get to the ship.”

A broadship roared from the *Freischutz*, followed by a rattle of musketry.

Dorrocks turned his head to look. The Koreans had reached the bottom of the cliff, and the volley had caught them, bunched.

“Trevellyn’s stayed loyal, then,” he commented. “I was afraid he’d turn the guns on us.”

“Why should he?” queried the stranger, with the same uncanny knowledge of the expedition that he had shown before. “He hasn’t got the loot, yet!”

Dorrocks dropped into silence. In spite of his ability as a swimmer, exhausted nature was beginning to have her way. The stranger’s hand was heavy. His own arms felt as though made of lead. As for his legs, muscle-strained from the long run, they seemed to be paralyzed in the water. He was still swimming when the boat came alongside, but feebly and wearily. He had to be dragged aboard, as had also his companion.

In the distance could be heard the clank of the windlass, as the crew shortened anchor. Aloft, the men were loosing sail.

The rescuing boat was the last to come alongside the *Freischutz*.

As in a dream, Dorrocks clambered on board. Yet, as he stepped on the deck, the sense of nautical authority returned.

"Heave up, Mr. Trevellyn," he ordered, "and run to the south'ard, full-an'-by. I'll give you the exact course presently."

"Shall I give 'em another broadside, sir?"

"No use wasting powder. Get out to sea under all the canvas she'll carry. There may be war-junks out after us, already."

"Cap'n Obersann's not come on board yet, sir!"

"So? 'Vast heaving, then. I'll speak to Mr. Jenkins."

The question as to Obersann's whereabouts was quickly answered.

"He deserted to the Japs at the first pistol shot," the owner of the brig replied, frowning, "and, if I'm not mistaken, he was knifed in the back by one of his own men."

"And Silberbaum?"

Jenkins' face grew black.

"When the Japs came, he jumped into the half-dug grave and hid there, to be out of danger. For all I know, he's there yet."

"Then you won't wait?"



KOREA.



APIA, THE LITTLE TOWN STRUNG ALONG THE BEACH.

From "Samoa 'Uma," by Llewella P. Churchill. Forest & Stream Publishing Co.

“Mutineers must take their chances! You’re in command of this ship now, Cap’n Dorrocks, but I’m the owner. I wish to get out to sea!”

The opium-smuggler nodded and walked to the for’ard rail of the poop.

“Break her out, Mr. Trevellyn!” he called.

A dozen pawls of the windlass clicked, the anchor broke free, the sails filled, and the *Freischutz* sped to the safety of the open sea.

CHAPTER VI

A DEEP-SEA TRAP

ALTHOUGH the treasure-seekers had failed to tear asunder the great sarcophagus in the Tombs of Ping An, where gems worth many millions lay buried—and lie buried still—the quest had not been all in vain.

While the “body-snatching” gang was toiling at the Great Tomb, Jenkins, with two men, had forced open a smaller grave, which must have been that of a queen or a king’s favorite. The necklaces, bracelets, anklets, and rings which he had lifted from the powdery mass of crumbled bones and shreds of royal robes, and the gems he had found in the small casket on which the skull had rested, far more than repaid the expenses of the expedition, and left a handsome sum besides.

Nor had it been necessary to divide this treasure among many. Obersann was dead. Silberbaum, in all probability, had been discovered by the Koreans in the violated tomb of the Great

King, and, if so, he had been put to the torture. As for Trevellyn, his part in the mutiny had been proved.

After the *Freischutz* had got clear to sea, easily out-distancing the fleet of war-junks sent in her pursuit, Jenkins and Dorrocks had made an official nautical enquiry on board as to the proposed mutiny. They had found no difficulty in learning the truth, for the stranger who had been the leader of the Japanese had been perfectly willing to tell what he knew. He had told everything save his own American name, insisting on being called 'Irugutsi', his name in Japan, for he claimed to have become a Japanese subject.

The mutiny plan, of course, had been Silberbaum's all through. Though the bare outlines of it were clear, certain details were not easy to unravel. Some of the twisted threads led straight to the dead man's cunning brain, and no one could say exactly how he had planned to finish the devious plot.

Irugutsi, though he had refused to reveal anything about his own past, in the official enquiry had admitted that the Hamburg peddler had told him the story of the Tombs of Ping An, many years before. Several times the two of them had

planned to recover the treasure, but Silberbaum would never disclose all the details to him, and Irugutsi had refused to undertake so dangerous and difficult a quest until he knew that a well-armed ship lay in the offing, ready to ensure escape.

It had been arranged between them that, if Silberbaum should ever be able to get hold of a man with an adventurous spirit and a little capital, who would stake him to a ship, he would let Irugutsi know immediately.

In that case, each was to go to work in his own way. Silberbaum was to engage a mate and crew who might be counted upon to join in a scheme of mutiny, so as to ensure control at sea; Irugutsi was to take a small band of Japanese cut-throats to Ping An, either to lead a raid on land or to seize the vessel while its owners were away, according as things might turn out.

A second part of Silberbaum's plan had been to seize the bones of the Great King and to ship them to a secret hiding-place on one of the tiny islands in the Japanese Archipelago, there to hold them for ransom. That part of the work, Irugutsi had admitted, he and his band were to do.

Either on board ship, or on land, all the honest

men were quietly to be put to death. Thus Silberbaum and Irugutsi had expected to find themselves in possession of the treasure, of a well-armed ship on which to escape, and with a good means of securing a heavy ransom.

The plot had been well planned and it would undoubtedly have succeeded had it not been for the picking up of Dorrocks. Obersann had agreed to join the mutineers and would have sailed the *Freischutz* into the landlocked bay chosen by Silberbaum, from which place the vessel would never have come out save in the hands of the mutineers or of the Japanese raiders. Either way, Silberbaum stood to win.

Dorrocks' suspicion of the slippery Hamburg peddler had brought to naught this long-laid plot. His discovery of another anchorage had foiled the scheme of capturing the *Freischutz* in the bay, while the imprisoning of Silberbaum in his cabin had prevented him from sending any signals of warning to Irugutsi, who was watching on the shore.

The one thing which had puzzled Dorrocks most—the sudden arrival of the Japanese raiders—had been explained by Irugutsi. The leader of the raiding party had seen the small sailing sam-

198 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

pan when Dorrocks had entered the bay to survey it. He had lighted the signal fire that night, sure of Silberbaum's long awaited arrival. But when the vessel did not answer his signals, and when she did not come into the bay either that night nor the next, he had begun to fear that the sampan did not come from Silberbaum at all, but that some other party was on the track of the treasures of Ping An.

Accordingly, he had sent one of his men, who was a good runner, to stay at the tombs the next night and to bring him word instantly if any one came. Irugutsi's camp was only a couple of miles from Ping An. When the runner had brought the news of the arrival of Jenkins and his digging party, therefore, he had been able to gather his men together directly, and to arrive at the scene of action just before dawn.

The capture of Jenkins and the seizure of the ship might have been accomplished even at the last moment, despite the rescuing aid of Dorrocks, if it had not been for the unexpected appearance of the Koreans. These, it seemed, had been suspicious of Irugutsi and his band, and were lying in wait, watching them. They had been brought

into action at Ping An by the flash of the exploding dynamite, when the Great King's tomb was wrecked.

During the course of this enquiry, Irugutsi's position, on board the *Freischutz*, was a somewhat anomalous one.

With perfect frankness he had admitted his part in a plot to kill Jenkins, while not knowing who Jenkins might be. Yet, though he had led the Japanese into the fray, he had sided with the white men the instant the Koreans appeared. He had abandoned his own men and risked his own life in order to save Dorrocks and to cover Jenkins' retreat.

Punishment had been out of the question. Irugutsi was not a member of the crew of the *Freischutz* and hence did not come under sea law. Nor, for that matter, could he be held in irons until arrival at the nearest port, for he claimed to be a Japanese subject and the papers of the *Freischutz* were not such as to induce its owner to court investigation.

Jenkins, therefore, realizing that it was better to make him a friend than an enemy, and with gratitude for his aid in the flight from the Ko-

reans, had given him a small sum of money and had guaranteed to set him ashore, safely, in Japan.

The fate of Trevellyn had been more difficult to decide. As the mate had confessed to participation in the mutiny plot, Dorrocks, as captain of the ship, would have been thoroughly within his rights in hanging the plotter to the yard-arm.

Such action, however, would have been manifestly unfair. Trevellyn had not done a single mutinous act. On the contrary, when the Koreans had appeared, he had manned the ship's guns in defence of the owner. Besides, he held the crew in the hollow of his hand. To punish him might lead to reprisals and reawaken the mutinous spirit.

Jenkins, therefore, had decided to give Trevellyn a small share of the treasure and to retain him in his post as mate, thus turning a would-be mutineer into a loyal supporter.

In order to avoid suspicion, the *Freischutz* had not returned immediately to Japan. Under Dorrocks' experienced handling, the crew had picked up a cargo of seal and sea-otter furs and had made a trading voyage to several ports in the Orient. Thanks to Jenkins' shrewdness in hav-

ing secured American papers when in Shanghai (the vessel had sailed as the *Hamilton*, when under the Stars and Stripes), no question had been raised in any of the ports she touched. In Samoa, especially, they had found the situation ideal for irregular trading, for a civil war was raging and gun-running was profitable.

Suspicion having been thus averted, the brig had returned to the fishing village where Father Marsotte and Duncan were then living. There, Irugutsi and his two Japanese followers had been set ashore, with a certainty that they would hold their tongues for their own sake.

But this raid upon the Tombs of Ping An was not to pass out of history so smoothly. Jenkins had started an international fire which it was not easy to quell. As a matter of fact, this filibustering treasure-quest, despite its failure, molded the whole future history of Korea.

Consul-General Seward, at Shanghai, believing Jenkins' fairy tale about the proposed Korean embassy which was to pay an indemnity for the loss of the *General Sherman* and the murder of her crew, had reported the matter to Washington. When the embassy failed to materialize, Seward reported this delay, also.

Having no reason to doubt the truth of these reports, the Department of State determined to take the question up seriously. Twenty-five years before, Congress had passed a resolution urging the making of a treaty with Korea for the protection of shipwrecked mariners, but nothing had come of it. This supposed Korean proposal for an embassy seemed to show, at least a willingness to deal justly. The time seemed opportune for realizing a long-deferred hope.

Secretary of State Fish instructed the American minister at Peking to visit Korea with the Asiatic squadron and to secure treaties for the protection of shipwrecked mariners, and for commerce. Prior to that time, not a single trading vessel had been allowed to touch on Korean shores. Minister Low was advised to deal strictly in the *General Sherman* affair, but "to avoid a conflict by force, unless it cannot be avoided without dishonor."

The United States minister, a first-rate diplomat who knew a great deal about conditions in the Orient, was frankly skeptical as to achieving any tangible results in Korea, but he had his instructions. He summoned Seward to Peking, but

failed to shake the Consul's faith in Jenkins' story.

In May, 1871, therefore, Minister Low, on board the flagship of the Asiatic squadron, and with four other American naval vessels, appeared off the harbor of Chemulpo. Messages were sent to the King of Korea and to the governor of the province announcing that the intention of the visit was peaceful. No reply was received to these messages.

After a couple of days' waiting, two of the ships and two steam-launches started up the long neck of the sea to Chemulpo. As they passed the site of the city of Kang-wa, which had been destroyed by the French, the rebuilt forts fired upon the vessels. The American ships returned the fire and the forts were silenced.

Minister Low was all the more convinced, as he had been from the beginning, that the time was not yet ripe to force Western methods on the Hermit Kingdom. Together with Admiral Rodgers he deemed it necessary, however, to demand an apology from the Korean officials for this attack by the forts, as American prestige in the Orient might otherwise be injured.

In answer to this demand for an apology, the governor of the Korean province replied, with fairness and with dignity:

“Our kingdom is placed east of the Eastern Sea. Your honored country is located west of the Western Ocean. All is wind and sand between, for the extent of 70,000 li (leagues). For four thousand years there has been no communication between your country and ours. It may be said that it is Heaven’s limitation that has placed us so remote from each other, and Earth’s that it has hung us so far apart as to cut us off from each other. . . .

“There has formerly been not a particle of ill feeling between us. Why should arms now drag us into mutual resentment? If you ask us to negotiate and carry to the future our friendly relations, then let me ask you how can four thousand years’ ceremonies, music, literature, and all things, be, without sufficient reason, broken up and cast away? . . .

“It would be better early to make out a right course of action and each to remain peacefully in his own place. We inform you, that you may ponder and be enlightened.”

Though Minister Low secretly felt that the

Koreans were absolutely in the right, the action of the forts in firing upon American vessels was held to be a matter demanding punishment. A force of 750 men was landed from the squadron. The forts were destroyed after a sharp battle, in which the Americans lost three killed and nine wounded. The Korean losses were over two hundred and fifty.

When he returned to China, Minister Low sent for Seward again, and insisted on finding out all the details of the Consul's information. A searching inquiry was made. Jenkins' story was exposed and shown to have been a blind to cover his own illicit plans.

The United States, therefore, had been in the wrong all through, and the American Minister reported so, plainly. But, while the President informed Congress of this blunder and admitted this unwarranted aggression on Korea, neither an indemnity nor an apology was ever offered to the Hermit Kingdom. This incident stands out as almost the only grave error committed by the United States in all her diplomatic dealings in the Orient.

Jenkins' treasure quest was to have some further historical results. The men of Irugutsi's

band were Japanese, and all save two of them had been killed. When, a couple of years following, a Japanese junk was shipwrecked on the coast of Korea and half the men were slain, Japan put the two issues together and sent a warship to Chemulpo to demand satisfaction for both.

As had happened with France and with the United States, no sooner did the Japanese warship arrive near Kwang-sa than the forts there, erected anew, opened fire. The Japanese vessel steamed by at full speed, not even answering with a broadside, and dropped anchor before Chemulpo. The admiral's message to the Korean authorities was stern—an apology from the governor within twenty-four hours, a royal abasement within three days, a full commercial treaty within ten days, or War.

This brought Korea to terms. France and America were very far away, and the Korean authorities knew but little about them. Japan was a neighbor, known to be powerful, rapidly transforming her old-type civilization into a modern one, and able to wreak a terrible vengeance if she once began. Korea found herself forced to sign a treaty guaranteeing protection to shipwrecked

sailors and opening three of her ports to the commerce of Japanese ships.

Other nations, notably France, England, and Holland, tried to force the Hermit Kingdom into the policy of the Open Door, but in vain. Korea, with the Japanese commercial interests to support her, refused to have dealings with any European nation. Even when Commodore Shufeldt, in an American naval vessel, touched at the port of Fusan, in the hope of securing for the United States the same privileges which had been granted to Japan, he was curtly ordered away.

Now Korea, while an independent kingdom in almost every respect, maintained a certain traditional vassalage to China. Realizing this, Commodore Shufeldt went to Peking, to study how best America's friendship with the Celestial Empire could be used to further his mission of opening Korea to the western world.

The American envoy acted with great discretion and firmness, shrewdly pointing out to the Chinese authorities that it was not fitting that one of her vassal kingdoms should dare to grant to a stranger country the privileges which it refused to accord to the Empire of which it was but a tributary. He offered the aid of the

208 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

United States in securing these privileges from Korea for China, if the Chinese authorities would support America's desires in the same regard. As China regarded the United States as her best friend, this diplomatic bargain was soon made.

In 1882 Commodore Shufeldt returned to Korea, in company with three Chinese commissioners, sent by Imperial command. It was not possible for Korea to refuse admission to such envoys. She could not afford to offend the enormous empire to whom, moreover, she was bound by historic ties. Nor could she deny to China what she had granted to Japan. The Chinese commissioners held faith with Shufeldt. By this means the famous treaty was signed which opened the Japanese treaty ports in Korea to Chinese and American commerce.

Shufeldt thus achieved a most important and peaceful diplomatic victory in Korea, comparable only to the great triumph of Commodore Perry in Japan. Once more the United States Navy had been the means of opening an Oriental kingdom to the progressive methods of the modern commercial world, and again this had been achieved without the firing of a single hostile shot.

For twelve years, from that time until the close of the Chinese-Japanese war of 1894, the United States became the good genius of Korea. All the progressive movements: hospitals, schools, agricultural experiment stations, revision of the laws and judiciary system, and even the reorganization of the army were in American hands. Korea—a rich country, with a valorous and energetic people—bade fair to become a second Japan.

The treaty which ended the war of 1894, however, brought about unexpected results. While it freed Korea from her ancient vassalage to China, it left the Hermit Kingdom open to exploitation by Russia on the one side, and by Japan on the other.

The Korean government, afraid of the grasping military policy of Japan, made diplomatic overtures to Russia. The king even went so far as to grant some huge timber concessions on the Yalu River, embracing some hundreds of square miles, under conditions which were almost equivalent to a cession of sovereignty in that region.

It was obvious that an act which gave Russia so powerful a hold on the Pacific would weaken the maritime advantages which had been gained

by Japan at the outcome of the Chinese War. Russia was a rival not less to be feared than China. Japan protested at the Yalu River concessions, but the Russian reply was not only haughtily hostile but was couched in terms of studied insolence, besides.

As Japan did not yet feel herself strong enough to appeal to arms against such a formidable power as Russia was then, she had to swallow the insult. The Czar's ministers, rightly interpreting this as weakness, continued their militaristic eastern policy by overrunning Manchuria to such an extent that Chinese sovereignty there was imperiled.

This was going too far. Although all the European Powers had suffered from China, during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, they did not love Russia. This Czarist aggressiveness was felt to be a world-menace, while Chinese Sovereignty endangered no one. The United States, departing from her rigid rule of never make an "entangling alliance" with any other nation, joined the Powers in a defence of the Chinese claims against the Russians in Manchuria.

Japan went farther. Realizing that the diplomatic chancelleries of the world were behind her,

in 1904 she presented an ultimatum to Russia, demanding the restoration of Manchuria to the Chinese and the abandonment of the Russian "sphere of interest" on the Yalu River in Korea.

This ultimatum brought about the Russo-Japanese War of 1904. As the Trans-Siberian Railroad was then but a single-track line—with a long boat-ferry at Lake Baikal—and as all troops, munitions and supplies had to be conveyed by this line, Russia was severely handicapped. Japan won notable victories, both by sea and on land, and thoroughly humiliated her European enemy.

Arbitration was brought about through the good offices of the United States, and President Roosevelt took a leading part in the negotiations. The treaty of peace, which was signed at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1905, restored most of Manchuria to China, gave Port Arthur and Talienwan to Japan, and removed Korea from Russian domination or influence.

The Portsmouth Treaty, though a notable example of American diplomacy, and a shining example of "arbitration without entangling alliance" failed in its object so far as the independence of Korea was concerned. The Hermit King-

dom, freed from vassalage to China by the war of 1894, and denied the right to make an alliance with Russia by the war of 1904, fell like a ripe plum into Japan's lap.

Almost immediately, Japanese police appeared in Korea "to preserve order," preferential tariffs were extorted, anti-Japanese officials were dismissed and even banished, and, six months later, Korea had become practically a Japanese protectorate. The year following, the American minister at Seoul was withdrawn, and Korea, as an independent state, had ceased to exist.

The ill-omened American attack on the Korean forts, in 1871, which had been brought about by Jenkins' story, had its effect in other parts of the world besides Korea. Although Japan was but newly admitted to the group of modern nations, she was a cultured empire and had been so for a couple of thousand years. Nothing is more ridiculous or less true than to suppose that China and Japan began their progress only when stimulated by European civilization. They changed the character of that progress with startling suddenness, that was all.

At the time of Jenkins' venture, modern commerce, with its sordid and debasing influence, had

not yet swamped the chivalric feelings of the older Japan. The Mikado, hearing of the raid upon the Tombs of Ping An, had sent a courteous message to the King of Korea, expressing congratulation that the "impious attempt at violation" had failed, and offering to deliver the culprits to the Korean authorities should they be found and captured in the Island Empire.

The publication of the Mikado's message seriously menaced the daimio of the fishing village in which Father Marsotte and Duncan were living. He had learned that Dorrocks, one of the men engaged in the violation of the Tombs of Ping An, actually had a home within his feudal domain and that his son lived there. It was, therefore, the Japanese noble's duty to arrest the fugitive as soon as he returned to his home and to send him to the Mikado for deportation to Korea.

On second thoughts, the daimio had seen that such action might not be to his own advantage. Since the *Freischutz* had sailed directly from this harbor to Korea, since he had allowed suspected foreigners to land, and since the raid on the tombs had been made by Christian foreigners, suspicion might be raised that the Japanese

Christians were a party to the plot. Such a suspicion would bring an unpleasant notoriety upon the little community of which he was the leader, a positive danger, indeed, since there was always a strong anti-Christian party at the Mikado's court.

Just at the time when the Imperial message of sympathy was issued, the *Freischutz* had been expected daily, and her inopportune coming had caused the daimio great uneasiness. The vessel might have been recognized, and, if so, it would be impossible for him to deny all knowledge of the matter. He gave orders, therefore, that the brig should be sent away the very day of her arrival, that no one aboard her should be allowed to land, and that Father Marsotte and Duncan should be put on board.

Three days later, Jenkins and Dorrocks returned. They had been on a long trading voyage, and had stopped at Shanghai. There Jenkins had been arrested and tried on the charge of "fitting out a hostile expedition" to Korea, but had been acquitted with the verdict "not proven," since there were no Korean witnesses to prove the identity of ship or crew.

The *Freischutz* had been sighted by scouting

fishing craft, and, as soon as she had entered the harbor, she had been met by the daimio's barge, with the priest and Duncan aboard. Dorrocks and Jenkins were given an official warning that if either of them were seen on Japanese shores again, they would be handed over to the authorities.

Under suspicion, therefore, both at Shanghai and Nagasaki, China and Japan had been closed to the adventurers. They must seek a new field. Jenkins had decided to transfer his activities to the South Pacific, and they set sail for Samoa.

The civil war in the islands had come to an end, meanwhile, but conditions there were still tumultuous. A German-American, who had originally been sent to Samoa as an envoy from the United States Government, had returned to the islands after making his report in Washington, and had done a little filibustering on his own account. He had become nominally the prime minister, but actually was the ruling spirit of the islands. A shifty diplomatic adventurer like Jenkins could be sure of finding some venture to his liking under such conditions.

Steinberger, the filibustering American prime minister, was much too shrewd a man not to re-

alize that the owner and the commander of the *Freischutz* were something other than mere traders. He found in Jenkins a man after his own heart, and promptly had appointed him a member of the Council for the Islands, with considerable opportunity for graft.

Dorrocks, in command of the *Freischutz*, and still sailing under German papers—duly reëndorsed by Steinberger—had continued his smuggling voyages. Since Chinese ports were closed to him, he could not go back to the opium trade. Instead, he had devoted most of his time to running liquor and firearms to the Polynesian Islands, using Samoa as a depot and headquarters.

This was extremely profitable work, but it was so definitely against the accepted law of nations in the South Seas that it lay close to piracy. British ships were absolutely forbidden to engage in this traffic, and the bulk of the nefarious trade was done by German and American vessels.

From very early times—from 1822, in fact—the principal civilizing influences in Samoa had been the Protestant missionaries sent out from England. These missionaries set themselves sternly against the importation of liquor and firearms, and, as of old, Dorrocks had found him-

self in conflict with them. As the brig was owned by a member of the Island Council, the missionaries were handicapped, but, little by little, they had brought the misdeeds of Steinberger, Jenkins, Dorrocks, and their associates to the notice of England, then the greatest maritime power of the world.

Although Samoa had been largely Christianized by the Protestants, there were two small Catholic missions in the islands, one of them in Apia, the capital. Father Marsotte had settled down in one of these, keeping Duncan with him. At his father's request, however, the priest had put the lad in a Protestant school, though insisting, for the boy's own sake, that he should keep up his linguistic studies.

In this field, Duncan had great natural advantages. He spoke Chinese fluently, better than English; during his three years in the Japanese village he had picked up a great deal of Japanese; Father Marsotte had taught him French, and he always spoke it at home with the priest; now, in Samoa, he commenced to learn the Polynesian tongues.

Rarely having had any playmates of his own race, Duncan had been thrown in the company of

his elders, and he had always been surrounded by an atmosphere of diplomatic intrigue. Jenkins liked the boy and took him with him, sometimes, on his trips to adjacent islands. As Duncan grew older, he became useful as an interpreter, all the more useful because not even the most suspicious bargainer could suspect the young boy of guile. Dorrocks, too, took him often on his gun-running trips, and the lad picked up a good deal of knowledge of the methods of commerce in the South Seas.

Such a situation as that which existed in Samoa under Steinberger could not long endure. The missionaries and Great Britain were working together against it. It was when Duncan was ten years old that the storm broke over Steinberger's head which led to his expulsion from the islands, and, as it chanced, Duncan was the immediate cause of it.

It was during the time that Duncan was living in the Japanese fishing village with Father Marsotte that the United States first occupied itself with Samoa. American whaling vessels and fur vessels had often visited the islands, German and British traders had settled there, French warships had dropped anchor in Samoan ports, but,

officially, no civilized nation had claimed ownership.

In 1872, Commander Meade, in the naval steamer *Narragansett*, cruising in the South Pacific, entered the great harbor of Pago-Pago, in the island of Tutuila. He found the islands seething with a savage civil war. Feuds were raging violently, no man's life was safe, trade had degenerated into a cut-throat piracy, peaceful vessels stopping for provisions and fresh water were endangered.

To make matters worse, the rival chiefs on the different islands were being stirred to fight by the German and English traders. Each faction sought to control the islands for its own purpose, and used the natives as pawns in the game. The German Empire was as yet new-born (though actually formed six years earlier, it was the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871 which actually cemented it) and had not started to gain her "place in the sun." As for England, she had her hands full elsewhere. While, therefore, the trading groups were at daggers' points, neither one could get its Mother Country to take up the quarrel.

Immediately upon the arrival of Commander Meade, the Head Chief of the island of Tutuila

appealed to him for help, asserting that he had always heard it was the policy of the United States to help the weak against a bully. Especially he complained to the American commander that the supposedly superior white race was stirring up enmity among the various tribes, breaking down the laws of taboo, spreading drunkenness, and giving firearms to savages. The missionaries supported the Head Chief, and, though most of them were British, added their hopes that the United States might intervene.

Commander Meade sincerely believed in the future greatness of his country. A naval officer rather than a diplomat, he looked forward to the time when the United States Navy should become—as it has become—the dominant naval power in the Pacific. He saw, at once, the enormous value of Pago-Pago as a naval base, for it is one of the best harbors in the South Pacific, and, at that time, it was not claimed by any civilized power. He believed that America must have territory in the Orient, to defend her commercial interests.

It is sometimes mistakenly asserted that the United States does not seek territorial expansion. Nothing could be more untrue. Her whole history has been one of continuous territorial

growth. She has gone through five foreign wars in a single century and gained territory by each. The Mississippi was secured in 1795, the Louisiana Purchase was in 1803, the western section in the Pearl River affair of 1810, the Floridas and the Southwest in 1819, Texas was annexed in 1845, Oregon in the same year, part of the New Mexico and Southern California were secured by the Gadsden Purchase of 1848, Alaska in 1867, the Midway Islands in the same year, Hawaii became an American protectorate in 1875, the Samoan part of Pago-Pago became American in 1878 and the whole island of Tutuila in 1899, Guam, Porto Rico and the Philippines were added at the end of the Spanish-American War in 1899, the Canal Zone of Panama in 1903, the Virgin Islands in 1916, while special commercial privileges have been the quest of the United States Government from the time of the Declaration of Independence to the World War. In addition to that, at different times the United States Government has put forward official plans for the annexation of Canada, Mexico, Salvador and Cuba, and even for all the islands of the West Indies.

Knowing America's territorial ambitions, Commander Meade did not hesitate. He promised

the Head Chief of Tutuila full protection, and signed a formal agreement making that island a protectorate of the United States in return for a complete cession (including sovereignty) of the harbor of Pago-Pago and its foreshore.

This action had its desired effect in the islands. The sub-chiefs, realizing the importance of the alliance which the Head Chief had made, abandoned their feuds. The German and English traders, not knowing the extent of the authority which the American naval commander might have been given by his government, were forced to keep still, as otherwise they might involve their respective countries in an undesired war.

Upon receiving the report from Commander Meade, the Secretary of the Navy sent it to President Grant, who in turn, forwarded the agreement to the Senate for its consideration. The President urged the acquisition of the harbor, but suggested that it might be wise to modify the terms suggested for the protectorate. The Senate took no action in the matter, thus leaving this irregular diplomatic agreement in force.

As, however, the establishment of a protectorate is a matter falling within the domain of the Department of State, Secretary Hamilton Fish

sent A. B. Steinberger as a Special Agent to report on conditions in Samoa, and especially on the island of Tutuila and its famous harbor. Steinberger reported most enthusiastically, and was sent back to Samoa by President Grant with letters and presents from the United States to the Samoan chiefs.

The wily German-American used these letters to make the chiefs believe that the United States desired him to become their confidential adviser. He succeeded in getting himself appointed prime minister, after which he proceeded to set up a government in which he was practically the sole ruler.

Now Jenkins, although he was just as much an adventurer as Steinberger, was a thoroughgoing American, one who believed that citizenship carried with it an obligation of loyalty. It was with ever-growing dissatisfaction that he noted Steinberger's constant correspondence with Berlin, and he objected openly to the prime minister's measures for putting the commerce of the islands more and more into German hands, until trade in Apia began to be almost a German monopoly.

American and British resentment against Steinberger grew apace, but it was difficult for

the traders to take any positive action against him, since both nations had recognized the independence of Samoa, and the former envoy of the United States had been officially appointed as prime minister by the king and chiefs.

Jenkins, alone, did not fear Steinberger. He had prospered exceedingly, for every voyage of the *Freischutz* added to his wealth, and, while he had grafted freely, as any adventurer will do, he had done so without arousing too much antagonism. Moreover, having been closely associated with Steinberger during the early years of his power, he knew most of the prime minister's secrets.

Never too scrupulous as to the means he employed, Jenkins had intercepted Steinberger's Berlin correspondence and openly taunted the prime minister. Soon the two men became bitter enemies, but Steinberger dared not dismiss the councillor, for fear of exposure. Jenkins took the side of the American Consul at Apia, and would have been glad to have the support of the missionaries, but they would have none of him.

The friction between the two leaders came to a clash, one council meeting. Jenkins threatened to withdraw the island of Tutuila from

Steinberger's control and to set up a provisional government of his own until some American naval vessel should arrive at Pago-Pago, when he would turn the control over to the commanding officer. The threat was made all the more dramatic by Jenkins' statement that he had in his possession copies of Steinberger's letters in which the prime minister had promised to start a new civil war in the islands. Germany, having been informed beforehand, was to be called on for aid, and the naval harbor of Pago-Pago was to be turned over to the Kaiser, thus annulling the American agreement which had never become official, since the Senate had not acted in the matter.

Steinberger realized that unless he could get rid of Jenkins, his tenure of office bade fair to be short, and his German plan might be defeated. He decided to strike at his enemy through the *Freischutz*, and to do it in such a way as to put Jenkins in the wrong. He might not be able to clear himself entirely, in the event of a scandal, but if he could prove his accuser to be a traitor, the accusation would have less force.

In company with his German allies, he prepared a desperate plot.

226 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

One evening, as Duncan came home to supper, he found Father Marsotte at the door watching for him, with a very grave face.

“What’s wrong, ‘Second Father’?” queried the boy anxiously.

“Come in, Duncan,” the priest replied. “Come in and shut the door.”

Wonderingly, the youngster obeyed.

“Now, begin your supper, and listen while you eat.”

The priest paused until Duncan had seated himself at the table, and then continued:

“One of my choristers, a German boy, has just told me an extraordinary story. It seems hardly credible, but the lad could never have invented it. If true, a malignant and deadly plot has been made to take your father’s life.”

“Murder?”

“Yes, it amounts to that.”

The boy halted with poised fork:

“Steinberger’s doings, I suppose?”

“Undoubtedly. Now, you know more about sailing distances and such things than I do. How soon do you think your father ought to come back? You have been keeping a calendar, I know.”

“Yes, I have. I was looking at it this morning. Daddy ought to be home almost any day, now.”

“Before he left, did he tell you that he was not going to Calcutta for cargo, as was announced, but was bound for San Francisco, instead?”

“Yes, I knew that.”

“Do you know why he went to San Francisco?”

“No, he didn’t tell me. Has it anything to do with this murder plot?”

“A great deal. I think I had better inform you, myself. Mr. Jenkins sent your father to the United States with copies of Steinberger’s letters. On his arrival in San Francisco he was to take the new trans-continental railroad to Washington to see the diplomatic authorities there, and expose the German’s plotting. No one on the island was supposed to know this political move, but the news has leaked out, somehow.

“Now, Steinberger is in terror lest the *Freischutz* should arrive suddenly and bring news of America’s intention to renew her control. According to information collected by Jenkins and which is in the papers sent to Washington, Steinberger has made a secret arrangement with Germany.”

“To turn over Pago-Pago?” The boy nodded wisely. “I got hold of that one day when I was doing some translation for Mr. Jenkins.”

“Exactly. Well, this agreement is due to be settled in a couple of weeks or so. If it should be actually completed, then the United States would be confronted with what diplomats call a *fait accompli*, always a difficult matter to change. Pago-Pago would be lost.”

“But how can American interference stop the prime minister, now?”

“Perhaps it cannot, but if the *Freischutz* should bring positive news, all the factions on the island which are opposed to Steinberger could combine to head off the Civil War, and delay the transfer. Therefore, at any risk and at any cost, an effort is to be made to stop the ship.”

“How?”

“By sinking her with every one on board!”

“What! Sink the *Freischutz*!”

“Yes, that is the plan, according to what this chorister boy said. It was mere family conversation around the dinner-table that he was repeating, doing so, I think, with the idea of showing off how clever he was in knowing state secrets. If I were to tell you the boy’s name, you would

recognize it as that of one of the leading German families here.”

“But that must be wrong, ‘Second Father’! How could any one sink the brig? The *Freischutz* can take care of herself against any fort on this island. You remember how she smashed up the pirate junk!”

“The plotters do not intend to use the forts,” the priest explained. “That would betray them at once. To be successful, the plan must be absolutely secret. The vessel must be sent to the bottom without any suspicion that her destruction was intentional.”

“How can they do it? Scuttle the ship? If they were going to do that, there must be some conspirator on board. And if that was the idea, they ought to have done it before the *Freischutz* reached America. We know she did get there, for I had a letter from Daddy, sent from San Francisco. You know, the one that came in the diplomatic mail, so that no one in the post office here would know where he was.”

“To scuttle the ship would have been the easiest plan, but the Germans knew nothing about the *Freischutz*’ plans when she sailed from here. Steinberger seems to have found out your fa-

ther's errand only recently. That was his difficulty. How was he to wreck a vessel at sea and do it secretly? As you said yourself, Duncan, the brig's guns are powerful and well handled. There is no ship here which dare attack her. But Steinberger is a clever ruffian. He and his associates have found a way.

"Listen carefully, my boy, and I'll tell you all I know about the plot. Do you know where Needle Channel lies, somewhere out beyond Fulgon Reef?"

"Of course. I've gone fishing there, often."

"I understand it is quite narrow?"

"Only a couple of cable's lengths across."

"So I thought. Nearly all ships coming to Samoa use that channel, do they not?"

"All of them, now. There's Goose Channel, to the south'ard, which the whalers used, long ago, but that's a long way round and isn't so well buoyed. Hardly any ships come that way, any more."

"So Needle Channel is the key to Samoa. Well, Steinberger and his friends have manufactured some kind of floating bombs—the boy didn't seem to know what they were like, at all—and they have placed a line of them right across the en-

trance of Needle Channel. These bombs are so close together that no ship can get through the line without striking one or more of them.

“When the *Freischutz* sails into this Channel, between the buoys, she will strike a bomb—or perhaps two—which will blow a hole in her bow. As she is loaded with cargo from America—machinery and the like—she will go down with all on board. You know how the surf rages around Fulgon Reef!

“If there should be any question or inquiry, Steinberger will claim that the accident is a proof that Jenkins was bringing high explosives to the islands, which is illegal. By that means, suspicion will be diverted.

“There are probably a good many more details to the plot, Duncan, but that was all the chorister could tell me.”

“But it’s a crime!” cried the boy, indignantly. “That can’t be true! The Council would never stand for it!”

“It will never know.”

“You tell the members, then, ‘Second Father,’ and stop it. They’ll believe you.”

“The Council does not meet for two weeks, and the ship is almost sure to be here before that

time, so that would not help. For another thing. I have no proofs. The gossip of a boy is not evidence."

"Does Jenkins know about it?"

"No. He is on Tutuila. I only learned about the plot this afternoon."

"What's to be done, then?"

"Your father must be warned to keep out of Needle Channel. If he comes in by Goose Channel, he will be safe."

The boy frowned.

"He won't. He never does."

"He must, this time; he will, if some one warns him."

"But how can we get a message to him in the middle of the sea?"

"It is difficult, if not impossible. But he might be stopped just outside Needle Channel. He could be warned, if some one was waiting there."

"You mean in a boat?"

"I mean—in your boat!" answered the priest, pointedly.

Duncan started to his feet, almost knocking over the table in his excitement.

"You mean I ought to go out there and warn

him? Ass that I am! Why didn't I see it right away? Of course! I'll go smack now! I've finished supper!"

"We will both go," corrected Father Marsotte. "I have all ready, food, water, flags, rocket signals, everything."

"You, 'Second Father'? But you hate going in a boat!"

"What has that to do with it? The boat is ready, I suppose?"

"Riding to a line in the little harbor. I can get her out in two minutes. Shall I go?"

"At once, I think, and I will follow you. Take one of the bundles, the smaller one."

Duncan did not hesitate. Seizing his hat, he raced at full speed to the boat-harbor, while Father Marsotte walked at his best pace after him, giving evasive answers to passers-by, when asked where he was going.

A few minutes later—less than an hour from the time that Duncan had returned from school—the two were in the boat, sailing towards Needle Channel before a stiff breeze.

"Why did you come, 'Second Father'?" queried the lad, when they were well away from the harbor, and he had time to think. "I can handle

this boat alone, you know. I've gone out alone, heaps of times. And you always get seasick."

"I did not come as a boatman," the priest replied, smiling wanly, for the skiff was pitching roughly, "but as a watcher, my boy. You think, now, that you could keep awake all night, but, at your age, sleep is difficult to resist. We may have to wait a day or two, perhaps even a week. You could not stay awake all the time. Even a seasick man can keep watch."

"But we can anchor out there," the boy protested. "You know the Black Hog Shoal? That's near enough to Needle Channel for us to see a ship coming in, and I could take little cat-naps."

"We will take watch and watch," the priest insisted. "And, Duncan," he added, "don't go through the Channel too fast. If those bombs are as touchy as I think they are, we might strike one and go down ourselves."

"Jiminy! I hadn't thought of that! I'll triple-reef!"

He ran the little sail down and tied the reef-points hastily but firmly. The skiff slowed her pace until she was barely crawling through the water.

They sailed thus, for half an hour, the dusk gradually creeping upon them, when the boy, who had the keener sight, touched the priest on the arm.

“What’s that on the water, ‘Second Father’?”

“The bombs? Yes! There they are!”

A few black blobs barely showed on the surface. Had the skiff being going fast, or had they reached the place a few minutes later, when it would be entirely dark, there might have been a catastrophe.

The sail was run down, and both priest and boy peered through the gathering darkness at these menacing iron balls.

“They’re mighty close together!” the lad agreed.

“Perhaps, going as slowly as this, we might push the bombs aside without exploding them?”

Duncan shook his head thoughtfully.

“If they’re as touchy as you say, we’d better not risk it. The sea is bobby enough to make us give one of them a sharp crack. No, I’ll swim.”

“To cut the rope holding the bombs?”

“That’s an idea! No,” he added, looking steadily ahead, “it’s a chain. Anyway, ‘Second Father,’ I’d rather leave the whole business

alone, if I can. I'll find out how far the bombs reach. They're not likely to have put them outside the buoys, because a ship wouldn't go there, and there's water enough on the edge of the reefs for a boat this size. Drop the sail, 'Second Father,' and let her drift. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Duncan was a good swimmer and it was not long before he was back and aboard again.

As he had expected, the chain of bombs was laid inside the channel marks.

The little boat, at snail's pace, was set on her course again. She nosed to the outside of the buoy, and, with but a few inches of water under her keel, won over the reef to the sea beyond, making for the proposed anchorage near the Black Rock Shoal.

Suddenly, almost upon them, it seemed, for the early dark was deceiving, Duncan saw the red and green lights, and the pale-gray sails of a ship coming directly bow on. It was with difficulty, even, that the lad could distinguish that the on-comer was a brig.

"Quick! The rocket!" he cried.

But the priest had seen the vessel, also. The

words had not left the boy's lips when the blue light flared high.

Ship and boat drove straight for each other.

Rising at the tiller, the boy yelled with all his might:

“*Freischutz* ahoy!”

And, as a form outlined itself on the poop rail, he shouted:

“Hard over, Daddy! Hard over! Quick! Trouble right ahead!”

Dorrocks leaped to the wheel and spun it round, at the same instant bellowing an order that the outer jib should be run up, and the gaff topsail let down with a run.

The speed of the maneuver was none too quick, for the bottom of the *Freischutz* was foul with barnacles from long sailing in the South Seas, and she was logy in her movements.

Slowly, all too slowly, she began to answer to her helm.

Duncan watched, in an agony of fear, for he knew how closely death was lurking.

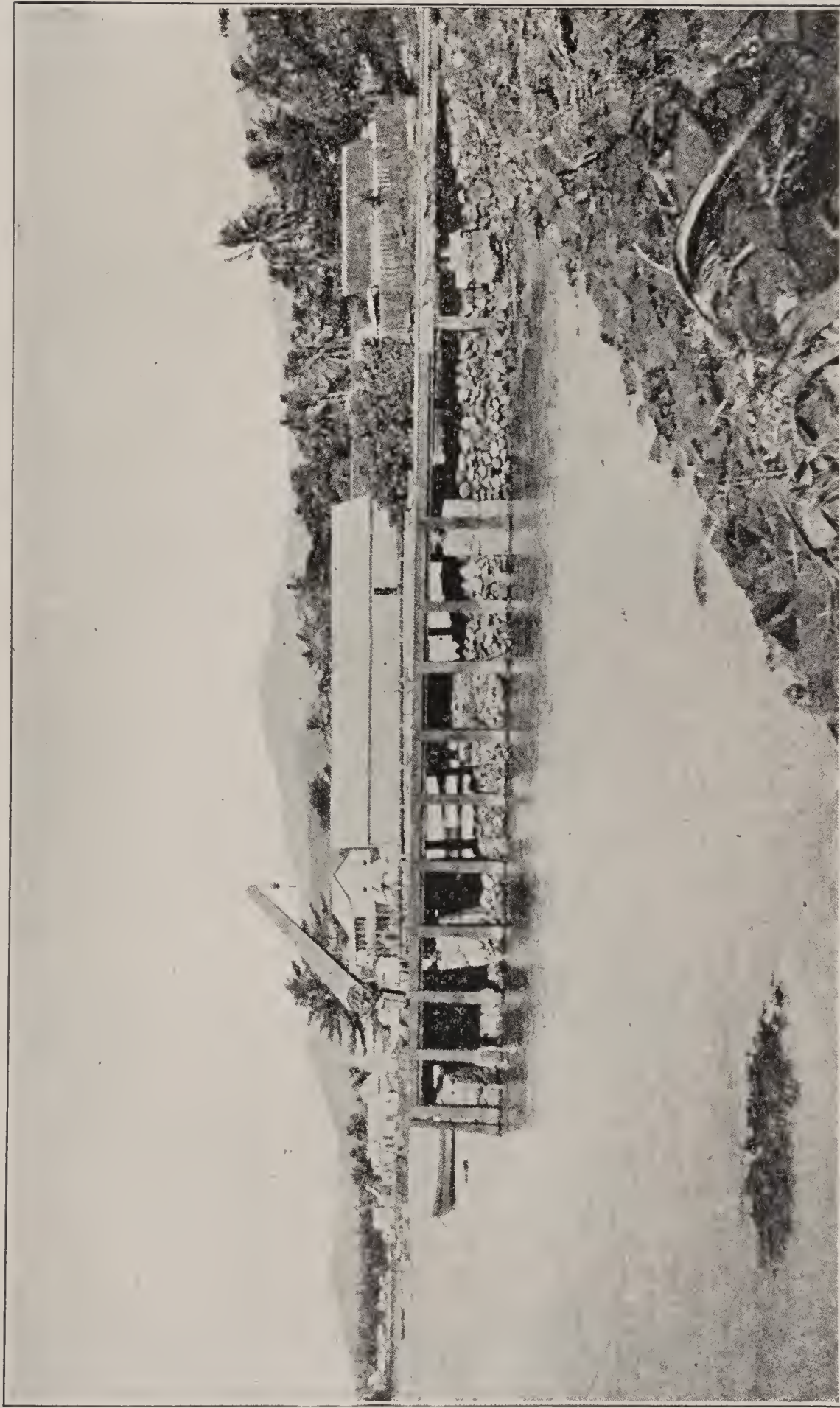
So close was the brig that, as she turned her beam to the chain of bombs, the wash from her cutwater set the black balls of death dancing on

238 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

the water. It was touch-and-go, still, for the entrance to the channel was bordered with reefs, but the *Freischütz* won by and cleared for the open sea.

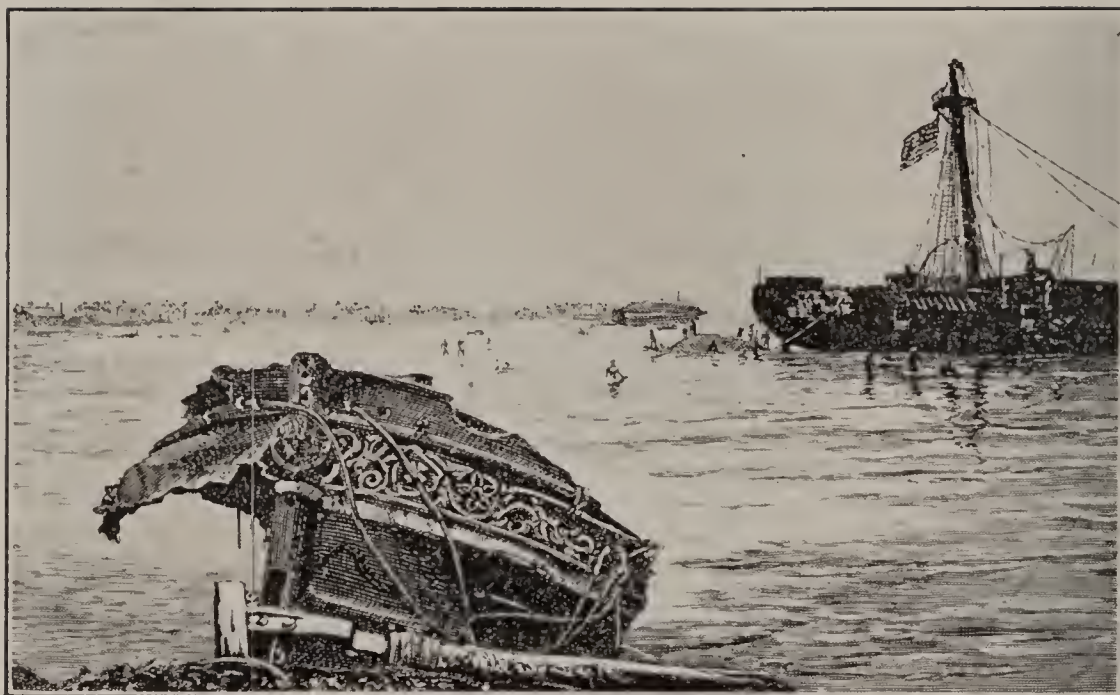
Above the rhythmic pounding of the surf and the creaking of the laboring ship, the boy's shout of triumph rang clear and high,

“We've beaten them, Daddy! We've beaten them!



WHARF OF GERMAN FIRM, APIA.

From "Samoa 'Uma," by Llewella P. Churchill. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Remnant of the *Eber*

Adler

Trenton



Trenton

Vandalia Nipsic

Olga

Courtesy of "Harper's Young People."

SCENES IN THE HARBOR OF APIA AFTER THE HURRICANE.
(From photographs.)

CHAPTER VII

THE SAMOAN HURRICANE

STEINBERGER had been right to fear the coming of the *Freischutz*. When the brig sailed through Goose Channel, with Father Marsotte and Duncan on board, and cast anchor in the harbor of Apia, the wily prime minister watched her arrival with dread and hate. He did not know, as yet, that his plans had been exposed, but only supposed that some evil chance had led the captain of the brig to use the unprotected channel.

In truth, Dorrocks' return was the forerunner of Steinberger's downfall. The former opium-smuggler had learned all the details of the plot to blow up his ship and he was not the kind of man to allow an enemy too much leeway. The prime minister might be certain that he had aroused an implacable foe.

Besides, Dorrocks had brought important news. Although he had visited Washington as a private citizen, and in no sense as a diplomatic envoy, he

had been received with courtesy and consideration. The letters which he had borne from Jenkins revealing Steinberger's plot to turn over Pago-Pago to Germany had awakened a great deal of indignation in official and naval circles.

Since the State Department could not officially take action upon a matter which it had not learned officially, it could not authorize Dorrocks, upon his return, to act in the name of the United States. The President, indeed, could have done so, but Dorrocks' antecedents as an opium-smuggler did not commend him.

The Secretary of State could, and did, promise the captain verbally that immediate action should be taken with regard to Samoa. By the *Freischutz* he sent written instructions to the American Consul, giving him temporary diplomatic powers in the event of any German action tending to annul Commander Meade's agreement concerning Pago-Pago. The British Ambassador at Washington, who was unofficially informed of the Steinberger matter, also notified his country's Consul at Apia what course he might pursue.

Immediately after the return of the *Freischutz*, Jenkins was summoned from Tutuila by the American Consul, and plans for crippling Stein-

berger were set on foot immediately. The plot of arousing a civil war in the islands was nipped in the bud by the simple method of letting the rival chiefs know that Steinberger was playing them false for his own purposes.

As the American and British consuls were working together, with the full force of the missionaries behind them, the King and Chiefs of Samoa began to realize that their prime minister was not as important as he had made himself out to be. Steinberger's angry fears told against him heavily.

"If Germany is so much the most powerful country in the world, as you have told us," they said to him, "why are you afraid of the British and American nations?"

To this question Steinberger found it hard to make a fitting reply.

The German traders, too, realizing that the power of the prime minister was on the wane, held aloof from him. Like rats, they were ready to desert a sinking ship. Any one of them was willing to split and tell the whole story of the plot, if only his own business interests did not suffer.

Less than a month later, when Steinberger's

power had become nothing but a shadow and a name, a British man-o'-war sailed into the harbor of Apia. On board was a British Special Commissioner, who had received instruction to confer with the King and Chiefs of Samoa, after having investigated conditions in the islands.

The investigation was short and sharp.

Jenkins, with his inner knowledge of Steinberger's secrets, was able to reveal that the prime minister had long been working against both British and American interests, in defiance of treaty rights. Father Marsotte repeated the story of the plot, as it had been outlined to him. Duncan told of the finding of the bombs. Dorrocks described how he had been warned, and added the information that he had gone to Needle Channel, the very day of his arrival, loosened the chain of bombs and towed them to a hiding-place on the reef. At great personal risk he had detached the percussion cap from one of them, and he produced it in evidence. The maker of the bombs had been found, and he admitted that Steinberger had paid him. The evidence was complete.

Together with the American Consul, the British Commissioner had audience with the King

and Chiefs. At the request of the Powers, the King gladly deposed the prime minister, and added, on his own account, that he would chain Steinberger to a sunken rock in shark-infested waters.

This was going a bit too far for civilized peoples, and it took a great deal of diplomatic fencing to save Steinberger from the sharks. Unwillingly the King and Chiefs agreed to mitigate this sentence to perpetual banishment, and the former prime minister was deported in the British man-o'-war.

He never came back to Samoa, indeed, but he reappeared in Polynesia, where he divided his time between a low-grade piracy and levying blackmail on traders in the Caroline Islands.

On hearing of his enemy's activities, Dorrocks—who had strongly supported the plan of giving Steinberger to the sharks—immediately found that he had important business in the Carolines, and set off on the *Freischutz* with a plentiful supply of ammunition. He announced his purpose as a trading voyage, but every one believed that his business was to pay off old scores on the man who had tried to blow up his ship. He refused to allow Duncan to go with him. Upon his return

Dorrocks made no reference to what had happened in the Carolines, but Steinberger troubled the South Seas no more.

Duncan, though only ten years old, acquitted himself very creditably in the Official Inquiry. The British Commissioner, at the close of the boy's evidence, made a short speech handsomely approving the lad's conduct in saving Captain Dorrocks. The American Secretary of the Navy sent him a personal letter for his efforts in having helped to keep Pago-Pago from falling into German hands. The King and Chiefs of Samoa gave him a taboo stick—a black staff with a white ball on the top, carved with taro leaves—as a sign of royal appreciation for “having saved the honor of Samoa from being clouded with a foul sea crime.”

It would have been easy for a lad of Duncan's age to become vain over his achievements, but Father Marsotte was ever with him and kept his head level. His father, too, anxious that Duncan should not be too deeply bitten with a desire for roving venture, aided the priest to keep the boy steadily at his linguistic tasks.

When he was ready to leave the island school,

a few years later, Father Marsotte and Dorrocks decided that the time had come to carry their plans into effect. They went to the American Consulate and urged that the lad should be accepted there as an interpreter and clerk, since, in the South Seas, bad habits infallibly follow idleness.

The American Consul, who knew and liked the young fellow, and who was aware of the father's hopes for Duncan's future, approved heartily. A month later, the boy entered the Consular Service. There was much to be done, for the political situation in the islands had again lapsed into a desperate state.

After Steinberger's fall, which the chiefs rightly regarded as having been primarily caused by the American element, the King and Chiefs looked to the United States to give them the stable form of government which the late prime minister had promised them from Germany. None was forthcoming. The political parties in America were, as always, in a turmoil, and neither cared to take any definite action for a place so far away as Samoa.

Despairing of help from America, in 1877 the

Chiefs sent a deputation to Fiji, to ask the British authorities there to assume a sort of parental control of the islands.

While, undoubtedly, the British would have liked to do so, too prompt an acceptance might have brought international trouble; Germany had interests in Samoa, and England and Germany had a secret agreement as to their respective "spheres of interest" in the South Seas. Besides, Fijian officials had not the authority to act in so grave a matter, which could only be decided by the Home Government. Their answer, therefore, was vague and indecisive, though they affirmed definitely that they could not and would not interfere in Samoa without definite instructions from England.

Dissatisfied with this half-hearted answer from Fiji, the Chiefs approached the United States anew, sending a diplomatic envoy to Washington to seek a definite protectorate. As before, the Senate was afraid of the word, feeling that the American people would disapprove. Instead, a commercial treaty was signed in 1878, by which the harbor of Pago-Pago was definitely conceded to the United States as a naval station, in return for a guarantee of commercial protection.

THE SAMOAN HURRICANE 247

The year following, similar treaties were signed with Samoa by Germany and Great Britain, and the independence of Samoa was formally recognized by these three powers, each of which undertook to support the native government of the islands. In 1879, the American, British and German Consuls made a Convention with the King and Chiefs of Samoa, guaranteeing certain financial assistance in return for local trade privileges, and providing a municipal government for Apia, the chief town of the islands.

This plan, which was designed to promote peace, only sowed discord and wrangling. The three Consulates were at daggers' points. Germany wished to reap the benefits of Steinberger's régime. Great Britain was annoyed with the United States because the offer of a protectorate had been made first to Fiji and America had secured Pago-Pago through a commercial treaty before the Home Government had acted upon the Fijian offer. America, in possession of the naval station, opposed the absorption of Samoan trade by German interests, and also resented England's unwillingness to admit the validity of the cession of Pago-Pago to the United States.

Treachery was rife, everywhere. Loyalty was

at a premium. When Father Marsotte and Dorrocks suggested the employment of Duncan, the American Consul leaped at the suggestion. Young though the boy was, he had the confidence of the chiefs, and he was enormously popular in the islands. To crown all, he spoke Samoan like a native, as well as Chinese and Japanese, English and French. His one handicap was that he did not know German.

To make the situation on the islands even worse, civil war was brewing again, and the three Powers were supporting three several aspirants to the Samoan throne. The old king had died during the last years of Duncan's schooling, and, when the boy entered the Consulate, Malietoa was the recognized king. Following its declared policy of allowing independent nations to choose their rulers for themselves (a policy not always followed, as for example in the case of Huerta, in Mexico), the Americans supported Malietoa. There were two rival aspirants to the throne: Tamasese, who had the German backing, and Mataafa, who was looked upon favorably by the British.

Day by day, all through the summer of 1881, the situation grew more tense, till no man knew

where the serious trouble would break out first. The crisis came at last.

One blazing hot night, Duncan came rushing through the streets of Apia to the house of the American Consul. He was too excited to wait on ceremony, but pushed open the unlocked door and burst into his superior's bedroom.

He brought news that a British gunboat had dropped anchor in the harbor the day before, and that a party of sailors had come ashore in the evening. One of these men, who had imbibed native rum too freely and had not been willing to pay his bill, had drunkenly laughed at the rum-seller's demands for payment, declaring that on the following day all his store of liquors would be seized by the English, as the gunboat had come to Samoa to make it a British possession. The transfer, he had blurted out, was to take place at eight o'clock in the morning.

The rumseller, who, like most of the Samoans, looked to the Americans for fair play, had come and told Duncan the story. He wanted to know whether he should take away all his goods and secrete them, or whether he could depend upon the United States for protection.

On hearing of this proposed political trick, the

American Consul did not hesitate for an instant. He jumped out of bed and sent Duncan to get the largest American flag to be found in the Consulate. Meantime, he routed up an officer of the native troops and a handful of men, with a light field-gun, and gathered such Samoan officials as could be found at a moment's notice.

With this party as witnesses, the Consul and Duncan hurried to the Council House, for, as the King was not in residence in Apia at that time, the royal palace was unoccupied. Exactly at sunrise, the American official ran up the Stars and Stripes on a flagstaff at one end of the Council House, and the Samoan flag at the other. The field-gun then fired a salute, which could not fail to be heard by the officers on board the British gunboat lying in the harbor.

Then—entirely unofficially, of course—Duncan passed the news to native boatmen who were going out to the gunboat with stores, so that the British naval commander might have an opportunity to learn the meaning of the salute without any responsible person having appeared in the matter.

In order to avoid any suspicion that the Ameri-

cans were aware of the British plot, the Consul gave out that he had taken this action to prevent an outbreak of rebellion, supposed to be headed by Tamasese. The raising of the flag, however, was clear evidence that America was ready to act for the protection of the native government, according to treaty rights.

Whether the commander of the British gunboat actually had orders to seize the island was never absolutely known, for no bluejackets were landed that day and no aggressive action was taken. Indeed, there was none that could have been made after the Consul's *coup d'état*, for certainly the British naval officer would have gone beyond his rights had he dared to haul down the American flag. After a few day's delay, the gunboat sailed away. Later, secret diplomatic information seemed to confirm the drunken bluejacket's story and the Consul's action was officially commended.

Two years later, a somewhat similar attempt on the part of the Germans was frustrated in the same manner, the informant in this case being King Malietoa himself. By the monarch's own request, the Stars and Stripes was run up over the royal palace. The net result of these two in-

cidents was that the Samoans came to regard the United States as the natural protector of their rights.

This American insistence on maintaining native independence against the encroachments of the other two Powers caused bad blood between the foreign colonies and diplomatic quarrelling reached almost to the point of actual conflict. Plot and counterplot, intrigue and cross-intrigue followed close on each other's heels. Duncan was necessarily in the very thick of it, and a diary of the young fellow's life during those years would come close to being a history of that tangled time.

To make matters worse, the native conspiracy under Tamasese, which was secretly fostered by the Germans, took on a more and more bloody character. As the American Consul could not openly act in native civil strife without imbroiling his government, Jenkins and Duncan were kept busy checkmating the German plans. So effective was their work that three different revolts started by Tamasese were quickly put down, though not without serious loss of life.

Finally, in 1885, the German Consul, on the claim that German interests were being threat-

ened by King Malietoa—which really meant by the Americans in Samoa—arbitrarily assumed control of island affairs in the name of his government, and raised the German flag in evidence of the exercise of sovereignty.

This move was quickly answered by the American Consul, who not only raised his flag in turn, but also issued a proclamation declaring an American protectorate over the islands.

Had the actions of the two opposing consuls been supported by their respective governments, this clash could have meant nothing less than war between the United States and Germany. As neither nation regarded Samoa as a matter of sufficient importance to bring about war, both governments disavowed the acts of their consuls, and the *status quo*, or “continuance of existing conditions” was resumed.

The year following, thanks to one of Jenkins’ friends, an adventurer of his own stripe, a new problem entered into Samoan affairs. This was the alliance with Hawaii. It began in the strangest way.

King Kalakaua, of Hawaii, at that time had as his prime minister an adventurer of extraordi-

nary versatility and fiery eloquence, known to history as "Turncoat" Gibson. The man's career was an amazing one.

He claimed to be the heir of an English noble family, and asserted that he had been dispossessed of his title and his estates by fraud. He was certainly well educated and had a natural capacity for ruling, though a certain bitterness against his own race often ruined all the good he did.

After sundry adventures in India and Burmah, where he preached native revolt until the military authorities made it too hot for him, he found his way to Java.

There Gibson's gift for dealing with natives got him into serious trouble. He commenced stirring up sentiment among the Javanese to demand greater native privileges and electoral representation on the Council, evidently with the intention of becoming that representative himself. The Dutch, however, had no illusions about native democracies, nor was their sturdy common sense affected by the adventurer's fine speeches. They simply clapped him into jail.

After some months of imprisonment he escaped or was released (the official reports differ) and

made his way to the United States, finally reaching Salt Lake City, where he became a Mormon. Gibson had a positive genius for pushing himself forward, and, in a very few years, thanks to his power of oratory, he was made an "Apostle." At his own suggestion, Brigham Young sent him to Hawaii to take charge of the affairs of the "Saints" there, and to spread the doctrines of Mormonism.

As soon as Gibson arrived in Hawaii, he turned his attention to the best manner of ingratiating himself with the natives. He declared that Mormonism substituted a legalized polygamy for the free-and-easy morals of the islands, and announced far and wide that a Hawaiian mistress, as soon as she embraced Mormonism, possessed legal rights equal to those of a white wife. This policy gained him the adoring friendship of all the native women of the islands, as well as hundreds of feminine converts. The "Saints" finding their reputation injured by this sudden influx into their ranks of hundreds of easy-mannered Hawaiian girls, hunted up the record of their "Apostle" and exposed him as an adventurer.

Upon the publication of this discovery, Gibson turned Protestant. He had made himself

wealthy—largely by several loose matrimonial alliances with daughters of rich sugar-growers—and he gave to missions and hospitals with a free hand, hoping, by this means, to secure the whip hand over the missionaries. It was an up-hill task, for the Protestant ministers were an honest and clean-living lot, and they soon had enough of him.

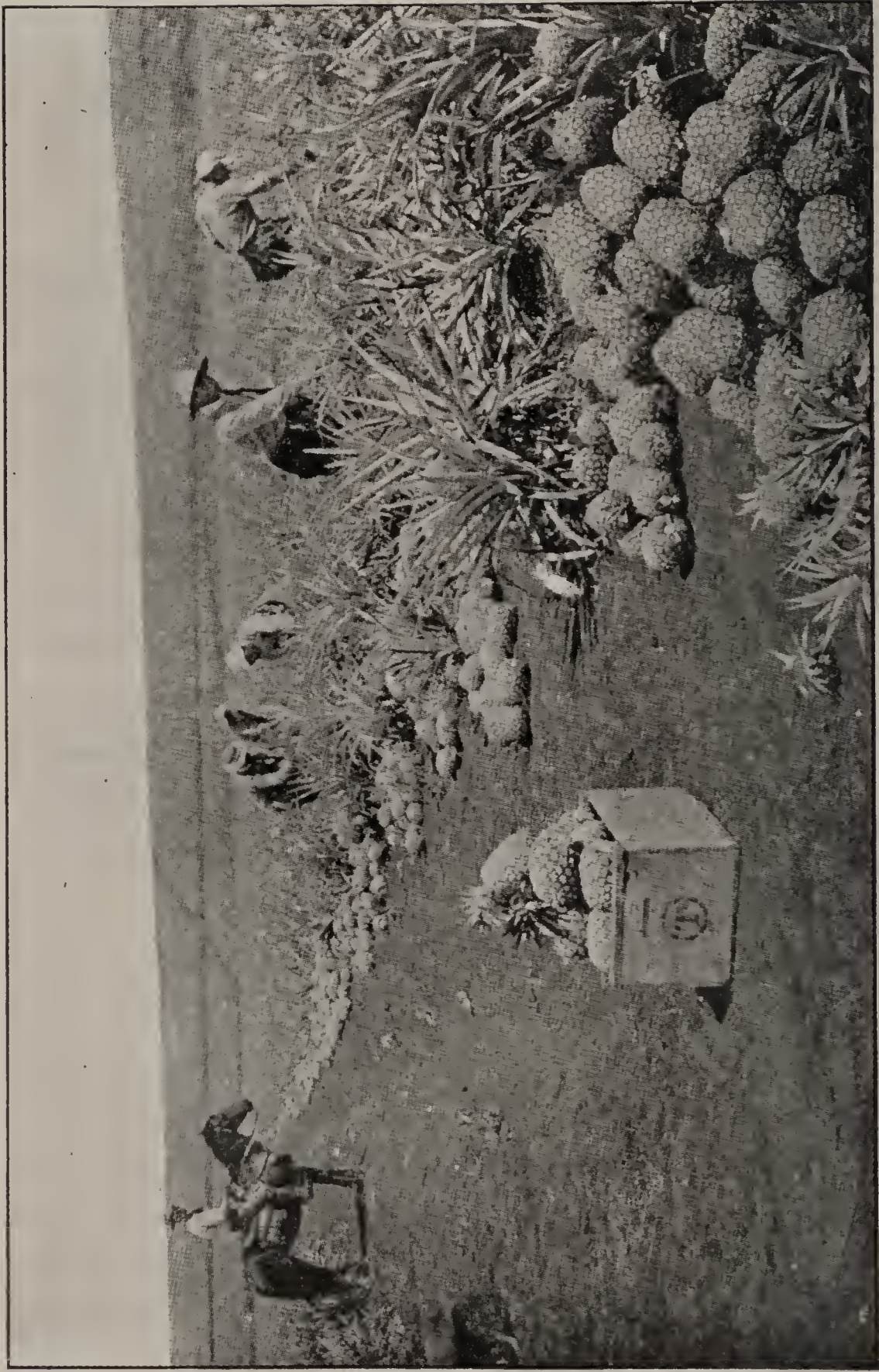
Gibson's next religious venture was as a Roman Catholic. He made a spectacular conversion, and soon became a leader of the native Roman Church. The Catholic hierarchy fought shy of him, however, though it used him for its own ends. He was never a man to be ignored. For good or ill, his energies were tremendous. Layman though he was, Gibson made more converts in one year than any missionary priest had done in ten. Moreover, as he was the active and loud-voiced champion of the native priests against what they regarded as the spiritual arrogance of educated ecclesiastics, whole congregations of Hawaiians adopted him as their defender.

What with one thing and another, the wily adventurer succeeded in gaining the confidence of the king, and, with his ability to get hold of money in shifty ways, he suggested many schemes where-



ANCIENT TEMPLE INCLOSURE IN HAWAII.

From "The Spell of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines," by Isabel Anderson.
L. C. Page & Co.



PINEAPPLE PLANTATION, ISLAND OF OAHU.

From "The Spell of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines," by Isabel Anderson.
L. C. Page & Co.

by the royal treasury might be kept well filled. King Kalakaua, an amiable and convivial monarch, rewarded his ingenious adviser with the post of prime minister.

Thanks to the reciprocity treaty of 1876 with the United States, Hawaii was extremely rich at that time, and King Kalakaua, who was filled with a sense of his own importance, looked for a larger empire to rule. Although the wealth of his tiny kingdom was due to the fact that it was practically a protectorate of the United States, this did not prevent the Hawaiian monarch from making a considerable splash. He made a tour of the world and was received in the United States and by the crowned heads of Europe and of Asia as a royal person of some importance. It was shortly after his return that Jenkins visited Hawaii in the *Freischutz* and suggested to Gibson that an alliance with Samoa could be turned to mutual profit, for their own pockets.

Upon his return, puffed up by these favors, he conceived the ambitious project of becoming Head King of Polynesia. In 1883 he had the audacity to protest to Great Britain and to France against their seizure of certain islands in the South Seas, although he had no concern with them.

Gibson, following Jenkins' lead, suggested the alliance with Samoa, and the King agreed, hoping to gobble it up later, if possible.

The principal difficulty, in the sending of an embassy to the Samoan king was the question of what vessel should carry the envoys in fitting state, for the solitary ship of the Hawaiian navy, the *Kaimiloa*, was old, small and mean-looking. Gibson settled this point in a characteristic way. He explained to King Kalakaua that a cargo of cases of whiskey, rum, and fine wines would be more potent to secure an alliance than even the most pretentious ship of war. As he shrewdly observed, the Samoans were accustomed to seeing great battleships in the harbor of Pago-Pago, but they were not accustomed to the effects of good liquor.

The voyage of the *Kaimiloa* came close to disaster. The crew mutinied on the way, because of insufficient food rations, and the only method whereby the embassy was able to reach Samoa was by serving out liquor in large enough quantities to keep the mutineers in a constant state of good-humored drunkenness.

When the Hawaiian navy reached Apia, and dropped her single anchor in the harbor, there

were hardly enough sober men aboard to work the vessel. Upon landing, however, the embassy established itself in the capital in most extravagant style and began to endeavor to impress the Samoans with a sense of the wealth of Hawaii.

As this alliance was solely a question between Samoa and Hawaii, the Consuls of the Powers were not officially concerned. At Jenkins' suggestion, King Malietoa asked the American Consul for the assistance of Duncan, during the negotiations. Though still only a young fellow, he was regarded as the keenest student of political conditions on the islands. Since both sides were equally desirous of agreement, the terms of the alliance were not difficult to arrange, and, after a week or two of conferences, the treaty was signed.

The signing of the Pact of Alliance was celebrated by a most elaborate banquet, for which the Hawaiian embassy produced a larger quantity of liquor than had ever been beheld by Samoans before. The feast continued all the night long, and, when the morning dawned, twenty-seven of the thirty Samoan chiefs were found dead drunk upon the floor, and had to be carried to their homes.

King Malietoa, who had deemed it beneath his royal dignity to attend the banquet, was furious at the news of this orgy. The very next day he sent for the Hawaiian ambassador and warned him straitly that a repetition of such conduct would cause him to annul the treaty, adding:

“If an alliance with your country means that you have come to teach my people to drink, I wish you had stayed away. As I have signed the treaty, I shall keep my word, but I shall send an envoy to your king demanding that he send brave men, not drunkards, to my court!”

Knowing King Malietoa's precipitate and uncertain temper, and fearing that the Samoan messenger might arrive in Hawaii before them and bring the story of their misdoings before they returned with the treaty, the members of the Hawaiian embassy prepared to leave at once.

But, in their eagerness for display, they had not reckoned with the cost of their extravagant banquets, nor yet with the exorbitant prices which the white traders had charged them. When the embassy was ready to go, it had an array of debts far beyond its power to pay. The whole Hawaiian navy had to be put in pawn to a Ger-

man banker in order that its embassy might get home.

A few days after the departure of the *Kaimiloa* King Malietoa sent for Duncan and Jenkins. The audience was given, not in the new palace of stone which had been built since the islands had become wealthy under the influence of trade, but in the long grass-built Chief's royal hut which had been turned into a Council House.

In addition to the king, there were present a dozen of the leading chiefs from the neighboring islands. The proceedings were marked with great dignity, for the Polynesians are gifted by nature with fine manners, and possess a natural eloquence.

"It is our royal pleasure," King Malietoa began, "to summon you here for counsel concerning the wisdom of sending some of our Great Ones to the King of Hawaii to tell him of our royal willingness for the Alliance, and to place our words of displeasure in his ears because of the drunken behavior of his messengers. Speak, Great Ones of the Islands, which among you think it wise?"

A long discussion followed, at the close of

which the chiefs agreed that a deputation should be sent, but, since the envoys would be the personal representatives of the king, they should be appointed by him. It was advised, also, that a white man should accompany the expedition, but on this point, the chiefs split into two groups. Those who were pro-German preferred a trader named Ludenburg, those who were pro-American favored Jenkins.

King Malietoa, though he had learned much of constitutional methods, none the less had many of the feelings of an absolute monarch.

“I will have neither of those named,” he said bluntly. “The man Ludenburg has been a friend of Steinberger, whose carcass I desired thrown to the sharks, the man Jenkins was one of those present at the banquet of beastliness. How can I send a traitor or a drunkard as a bearer of the royal stick?”

Jenkins winced at this, for he had been one of the few men at the Hawaiian banquet who had stayed strictly sober, but he knew better than to contradict King Malietoa in the presence of his chiefs. He rose and addressed the Council.

“The heart of King Malietoa is young,” he said, “and his thoughts are pure. Might it not

be wise to send as a white man one whose heart is young and whose thoughts are pure. Behold a lad of wisdom, he who has already received the royal taboo stick as a sign of favor, and whose youth forbids the taint of selfishness. O King Malietoa! Send Duncan as an envoy; so shall no one say that the King's right eye is stronger than his left, or he looks with greater favor on one political party than on the other."

The answer pleased the king, but not so the pro-German chiefs, who knew full well that Duncan was strictly partisan towards America. The matter was still hanging fire when Jenkins subtly suggested that if Duncan were chosen, he would put the *Freischutz* at the disposal of the king, since Samoa had no naval vessel of her own.

This decided the matter, and, a couple of weeks later, the *Freischutz* set sail with Duncan and his father aboard, in addition to three of the oldest and wisest Samoan chiefs as envoys. The boy had been granted a leave of absence by the Consul who felt that it might be just as well to have an American present at this inter-island conference.

Dorrocks, though now too old for sea command, went as a nominal passenger. This did not last long. No sooner was he well out on the ocean

than he brisked up and paced the quarterdeck as of old. The new captain of the *Freischutz*, a younger man, readily humored the wishes of the fine old salt, and, for that matter, admitted the consummate sea-lore of his senior.

Upon their arrival in Honolulu, Duncan found that conditions in Hawaii had changed for the better. Gibson had been impeached, deposed, and thrown into jail, on evidence brought by the better class of citizens in the islands. A few weeks later, the former prime minister was expelled, and sailed for the United States.

King Kalakaua was visibly impressed by Duncan's modest bearing and his sound knowledge. The Samoan chiefs were welcomed and treated with a generous hospitality, but they were obviously ignorant of diplomatic usages. The Hawaiian monarch, who was educated, civilized, and had travelled widely, found Duncan the only member of the embassy who really understood the situation, and he gave him several private audiences.

At one of these he asked the young fellow, point-blank if he thought the Treaty of Alliance would be recognized by the Powers. Duncan answered that Samoa had the right to make such

a treaty, but he doubted whether Hawaii was free to do so. By reason of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1876 and 1884, and the granting of Pearl Harbor as a naval base, in the latter treaty, Hawaii was in so close a relation to the United States that a foreign alliance might not be valid without the approval of the American Department of State. He urged the sending of an envoy to Washington to secure the endorsement of the treaty.

The King immediately offered to appoint Duncan as his envoy, but the young fellow refused promptly. He declared that an envoy from Hawaii should be an Hawaiian, and that as he had come as an attaché of the Samoan embassy, he could not transfer his allegiance. The three Samoan chiefs, however, pointed out that the approval of the treaty was as vital to them as to the Samoan king, and they formally deputed Duncan to represent their interests in Washington. Such a plan had the additional advantage of securing the *Freischutz* as a vessel of transport, for the *Kaimiloa* was not fit for such a voyage.

Once more the brig found herself on the Pacific Ocean, not this time as a semi-privateer hunting

for treasure in kings' tombs, nor as a piratic smuggler engaged in gun-running, but in the more dignified mission of carrying diplomatic envoys. When the *Freischutz* entered the Golden Gate and dropped anchor in the Bay of San Francisco, Duncan realized that a new chapter was opening in his quasi-diplomatic career.

On his arrival in Washington, the young fellow found that his name was well known to those people in the Department of State and in the Consular Service whose work it was to deal with Pacific Ocean affairs. The reports of the American Consul in Apia had mentioned him frequently, and he was not forgotten as the boy who had helped to save the harbor of Pago-Pago from falling into German hands.

Yet, as he had expected, his mission failed. The Secretary of State refused even to consider the matter of the Hawaii-Samoa treaty. Hawaii was to all intents and purposes on the very brink of annexation by the United States, while Samoa was in the hands of three powers with Germany as the controlling force in trade interests. The Hawaiian envoy was bluntly told that his country had no right to make such a treaty without having

first secured the permission of the United States; Duncan, as the Samoan envoy, was informed that the United States desired to keep themselves free from "entangling alliances." The pact, therefore, was utterly disowned by the United States, and all the whisky which had been put on board the *Kaimiloa* had been drunk for nought.

Although the object of the voyage was thus at an end, Duncan did not return at once to Samoa. While he was in the capital, trying in vain to find some means of rephrasing the treaty so that it might be accepted, or at least reconsidered, the Secretary of State arranged for a conference with the German and British ambassadors on the question of Samoa.

Though Dorrocks and Jenkins were in no sense to be regarded as diplomats, Secretary Bayard knew that they could give him first-hand information on the situation in the islands. As for Duncan, he was distinctly *persona grata* in the State Department and he was told that a full report by him on the political cabals in Samoa would be welcomed by the Head of the Consular Service. His duties were thus temporarily transferred from Apia to Washington. The Secretary

of State, too, took note of Duncan's unusual aptitude, deciding to use him later for special work.

The Samoan Conference failed to reach an agreement. Germany and England, having made a secret deal between them to seize and divide all the autonomous islands in the Pacific, hung together. England supported Germany's claims in Samoa in return for a free hand in other places, and the two Powers presented a united proposal giving Germany a controlling power in the islands.

In view of Duncan's report, which described exactly how the Germans had supported the Tamasese rebellion, and giving proofs of Germany's intention to seize the harbor of Pago-Pago, Secretary Bayard absolutely refused consent to this Two-Power plan. He urged, instead, that island affairs be entrusted to a Council of Four, consisting of the reigning king and one representative from each of the three Powers, and that each Power should keep a war-ship in Samoa for a third of a year, in rotation, to maintain order and to enforce the decrees of the Council. Fair and just as was this plan, Germany would not agree.

Immediately after the adjournment of this con-

THE SAMOAN HURRICANE 269

ference, without result, Germany took the bit between her teeth. The German Consul at Apia, on the orders of his government, demanded a money indemnity from King Malietoa for supposed injuries to German trade prior to the Conference. The King refused, as was his right, but, lacking the conservative advice of Jenkins and Duncan, his American counsellors, he couched his refusal in such fiery terms that Germany found an excuse to break into bloody war.

No opportunity was allowed the native king for reconsideration, no declaration of war was made, no sign even given of the dastardly project in the minds of the Germans.

Two weeks later, in the dead of night, two German cruisers stole into the harbor of Apia. Silently their decks were cleared for action. At dawn, without a warning of any kind, shells began to rain upon the native quarter of the town. Soldiers and marines were landed, King Malietoa was seized in his own royal palace, and several hours' looting was permitted, if not encouraged.

Tamasese, who had been in the plot, and who was in hiding just outside the city, marched in with bands of marauding hillmen, and was immediately acclaimed as King by the German com-

mander. Under threats of torture—in one case, with the actual use of it—the Chiefs were compelled to agree to the dethronement of Malietoa, and the King, in irons, was placed aboard one of the German cruisers. Tamasese was then officially proclaimed King by the Council—under the levelled rifles of the German marines—and Brandeis, a German, was appointed prime minister and given entire charge of island affairs.

The American Consul made a vigorous protest, for two Americans had been killed by the shell-fire and much American property had been destroyed. Brandeis retorted that the Americans had been in league with Malietoa—which was a true statement, since Malietoa was the lawful king—and made a veiled threat that he could not be responsible if native rioters burned the American Consulate.

Although Mataafa had been an enemy to Malietoa and a rival to the throne, this German aggression in favor of Tamasese unified the natives. Followers of Malietoa and Mataafa combined against the Teuton-made king and civil war broke out anew, leading to more loss of life and further destruction of property. The Germans sent bands of soldiers to the several islands, and

atrocities of the most appalling character were enacted. The code of "frightfulness" reigned and raged rampant.

When this news reached America, there was a great outburst of indignation. A large part of the public press demanded instant revenge for the slaying of American citizens. The Secretary of State laid before the President the full details of Germany's unwarranted and impudent aggression. Congress, usually slow to move, instantly granted an appropriation of half a million dollars "to protect American interests," a diplomatic phrase of sinister significance. President Cleveland dispatched a squadron of the United States Navy to Samoa with instructions of the most drastic character—for Cleveland was not a man who minced his words. He went so far as to say that the honor of the United States "must be maintained by any means found necessary." Such a phrase usually means War.

Hearing of this action, both Germany and Great Britain replied promptly. Germany hurried to the harbor of Apia every war-vessel that was within reach, and Great Britain ordered her Asiatic squadron to the spot, nominally "to protect British interests," actually to support Ger-

many, according to the terms of her secret agreement with the Kaiser.

The barometer was falling fast as the American squadron approached the harbor of Apia, and there were signs of dirty weather. Captains who had sailed the Pacific before, hove the log-line with anxious hearts, for they knew what malefic tempests could break forth in those latitudes. It was with a sense of overpowering relief that the Admiral of the squadron got his ships in the harbor of Apia. There, at least, they would be safe, though it was not comparable in point of view of shelter to the great naval harbor of Pago-Pago, not many miles away.

That night, the hurricane signs began to form more surely. The air grew heavy and oppressive; the night sky took on a greenish hue in the black, through which the stars glittered brightly, each surrounded by a yellow-green halo; the sea grew slick and oily, but with a slow menacing swell. On land, the night was full of plaintive cries, for the wild denizens of field and forest felt and dreaded what was about to come. Upon all men, that night, a lethargy and depression settled, a consciousness of futility against Nature,

if she should unchain the fullness of her dreadful fury.

Dawn came, cherry-red below, brown-green above. The sun rose with a burst above the horizon, cruelly hot and piercing. It was not more than two hand's-breadths high when, along the eastern sky, an olive-green arc appeared, chasing the sun, which seemed to fly before its terrible pursuer. The green cloud rose and rose ever until it swallowed up the sun.

A sound, which was felt rather than heard, filled the air, like the booming of distant surf. It reëchoed hollowly under the steadily darkening sky.

On board the ships of all the fleets, men worked with panic speed. There was no thought of official visits between the admirals, no question of diplomacy or War. A greater enemy than any of them there, a foe which laughed alliances of Powers to scorn, was launching itself upon them. All top-gear was taken down and stowed away, extra anchors put out and cables lengthened, hatches battened down, and everything made ship-shape for the coming storm. The vessels were in harbor, true, but if the utter wildness of the

elements should be unleashed, no man knew what might be the outcome.

The wind freshened, rose to a sixty-mile gale, and dropped a few minutes later to a dead calm. The green disk covered half the sky, now, and, on the horizon was forming the circle-shaped spot of orange light with a black center, which mariners know as the "ox-eye of the storm."

A few drops of rain fell, large as a silver-dollar, hot enough to scald the skin as they fell.

A squall of rain followed, heavy, angry, but falling as straight as though the drops were bullets of lead. Everything that man could do, now, was done. There was nothing left but to wait.

The rain stopped. There was a breathless pause.

Then, with a shriek like that of a thousand exultant fiends, the hurricane was upon them. Never, in the history of the sea, had such appalling violence been seen. At the first impact of that unimaginable blast, the small fishing-boats were caught up like feathers and hurled inland, the wreckage of some, afterwards, being found in the tops of trees. Cargo steamers strained at their anchors, dragged and were cast on shore

in a heap of jetsam, as one crumples up a piece of paper and tosses it away.

The ships of war, low-lying, powerful, prepared for all contingencies, sustained the first blast, but no more. Anchors dragged and cables parted.

No man could stand on any part of a ship's deck. Funnels were razed as though they had been cut with a knife, ventilators disappeared, deck-houses burst to bits, boats were blown from their davits, iron pillars which supported bridges and upper works were twisted and bent like pieces of soft wire.

In all that harbor, not one anchor held. Foot by foot, fathom by fathom, battleships and cruisers, American, British, and German alike, pounded towards the lee shore where jagged reefs stretched eager black claws to rend out their bowels. Every warship got up her fires, and steamed ahead full speed, not even seeking to escape, merely trying by her utmost engine power to relieve the strain upon the cables.

The anchors dragged, still.

Inconceivably furious as had been the first crash of the hurricane, it rose and rose contin-

ually. From a hundred miles an hour it rose to a hundred and fifty, and to two hundred, perhaps even higher, though no man could ever tell. Even lying flat on a ship's deck, it was almost impossible to breathe, the incredible speed of the tortured air seemingly to create a vacuum as it whirled by.

One ship alone, finding that she held her place, dared a great deed. Slipping her cable, she set her nose to the hurricane and put human powers to their last desperate fight against the worst that infuriated Nature could do.

Her bridge was gone and with it the steam steering gear, but the old wheel and stern-post—reserved for emergencies—held still. Lying on their bellies and reaching upward to grasp the lowermost spokes, four sailors held the vessel to her course. The captain, lashed to a twisted piece of iron which was all that remained of the railing, scanned the ship. Down below, engineers and stokers worked with maniacal fury, while the flames rose in sheets from the orifices in the deck where once the funnels had been.

In that green blackness, these two sheets of flame, lying parallel with the sea by reason of fury of wind, were the only lights visible.

Inch by inch, fathom by fathom, the vessel crept ahead, slowly passing the other battleships which were dragging to their doom. On one ship a bugler blew a note of victory at the daring of the deed. On others, men who had scarce breath to breathe, summoned up the ghost of a cheer. From some ship—which, was never known—a band which had been gathered, blared out a salute to the heroes.

“So, in grim death-grapple, a British warship hurled her flaming defiance at the hurricane, dared Nature’s worst, and won! Alone of all the vessels in the harbor, she made out to sea leaving behind her the echoing cheers of brave men of all nations.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE WINNING OF HAWAII

THE damage caused by the hurricane to the islands of the Samoan group reached vast dimensions. Apia and its harbor were in the very eye of the storm, but every square foot of the islands also suffered terribly.

By noon of the first day of that great tempest, the sea rose to an unprecedented height, almost equalling that of a tidal wave, inundated the lower quarters of Apia, and swept away the frail-built fishing villages all along the coast. Scarce a boat remained on any beach—spelling ruin and starvation to the thousands of natives who lived by fishing alone.

In the interior, nearly all the native huts were reduced to straws. Forests were levelled to the ground, fruit-orchards mown down like grass, and crops beaten flat.

It is in such crises as these that better men show their true selves.

Jenkins' house, situated on a hill overlooking

Apia, was one of the first to go, and, in the crash, the American had his foot hurt by a falling timber. The injury was not great, but partly crippling. Notwithstanding this, he staggered back to the ruins of his house, found the safe and worked the combination, stuffing into his pockets every cent of money it contained.

Then, though barely able to crawl, by reason of the injury to his foot and the fearful blast, he crept on hands and knees down the hill to the lower part of the town, to organize relief work. There he gathered together the plucky spirits, like himself, and the reckless ones who would do anything for pay, offering enormous sums to all who would dare the fury of the tempest.

He was not far from the water-front, in the poorest quarter of the town, when the tidal wave came. He saw the wall of water, and snatching up a tiny Samoan child who was toddling beside its mother, bade the woman—who had a baby in her arms—run for her life. Limping as he ran—though every step was torture—he had not gone far when the water struck him engulfing the houses thirty feet deep, and washing them up to the rim of destruction, stranded amid the crash of falling buildings.

Nearly twelve hours later, in a black-green midnight, after the water had subsided, rescuers heard the cry of a child. They pulled away the débris.

Jenkins lay there, his chest crushed by a fallen beam, but the tiny Samoan child lay beside him, unharmed, his hand gripped in the iron clench of the dying man. They carried him, gently, to the church of Father Marsotte, which was still standing firm, and the priest nursed him—with many other wounded folk—through the rest of the night and into the morning of the second day of storm.

The wind was still shrieking madly when Jenkins returned to consciousness.

“Where am I?” he asked weakly, and then, as his surroundings forced themselves upon his notice, he added with a grim smile, “The first time I’ve been in church for a good many years.”

Father Marsotte, fearing lest he should become excited, bade his patient keep quiet.

“Am I going to die, Padre?” he asked.

The priest, knowing his man, and seeing that the end was not far off, answered simply,

“I’m afraid so. But you saved the baby.”

“Ah! Did I?” Jenkins’ eyes brightened at this. “That’s a good way to go out!” said he.

There was a moment's pause.

"I'd better straighten up things before I go, then. Have you got a bit of paper, Padre? Just write that I leave five thousand dollars to this church, the same amount to you for the poor, and all the rest evenly between Dorrocks and Duncan."

"And your own people?"

"Write, Padre, and let me sign."

This was done, and again a pause came, during which the priest noted the signs of approaching death.

"Do you want to pray, my friend?"

"No," said the adventurer firmly, "I've lived a man's life, without praying, and I'll die that way. I'll not dodge behind hypocrisy at the last minute."

"You have no objection to my praying?"

Jenkins took the priest's hand in his feeble grip.

"I'd like it. We've been good friends, Padre, and you're the best man I ever met. I guess you're right. The end isn't far off. Now, pray!"

The ears of the adventurer never heard the end of that prayer. Only, his eyes turned toward

the altar and the red lamp burning before the Sacrament. No one knows what thoughts passed through his mind, before the glazing eyes closed for the last time. So, with the storm still shrieking in all its fury around the little church, the stormy life of Jenkins came to a fitting close.

When, the day after Jenkins' death, the sun rose in a clear sky, the three great islands of Samoa were a wilderness. Thousands of people were dead. On all sides was to be seen nothing but ruin and devastation. The Paradise of the Pacific had become an Inferno of distress and destruction. Almost, it seemed, Samoa would never be able to raise her head again.

There was no longer any thought of civil war. Political intrigue stopped suddenly. Every force in the islands concentrated on the work of relief. The half-million dollars which had been voted by Congress with a warlike intent was instantly devoted to deeds of mercy. The terrible naval losses sustained by the three Powers attracted the attention of the whole civilized world to Samoa, and human charity did its best to redeem the hideous and melancholy ravages of the Great Hurricane.

Prior to the arrival of news of this disaster,

THE WINNING OF HAWAII 283

Secretary Bayard had commissioned H. G. Bates as a Special Agent to Samoa and had offered Duncan a post as secretary on this mission. The young fellow jumped eagerly at the proposal, since it took him out of the Consular Service into the Diplomatic Service, though only in a subordinate and temporary capacity. Under Father Marsotte's gentle inspiration, the Diplomatic Service had been the goal of Duncan's hopes, ever since boyhood.

Upon his arrival in Samoa, Duncan found the islands in a worse state of confusion than ever before. The hurricane had blotted out strife, for the time being, but it had not dulled native resentment.

Of the three Powers, Germany had not only done the least in charitable work, but Brandeis—prior to the decisions of the Berlin Conference—had taken advantage of the ruined natives to enrich his German following. It was proved that he had appropriated Red Cross supplies, which had been donated in America, and had sold these supplies to the native Samoans at exorbitant rates, taking their lands in payment.

Through Father Marsotte, and other friends, Duncan was able to secure for his chief an exact

knowledge of what had happened during his absence and during the venal régime of Tamasese and Brandeis. By this means, the American representative got an insight into island affairs which otherwise would have been difficult to obtain under the terroristic iron heel of Germany.

Bates, having gathered all the necessary facts, returned straightway to Washington with his report. The Special Agent was an accomplished German scholar, and this knowledge had been one of the reasons for his appointment to the post. During the long sea voyages across the Pacific he had become greatly interested in the linguistic proficiency of his young secretary, and, to while away the weary hours on shipboard, he undertook to help Duncan in his study of German, which the young fellow had commenced to learn while in Washington.

Upon his return to the capital, Duncan was forced to go back to the less interesting work of daily office routine. During the whole of the next year he acted as a clerk in the State Department, going to night school to perfect himself in German, and taking correspondence courses in international law. Father Marsotte, in his correspondence—which was as regular as

sailings permitted—made it a point to put leading questions to Duncan such as to force his former pupil to a keen observation of the diplomatic methods by which he was surrounded, their successes and their failures.

Towards the close of President Cleveland's first administration, the Powers again had to intervene in Samoa and Prince von Bismarck proposed another conference, this time to be held in Berlin. As President Harrison was about to be inaugurated, the appointment of American representatives was delayed until the President should actually have taken office. Soon after the inauguration, in March 1889, Messrs. Kasson, Phelps, and Bates were appointed as Commissioners to Berlin, with the usual staff of secretaries and assistants, of whom Duncan was one.

This European Conference was an eye-opener to the young fellow, who, up to that time, had known nothing of real diplomacy.

In such places as Samoa and Hawaii, his youth and inexperience in worldly affairs had been no great barrier for the rough-and-ready diplomacy of half-savage islands. The chiefs with whom he had been dealing were but as children in international affairs, and, by comparison, Duncan

had begun to consider himself a very clever and important person.

It was much the same in Washington, owing to the lamentable fact that constant changes in administration resulted in the appointment of untrained politicians to important posts—a vicious error which still continues, though in lesser degree. In the national capital, Duncan's long stay in the islands and his abilities as a linguist caused him to be regarded as quite an authority on the subject of the Pacific Islands.

But when he went to Europe, he found he was a very small fish, indeed. He was a secretarial clerk and amounted to nothing more. What was still more humiliating, he saw that the secretaries attached to the German and British Commissions knew all that was essential about Samoa, and understood something of world affairs, besides.

It was, however, in the diplomats themselves that Duncan found his greatest amazement. Such men as Bismarck and the English High Commissioner were statesmen of a caliber far beyond his wildest imagination. For the first time in his life the young fellow realized that a really big mind does not differ from smaller

minds only in degree, but also in kind. He grasped the difference between the politician and the statesman, which is, indeed, the difference between the craftsman and the artist, between cleverness and genius.

It was in Berlin that Duncan first perceived the inherent falsity of the old American view of diplomacy, which deals with matters rather than men, and which has led the United States into the error of supposing that because a business man has been clever enough to become rich he is therefore competent to confront great statesmen. He soon learned that diplomatic issues are not fought out on a basis of principle, but on the basis of personality, and that the fate of nations depends more often upon the imposition of a great statesman's will than upon the justice of the issues concerned.¹ Of great statesmen, men of the caliber of Alexander Hamilton and Henry Clay, the United States has had but few.

After the first meeting of the Conference,

¹ It is the confirmed opinion of the author that many of the troubles which have followed the World War have resulted from the fact that there was no great statesman at the Peace Table. Certainly neither Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George, nor Clemenceau measured anywhere near that standard. F. R-W.

Bates, who was only the third ranking member of the Commission, came back with a long face. He took Duncan into his confidence.

“Kasson is doing well enough,” he said, “but it’s like a minnow tackling a shark when he tries to talk to Bismarck. There’s one thing, sure, we’ll never be able to keep the Germans from getting Samoa or anything else they want, so long as Bismarck is at the head of affairs here. There’s no man in America big enough to face him.”

Yet the American Commissioners seemed to be more successful than Bates anticipated. They won their point in driving Tamasese out of power and restoring Malietoa as king until his death; they demanded, and secured, the recall of Brandeis as prime minister; and they caused the adoption of Secretary Bayard’s plan of having the three Powers equally represented in the government of the islands.

Bismarck, however, with grim suavity and polite arrogance, twisted the details of the international agreement in such a way that, while he seemed to give way to the American Commissioners, all that the latter gained should prove valueless.

THE WINNING OF HAWAII 289

The Iron Chancellor agreed that there should be a foreign Chief Justice and a foreign Chief Magistrate of Apia, as well as foreigners at the head of the Trade and Land Commissions. He was even willing to allow an Englishman to become the first Chief Justice, a post which combined both the political and judicial headship of the islands.

Then, having with apparent generosity yielded the first place to England, he arranged that the Chief Magistrate of Apia should be a German—allowing an American to preside over the Trade Commission—and he shrewdly provided that the Chief Magistrate should have control of the police and the local militia.

The Americans won a paper victory, but the Iron Chancellor, with his tongue in his cheek, phrased the agreement with so shrewd and sure a hand that the King and Council were reduced to puppets. It would have taken abler and more experienced diplomats than the American Commissioners to foresee the march of events that Bismarck had set going and which would cause the Samoan power to become but a shadow and a name.

While not actually included in the agreement,

a "verbal conversation" decided an equally important matter. Since the Americans had demanded the recall of Brandeis, because he was *persona non grata* to them, Bismarck remarked, with justice, that the United States should be willing to recall such of its citizens in Samoa as were *persona non grata* to the Germans. In other words, the slate was to be cleaned off, and all begun afresh. Among the names submitted by the Germans for recall was that of Duncan.

When the Conference at Berlin was over, and the American Commissioners had returned to Washington, Duncan's occupation was gone. He could not return to Samoa, since the Germans had forced him out, yet the loss of his position in the Consulate there had been directly due to his faithfulness to the United States.

The Department of State was thereby placed under an obligation to see that the young fellow did not suffer because of his loyalty. He was given a senior clerkship, much of his time being devoted to routine work on matters arising out of conditions in Samoa and Hawaii. Twice, because of his knowledge of the Chinese language, he was sent to California on matters connected with Chinese immigration, and, a little later, he

was detailed to the study of the Chinese exclusion treaties.

Meantime, in Samoa, things went from bad to worse. The new Chief Justice, an Englishman, had accepted the post supposing that Germany intended to stand by her ally. He soon found the German Chief Magistrate stirring up the natives to defy the laws. As, by Bismarck's shrewd provision, the Chief Magistrate controlled the police and the militia, the Chief Justice was powerless unless he called on British troops, an action forbidden except in case of emergency.

Mataafa, openly supported by the Germans, and secretly aided by the Chief Magistrate, raised the standard of revolt, and, suspecting that Father Marsotte had got wind of his plans, seized the priest while he was making his parish rounds and carried him off. Several of the rebels, however, recognized him as one of the most active workers in the hurricane relief and remembered how he had nursed their families and friends during the famine and plague that followed. They set him free, in consequence, without their leaders' knowledge.

Upon his arrival in Apia, the priest hurried to

the Chief Justice and lodged information. Regarding this as an emergency, the British acted quickly, and quelled the revolts with troops from a man-of-war before German reënforcements could arrive. A party of bluejackets captured Mataafa, and he was deported immediately. On this, the Germans promised to aid Tamasese, who took charge of his rival's forces and civil war began anew.

Over and over again, the Samoans appealed to the United States for help, and American naval vessels were maintained either in the harbor of Pago-Pago or cruising close by. Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, (in his second administration) and McKinley alike found themselves helpless to break the iron-bound agreement which had been engineered by Bismarck. Cleveland, indeed, urged positive action, but Congress declined to move.

Finally, in 1898, Malietoa died, and his death stirred the pot of trouble up anew.

The British Chief Justice, as the political head of the islands, decided in favor of Malietoa Tanu, the rightful heir, whereupon the German Chief Magistrate declared in favor of Mataafa, who

THE WINNING OF HAWAII 293

had come back from exile. The Americans sided with the British.

Again civil war broke out. Marines were landed from American, British, and German men-o'-war, and there was bloody fighting in the streets of Apia. Several American officers and soldiers were slain by Mataafa's troops led by German officers.

This was too much! Once again the United States demanded a peaceful settlement, and in no uncertain terms.

A Commission of three members, each representing one of the Powers, was sent to Samoa "with full powers to act." The Commissioners found the tangle beyond them. They modified the Berlin agreement, but, without a dissenting voice, they agreed that there could never be peace in Samoa under any system of tripartite control.

Reluctantly, very reluctantly, the Americans were forced to admit that there was no way to maintain native autonomy in the teeth of perpetual German aggression. Bismarck had foreseen this, long before. Under protest, therefore, the United States agreed to the partition of Samoa.

In December, 1899, the three Powers signed a treaty cutting up the country. By this treaty, they expressed their desire "to adjust amicably the questions which have arisen between them in respect to the Samoan group of islands, as well as to avoid all future misunderstanding." Tutuila, with the harbor of Pago-Pago, and all the outlying islets to the west were officially "renounced to the United States"; Upolu, Savaii, and all the other islands were placed in the hands of Germany.

The Samoan kingdom was no more. In Tutuila, indeed, which was under American control, the native chiefs were allowed to retain their autonomy so long as this did not interfere with the development of the naval station of Pago-Pago, but Germany placed the other islands under military rule.

Dorrocks, fulminating against what he termed "America's defeat," insulted the German officers openly, and barely escaped seeing the inside of a German military prison. He shook the dust of Samoa off his feet and sailed for Hawaii, where, as he put it: "Bismarck's pups didn't do any barking."

Father Marsotte found himself in a difficult po-

sition. It was known that he had given information about the Mataafa revolt, and, as a loyal Frenchman and a lover of the Samoans, he had good reasons for disliking the Germans. Finally he succeeded in turning over his flourishing parish in Apia to a German Catholic priest, and went, himself to Tutuila, to be under the American flag. There, among the wilder tribes of the interior, he began rough missionary work anew.

Malietoa Tanu protested to the civilized world against this seizure of his kingdom—to which none of the Powers had any just right—and he declared that “the type of civilization which had been introduced into Polynesia by foreign governments, and which is signalized by drunkenness and dishonesty in trade, is far inferior to that which its inhabitants previously possessed.”

American public opinion in the United States was in undoubted sympathy with Malietoa Tanu, but business sentiment—a very different thing!—was not. As it is an inherent part of American diplomatic policy to enlarge world markets, whether the peoples of unexploited countries desire such increase of trade or no, the protest of Malietoa Tanu was not even honored with a reply.

So matters rested until the close of the World War, when, by right of conquest, the German possessions in Samoa passed into the hands of the British. Thus, with all parts of the group under the control of the two English-speaking peoples, the islands at last had peace. Father Marsotte, now an old man, returned to his parish in Apia, and lived there in quietude and honor all the rest of his days.

Denied the opportunity to return to Samoa, Duncan's interest commenced to center more and more in Hawaii, all the more readily, perhaps, because his father had settled there. Yet, in very truth, all his heart was in the Pacific.

This love was not strange. He had been born in Ning-po, one of the treaty ports which had been opened to the world by American diplomacy, through Commodore Kearny and Caleb Cushing. He had spent some years in a Japanese fishing village, where Christians were allowed to live in peace, again as a result of American diplomacy, initiated by Commodore Perry and carried out by Townsend Harris. He had been brought up in Apia, had worked in the Consulate there, and had borne an active share in all the vicissitudes of the islands.

THE WINNING OF HAWAII 297

While Duncan was a citizen of the United States, and an ardent American, his homelands were distant China, Japan, and Samoa. It was little wonder that he threw himself eagerly into Pacific problems, and became a strong supporter of the annexation of Hawaii.

Almost from the moment of their discovery, the Hawaiian Islands (first known as the Sandwich Islands) were closely allied to the United States by trade interests. They were not even discovered by Captain Cook until 1778, two years after the United States had declared its independence.

It was upon the great navigator's second visit, the year after, that some of his sailors violated a taboo, or rule of religious custom. To the Hawaiians, this irreligious act was proof positive that Captain Cook could not be the incarnation of a god (as the priests had announced upon his first coming), and they set upon him and killed him. Whether his body was eaten or not is still disputed, for, while the Hawaiians made human sacrifices to their gods, cannibalism was rare. Sure it is that only a few of the great explorer's bones were found.

Absolutely unknown as were these islands, and young as was the United States, yet, almost

298 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

immediately after Captain Cook's discovery, New England traders established themselves in Hawaii.

In 1787, Captain Kendrick, commanding the *Columbia*, and Captain Gray, commanding the *Washington*, set sail from Boston with full cargoes of trinkets and articles for barter with the Indians of the Northwest Coast. After a long and difficult voyage around Cape Horn, they reached what is now the coast of Oregon, then, of course, populated only by Indians. There they endeavored to exchange all their merchandise for furs, but secured only enough to give the *Columbia* a full cargo.

This ship was then placed in command of Captain Gray, and she sailed to Canton, exchanged her furs for tea, and returned to Boston by the Cape of Good Hope, thus being the first ship to carry the American flag around the world. On his next voyage, Captain Gray discovered and entered the Columbia River, which he named after his vessel.

Kendrick, with the *Washington*, remained for a while on the Oregon Coast, collecting more furs. Thence he went to the Hawaiian Islands, where

he established the industry of drying and properly curing the peltries which fur-traders brought, for furs commanded a far higher price in China when dressed and treated. He also established the sandal-wood trade, paying a high tax to the Hawaiian chiefs for the privilege of cutting this highly-prized wood.

This American pioneer of Asiatic trade lost his life by accident, three years later, but not before he had convinced the Hawaiian chiefs of the fairness of American dealings.

During that decade, Captain Vancouver, of the British Navy, visited the islands three times. He landed the first sheep, and cattle ever seen in Hawaii, brought the first vine, orange, and almond plants, as well as seeds of garden vegetables.

In 1794, Kendrick being dead and no other American trader having won the confidence of the chiefs, the latter ceded the islands to Great Britain in recognition of Vancouver's kindly aid, and the British flag was raised. Vancouver died before he could make a fourth voyage, on which he proposed to bring colonists and missionaries, and Great Britain—then in the throes of the Eu-

ropean disturbances which followed the French Revolution—never took formal possession, leaving the field to America.

When Cook first landed, he was told by the priests of the growing importance of Kamehameha, an ambitious tribal chief on the island of Oahu. This chieftain, who possessed the elements of greatness, undertook the conquest of the entire island. When engaged in battle with the last remaining chief who dared to resist him, there occurred a terrific eruption of the great volcano Kilauea, on the neighboring island of Molokai, a fiery rain crossing the thirty-mile-wide Kaiwi Channel, and falling upon the opposing army with the result of destroying half of it.

This apparently miraculous intervention convinced Kamehameha that Pele, the goddess of volcanoes, was on his side. Deeming himself a favorite of the gods, he set out upon a career of conquest and subjugated all the other islands of the group, becoming King of Hawaii, and establishing a dynasty which lasted nearly a century. He was friendly to foreigners, always grateful for advice, and adopted as his political advisers two sailors—Isaac Davis and John Young—the sole survivors of the massacred crew of an Amer-

THE WINNING OF HAWAII 301

ican vessel. This choice, made a century before, was the determining factor which led finally to American annexation.

Towards the end of his life, when he had full opportunity to judge of the mischief done in Hawaii by liquor, Kamehameha I called the chiefs together and bade them destroy every distillery in the island, also making it punishable with death to bring liquor into the island. He was eager to embrace the foreigners' religion, but died the year before the coming of the first missionaries.

During his reign the power of idolatry had been greatly weakened, as had also the system of taboo, and when his successor, Kamehameha II came to the throne in 1819, the young king threw down all the idols, broke down the walls of the *heiaus* or temple enclosures and abolished taboo entirely. The amazement of the missionaries from New England may be imagined when, on their arrival in 1820, they found the old religion gone and every person in the islands eager for the new. Even the old high priest of the heathen temples was foremost in welcoming the bringers of a Christian creed.

The first American Consul, John C. Jones, ar-

rived in the same year, thus being the first foreign official in the islands, although other nations had stronger claims in Hawaii and better reasons for sending a representative there. England claimed the islands by reason of the voluntary cession to Vancouver. Russia based her claim on the fact that, in 1815, Count Baranoff, the Viceroy of Russian America, had sent a vessel to the Hawaiian Islands, and that this expedition had built a stone fort on the island of Kauai and had raised the Russian flag over it.

Kamehameha II, with Consul Jones and the American missionaries to back him, refused consideration to both these claims. Since the time of Vancouver, the Kamehameha dynasty had become established, had secured peace, had abolished idolatry and taboo, had adopted Christianity, had instituted a modern judicial system and had furthered the interests of commerce. As for the Russian claim, Kamehameha I had pulled down the Russian flag on the fort and ordered the strangers away. Since neither England nor Russia had ratified the actions of their representatives, the claims were declared invalid.

Civilization was beginning to take hold in Hawaii, indeed, but it did not bring comfort to

the Kanakas. On the contrary, life on the islands became infinitely less agreeable than before.

The New England missionaries, unable to restrain themselves from Puritanical measures when they found a virgin field, had attacked every native custom that they found. They abolished the national *hula-hula* dance, insisted that only hymn tunes should be played on the ukulele and the taro-patch, made the wearing of European clothes—for Polynesian natives in a balmy tropical climate!—the test of Christianity, refused the use of wood for fuel to those who did not go to church, established a rigid marriage system in place of the free-and-easy polygamy that had previously existed, forced children who had never been indoors in their lives to sit long hours in school, and taught the women to cook American dishes which they hated.

In short, the missionaries could understand no other form of religion and no other kind of civilization than that of the New England towns from which they had come. They strove to make Honolulu resemble Boston.

Moreover, from the very start, the missionaries of the American Board took control of poli-

tical as well as religious affairs. They undertook to run the government and made Congregationalism a state church, quite contrary to the principles of United States law.

In the name of Christianity, they forced the king to establish a rigorous Mosaic code of laws, with the Ten Commandments as a basis and with penalties reminiscent of early Puritanism to add greater severity. "Thou shalt not!" became their first rule, for they honestly believed that there could be no right thinking and no decent living except after their own pattern.

At first bewildered, the Hawaiians soon came to resent this heavy hand, and there was a sudden relapse into idolatry, which, again, was cruelly punished. The native chiefs regretted their old ways and sent a deputation of protest to the king. The spokesman began his plea with the following words:

"Hear ye, O King! You have taken away the light taboos of our fathers which we did understand, and, instead, have given us heavier taboos which we do not understand.

"Hear ye, O King! Since the foreigners have brought tears where before there was singing, family strife where before there was peace, and

unneeded desire where before there was content, is it not better that these strangers should be sent away from our islands?"

The young king was under the thumb of the missionaries and dared not act alone. He tried to pacify the chiefs with promises, which they did not believe. The Poison God idol was brought from its hiding-place and carried in procession through the streets of Honolulu. The missionaries clamored that the idol should be seized and burned, but this was too much for any Kanaka king to dare. Sacrifices to the Shark God were resumed.

Amid this rising tide of discontent, the first British Consul-General came to the islands. Immediately upon his arrival, in 1825, the traders, in a body, begged him to interfere in this autocracy of missionary zeal, pointing out that their business was affected thereby. This complaint was more real than just, for the only business which had been injured was that of liquor.

Consul Charlton, with more frankness than tact, joined the traders in the attack on the missionaries. He openly asserted that the ministers would never have made so many mistakes had their country been experienced in colonization,

and affirmed that a Puritanical code was an absurdity in a tropical country. He added that Great Britain had not "yielded her just claims on the Sandwich Islands for the purpose of turning them into an asylum for sectarian bigotry."

This was scarcely diplomatic language, and the American Consul retorted equally virulently with an attack on England's opium-smuggling. The people of the island split into two parties: the young king, the American missionaries and the more submissive converts on the one side; the older chiefs, the British Consul, the traders, and the bulk of the native population on the other. To add to the bad feeling, personal charges of a grave order were made against the missionaries.

Matters looked so ugly that the United States sent the frigate *Peacock*, commanded by Captain ap Catesby Jones to arrange a commercial treaty with Kamehameha II and to investigate the charges against the American missionaries.

The result was a complete vindication. Although admitting that the zeal of the New England teachers might have carried them too fast and too far, Captain ap Catesby Jones ended his report in the following words:

"Not one jot or tittle, not one iota derogatory

to their character as men, as ministers of the gospel of the strictest order, or as missionaries, could be made to appear by the united efforts of all who conspired against them."

Yet, as history has often shown, good men may do very foolish and often very harmful things. These same missionaries nearly plunged Hawaii into war, and all but lost to the United States the country they were trying to develop into their particular brand of Americanism.

A year or two after the visit of the *Peacock*, some Roman Catholic missionaries landed from France.

The New England Protestants, descendants of the old Puritans, were furious. They declared to the king that the newcomers were worshippers of idols similar to those which he had burned (which was an absurd and malicious lie), and demanded that the French priests be expelled, which was done. Other priests came later, and were banished likewise.

Over and over this occurred, and, on two occasions, Catholic missionaries were grievously ill-treated on the orders of the Protestant advisers of the king.

Five different times France intervened in fa-

to all whose trade is extended to those regions; while its nearer approach to this continent, and the intercourse which American vessels have with it—such vessels constituting five-sixths of all which annually visit it—could not but create dissatisfaction on the part of the United States at any attempt, by another Power, should such attempt be threatened or feared, to take possession of the islands and colonize them, and subvert the native government.

“Considering, therefore, that the United States possess so very large a share of the intercourse with those islands, it is indeed not unfit to make the declaration that their government seeks nevertheless no peculiar advantages, no exclusive control over the Hawaiian government, but is content with its independent existence, and anxiously wishes for its security and prosperity.

“Its forbearance in this respect, under the circumstances of the very large intercourse of its citizens with the islands, would justify this government, should events hereafter arise to require it, in making a decided remonstrance against the adoption of an opposite policy by any other Power.”

The publication of this Message had its effect.

THE WINNING OF HAWAII 311

After some months' delay, both England and France agreed to recognize the independence of the islands, the Hawaiian commissioners granting to Great Britain all the demands made by the commander of the *Actaeon*, and making a formal apology to France for the treatment of Roman Catholic missionaries.

During the progress of the negotiations, and before any news of the results had reached Hawaii, Lord George Paulet, commanding the British warship *Carysfort*, appeared before Honolulu, in answer to a formal complaint laid before him by the British Consul-General. He demanded reparation for insults offered by the king's missionary cabinet to British subjects, and, when this was refused, he forced the king to abdicate and set up a colonial government which pledged allegiance to England's queen.

When news of this hasty action reached the ears of Admiral Thomas, commanding the British Pacific fleet, the admiral proceeded at once to Honolulu. There, after a brief inquiry, he promptly disavowed Lord Paulet's action on the ground that it was both ill-timed and unjustifiable. In order that there should be no doubt as to England's attitude in the matter, he accom-

312 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

panied the king in a carriage to the public square, publicly reinstated him, supplanted the British with the Hawaiian flag and caused the latter to be saluted by all the forts, and all the vessels in the harbor. It was a piece of justice, freely and handsomely done.

The missionaries, however, could not keep their fingers out of trouble. Being left in peace for a few years, they broke their treaty obligations and recommenced the persecution of Roman Catholics. The natural result was that, in 1849, two French men-of-war arrived in the harbor of Honolulu, for "reprisals," not for argument. An armed force was landed, the forts dismantled, the guns spiked, the ammunition thrown into the sea, and the king's yacht confiscated.

This brought about a new appeal from Hawaii to the United States. The king, with the advice of his missionary council, signed a proclamation that: "despairing of equity and justice from France, we hereby proclaim as our royal will and pleasure that all our islands and all our rights as sovereign over them, are, from the date hereof, placed under the protection and safeguard of the United States of America, until a satisfactory adjustment can be made, or, if such arrangements

be found impracticable, then it is our wish and pleasure that the protection aforesaid under the United States of America be perpetual.”

This proclamation of the voluntary cession of Hawaii to the United States was delivered in a sealed package to the American Commissioner, only to be opened and held valid in case the French began active hostilities.

Calmer counsels prevailed. By an exchange of diplomatic notes a treaty was signed whereby Hawaii formally granted religious toleration, and acceded to most of the demands made by the commander of *L'Artemise* ten years before. Finding the Hawaiians at last amenable to reason, France returned the \$20,000 deposit held as a guarantee, in the original cases and with the seals unbroken. In 1852, Hawaii provided itself with a new Constitution, freed from Puritanical severities, and really began its career as a modern nation.

Altogether, the missionaries had imperilled the future of Hawaii nine different times. No less than six times, for short periods, the islands were actually ceded to foreign powers, twice to the British, twice to the French, twice to the United States. Yet it would be highly unjust to over-

emphasize the errors of the missionaries, for the final annexation of Hawaii to the United States can be traced back to their persistent and untiring work in the interests of religion and humanity.

In 1860, Richard H. Dana, who spent some time making a careful study of Hawaii, wrote as follows:

“It is no small thing to say of the missionaries of the American Board that in less than forty years they have taught this whole people to read and to write, to cipher and to sew. They have given them an alphabet, grammar and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction; given it a literature and translated into it the Bible and work of devotion, science and entertainment. They have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that now the proportion of inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England.

“Whereas they found these islanders a nation of half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs and abandoned to sensuality, they now see them decently clothed, recognizing the laws of marriage, know-

ing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with more regularity than the people do at home; and the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies.”

This was but one side of the picture. The other side showed that the so-called blessings of civilization were ruinous to the Hawaiians. From a handsome, vigorous, independent people, they became diseased, enfeebled, and indolent.

In 1832, there was a native population of 130,313 out of a total population of 150,000. Twenty years later this had dropped to 84,165, thirty years later still to 40,014, and in 1900, there were but 29,799. To-day, not more than 15,000 pure Hawaiians remain out of a total population of 250,000, or only six per cent. The Japanese form more than half the population, and own half the property of the islands. Most of the rest is in the hands of Americans.

By the Reciprocity Treaty, signed in 1876, Hawaii became a commercial part of the United States. The islands sprang into sudden wealth.

316 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

Buildings shot up, railroads were built, artesian wells dug, irrigation works pushed, great plantations of sugar-cane and pineapples established, schools and churches multiplied.

The treaty enriched Hawaii, but ruined the Hawaiians. The Kanakas did not want money, they did not like work. They had been satisfied and content, before. They could not understand why they should strive and strain to obtain something which could not possibly make them any happier than they had been in the old times.

“Why,” said they, “should we labor for money to buy uncomfortable American clothes, when a loin-cloth of tapa costs nothing and is much more convenient; why should we slave for wage where-with to purchase American tinned foods, when we prefer fish and poi?”

The planters, eager for quick profits, despaired of forcing the Polynesians to become hard-driven field laborers—those who tried the work, died—and imported Portuguese, Chinese and Japanese labor. Hawaii, indeed, became civilized, but the Hawaiians became almost extinct.

The Reciprocity Treaty was renewed in 1884 with an additional clause granting Pearl Harbor,

THE WINNING OF HAWAII 317

on the island of Oahu, near Honolulu, as an American naval base. Great Britain protested, but the Hawaiian government, backed up by the United States, ignored the protest.

From that time on, America more and more definitely showed her control over Hawaii. In 1886, the American Secretary of State forbade the island government to raise a loan in London on the security of the customs revenues. In 1887, the alliance with Samoa was forbidden.

Finally, in 1890, Congress invited Hawaii to take part in the International American Conference, together with all the Central and South American states. By this action, the islands were recognized as part of the American body of states, and the Monroe Doctrine—which excludes European acquisition of territory in the Americas—was applied to their political status.

As the question of the Chinese and Japanese populations of Hawaii became a subject for discussion in one of the committees of this Conference, Duncan was called upon for a report. He had been engaged both upon the Hawaiian problem and the question of Chinese immigration.

His report attracted wide attention, and when the Hawaiian representatives to the Conference returned to Honolulu, Duncan accompanied them, in order to study the question at first hand.

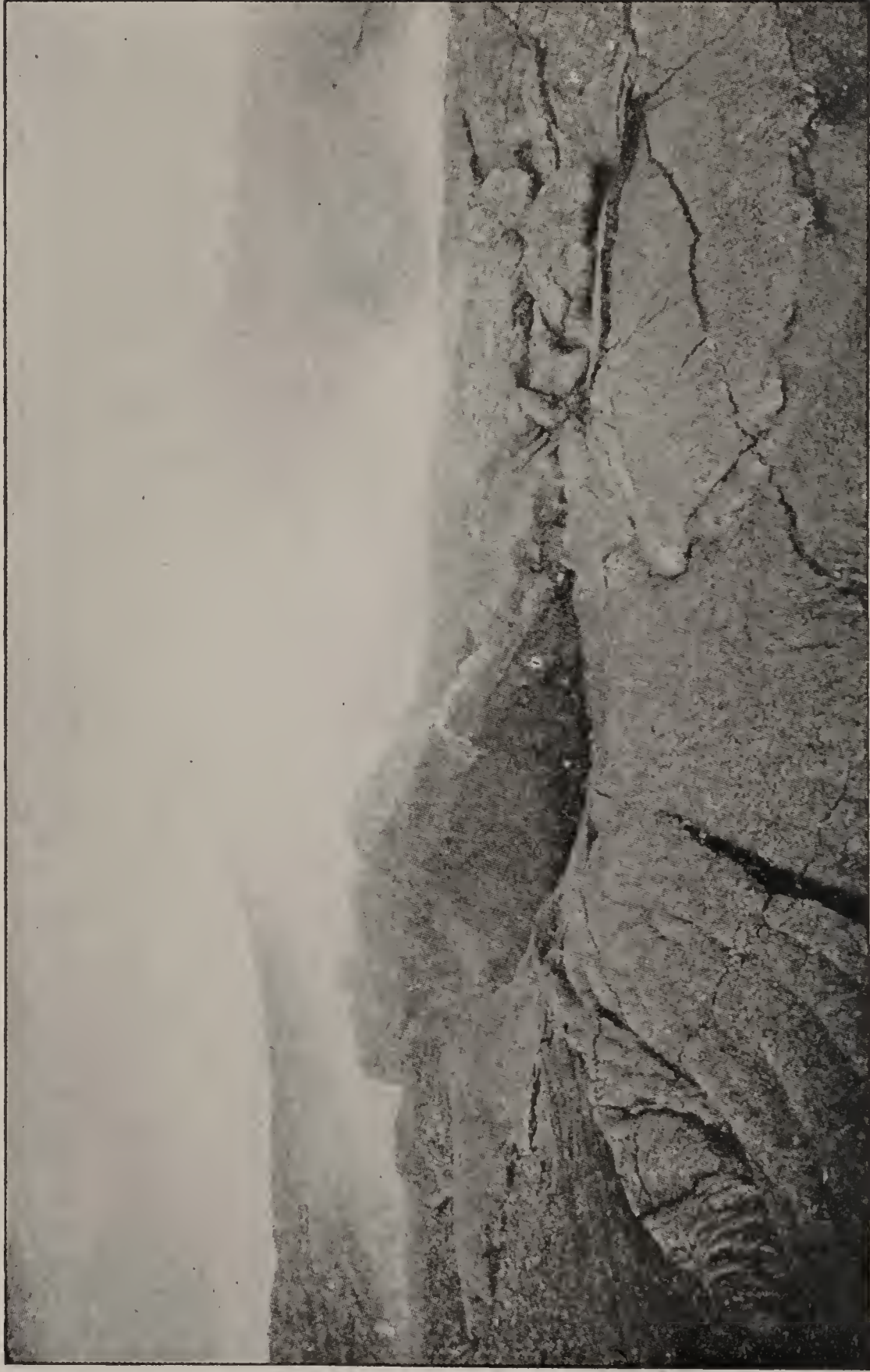
King Kalakaua died in 1891 in San Francisco, and his body was taken home in an American naval vessel. His sister, Queen Liliuokalani, as soon as she took the throne, made a definite stand in favor of the old Hawaiian customs, declaring that the ways of life introduced by foreigners were destroying her people.

The English espoused the Queen's cause, but the Americans declared that the government established by Liliuokalani was corrupt, and that the court was licentious. This assertion was perfectly true, but the Queen's ministers retorted that the Americans had "no divine right to teach the world how to behave."

During the year 1892, the Queen passed from one autocratic measure to another, and the discontent grew tense. Badgered constantly by foreign interference, the national legislature became more and more resentful. White men were dismissed in order that their places might be taken by Hawaiians. The "good old times" seemed to be coming back again.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN LILIUOKALANI



FIRE HOLE, KILAUEA.

*From "The Spell of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines," by Isabel Anderson.
L. C. Page & Co.*

Duncan, who had remained in Honolulu to study conditions in the islands, sent frequent reports to the Department of State. These came to the ears of Liliuokalani, and the Queen, learning that the American, when a young fellow, had been looked upon with favor by her brother, King Kalakaua, sent for him and gave him an audience.

A good many years had passed since the Hawaiian king had asked the American youth to act as his envoy in the Samoan affair. He was now twenty-five years old and trained to diplomatic caution.

In the Hawaiian turmoil, he had kept strictly aloof. He was not an admirer of the Queen, but neither did he approve the lawlessness of the foreign element. When he found himself in the presence of Liliuokalani, he spoke with perfect frankness.

Owing to the travels of King Kalakaua the Hawaiian court was a shadowy replica of courts he had seen in Europe and Asia. Liliuokalani loved show and barbaric splendor, even more than her brother, and sought to dazzle beholders in her royal robes of the feathers of the mamo-bird, and the royal o-o bird headdress. Duncan was not impressed.

After interminable preliminaries, the young American was asked to give his opinion.

“Hear, O Queen!” he began. “There are two kinds of greatness: barbaric greatness, such as your great ancestor, Kamehameha I, possessed so marvellously; and civilized greatness, such as your royal self possesses. They cannot be combined. Your reign, O Queen, must go back to great barbarism, or go on to greater civilization.”

The Queen, a heavily-built, hot-tempered woman, with, it is said, a touch of negro blood in her veins, tapped her foot on the floor impatiently.

“Get to the meat of the cocoanut!” she commanded imperiously.

“From the wide knowledge and the high education of your royal person,” Duncan continued smoothly, “it is sure that Hawaii will advance during your reign to greater and higher things. But civilization, like all other changes, bring difficulties, and a strong hand is needed to quell disorder. As many of the disorders in your kingdom have been due to foreigners, it might seem to your royal self the part of wisdom to walk hand-in-hand with a strong foreign Power, so that evil-

doers might be afraid, and yet the Kingdom might be more firmly established.”

Said Liliuokalani, bluntly:

“You mean that I should become a protectorate of the United States?”

“I shall always be happy to transmit your royal wishes to the officials and President of my country.”

“We will consider it!” replied the queen loftily and turned to other Council matters.

The next day, however, she sent for him in private audience, and Duncan talked frankly. He told the Queen that her recklessness would probably cost her the crown, and urged her to permit him to send to Washington an official statement that she would agree to a protectorate. To this the Queen agreed, but added such conditions that it was clear that the state Department could never even consider the proposal.

Even before Duncan’s report had reached Washington, the crisis came. In January 1893, the Queen announced her intention to revise the Constitution, and did not hide the fact that she planned to limit still further the rights of foreigners.

The foreign population of Honolulu, led by the Americans, held a mass meeting, appointed a Committee of Public Safety, organized a military force and prepared to organize a revolution. Duncan spoke at this meeting, protesting against any irregular violence, but he was howled down. The American Minister asked the commander of a U. S. warship which was in the harbor to send marines ashore "to protect American interests," and, within a few hours, a detachment of troops were landed.

The very next day, the revolutionists assembled under arms, proclaimed the overthrow of the monarchy, deposed the Queen, and the Committee of Public Safety (which had no other authority than mob law) took possession of the government.

The Queen issued a decree declaring that the landing of American troops had enabled the success of the revolution, and rendered it impossible for her to defend herself by force of arms. She appealed to the President of the United States to disavow this "rebellious act" of the American Minister and to restore her to her throne.

The Committee of Public Safety at once organized a Provisional Government and appointed

THE WINNING OF HAWAII 323

Judge Sanford Ballard Dole, son of one of the early missionaries, as President. Dole instantly sent a commission to Washington to try to negotiate a treaty of annexation to the American Union.

President Harrison, in the last days of his administration approved the signing of a treaty annexing the Hawaiian Islands to the United States, but the Senate adjourned before taking action, so that the treaty failed to come into effect.

Immediately upon taking office, President Cleveland withdrew the treaty from the Senate, and sent J. H. Blount as a Commissioner to investigate conditions in Hawaii, the Secretary of State advising him to consult with Duncan. At the close of his inquiry, Blount reported that the Provisional Government fairly represented the moneyed interests of the islands and the foreign element, but that it did not represent the Hawaiian people in any way. He added as his opinion that the Queen had been deposed by reason of the support given to the revolutionists by the United States Minister and the American troops.

President Cleveland, after many months of conferences, came to the conclusion that Liliuokalani

had been unjustly dethroned, and sent a demand to the Provisional President, requiring him to restore the Queen to power. Dole replied with a statement that Hawaii was still independent, and that his government "respectfully and unhesitatingly declines to entertain the proposition of the President of the United States that it should surrender its authority to the ex-queen." This defiance passed unrebuked.

Six months later, despairing of immediate annexation, the Provisional Government organized itself as the Republic of Hawaii, with Dole still at its head.

Queen Liliuokalani thereupon raised her standard, and tried to conquer back her throne. After a brief campaign, her troops were defeated, and she was captured and tried on the charge of "treason to the Republic." On condition of a formal renunciation of all claim to the throne, and on taking the oath of allegiance to the Republic, Dole granted her a pardon. Thus came to an end the native monarchy of Hawaii.

In 1897 a new Treaty of Reciprocity was signed, similar to preceding treaties, but with clauses which definitely looked forward to annexation.

Japan immediately lodged a protest, and sent

a man-of-war to Honolulu. The Mikado's Government claimed that the United States themselves had declared that Hawaii's independence was essential to all powers having interests in the Pacific, and asked why this policy had been abandoned. The Imperial Protest added that annexation would endanger the rights of Japanese subjects in Hawaii, and might postpone the settlement of Japanese claims.

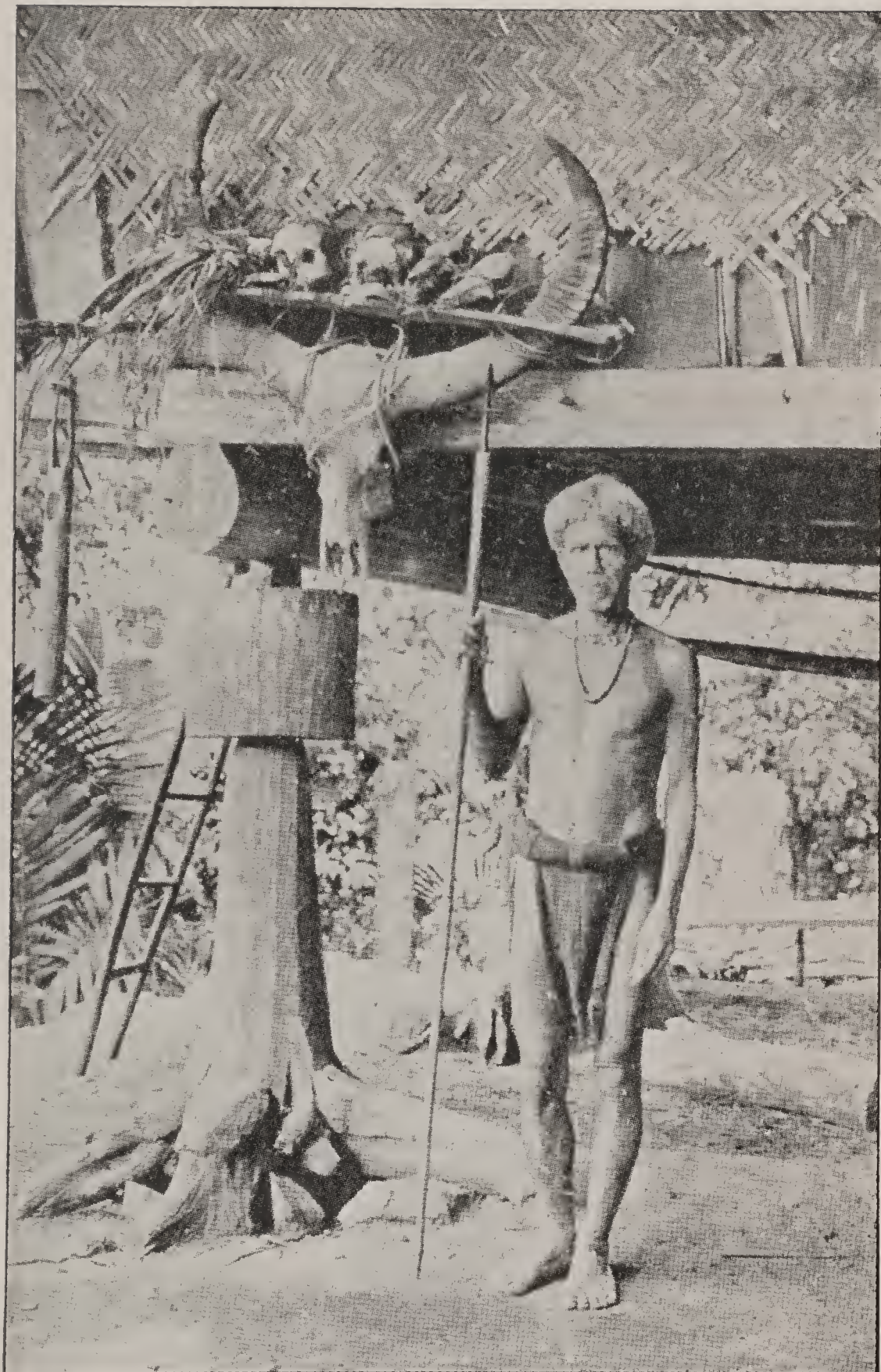
The United States, however, could no longer postpone annexation. As Duncan had repeatedly reported and warned, a new danger was arising within the Republic. The Japanese were in a great majority in the islands. If Japan should pass a law permitting Japanese subjects to become Hawaiian citizens—and such a law had already been discussed in the Imperial Diet—then they could swamp the electorate, elect a Japanese legislature for Hawaii, and vote for the annexation of Hawaii by Japan. Nor would the United States, in that case, have a word to say, for the action would be taken in a strictly constitutional way. Duncan urged immediate annexation as the only means of escape. And still Congress dallied.

With the outbreak of the Spanish-American

326 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

War, in April, 1898, however, the military value of Hawaii assumed the proportions of necessity. As a war measure, the islands were formally annexed in July of that year, being organized as a Territory of the United States, two years later, with Dole as the first Governor.

Thus, eighty years after the arrival of the missionaries, the Paradise of the Pacific fell into American hands, bringing to the United States a population of over 250,000, of which 140,000 are Japanese, and only 15,000 are Hawaiians. As the birth-rate among the Japanese is far higher than with any other race in the islands, close students of conditions in the Pacific doubt whether the problem of Hawaii is finally settled.



IGOROT OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE.

*From "The Spell of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines,"
by Isabel Anderson. L. C. Page & Co.*



Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA—ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SQUADRON SWINGING AROUND THE ELLIPSE.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers after a sketch made on the Despatch Boat "McCulloch" by John T. McCutcheon,
special artist with the Fleet.

CHAPTER IX

THE BOXER REBELLION

WHEN the Spanish-American War broke out and Hawaii was annexed to the United States, Duncan pulled every wire he knew in the hope of being sent to the Philippines. But the acquisition of those islands was an inherent part of the Treaty of Paris signed in 1898 and ratified in 1899, whereby Spain ceded to the United States the islands of Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines Archipelago, and relinquished her sovereignty over Cuba. There was no diplomatic investigation of the Philippines and hence no need for Duncan's services. The government of the new possessions was a naval and military matter, and therefore it did not fall within the province of the State Department.

Unlike Samoa, the United States had sustained no relations with the Philippine Islands prior to the Spanish War. Even then, the Battle of Manila Bay was fought solely with the object of de-

stroying a hostile Spanish fleet and without the remotest idea of seizing the islands. Admiral Dewey remained in Manila Bay only because that was the sole safe harbor for his own fleet, and exercised a form of naval government there only because a Reign of Terror menaced the whole archipelago. Even the Peace Protocol provided for the occupation of the city and harbor of Manila, merely as a temporary measure.

From earliest times, all the relations sustained by the Philippines with Europe were through Spain. When the great Portuguese navigator, Magellan, touched on these islands, his vessels bore several Spanish friars. These missionaries immediately started their work of spreading Christianity. Within a week the chief of Cebu and many of his followers were baptized. The chief promptly demanded the aid of his new allies in a war against a neighboring tribe, and Magellan, feeling that his honor was involved, agreed. But the Cebuans were defeated, and just as Magellan was stepping into a boat, he was speared, dragged back to shore and hacked to pieces.

Drake and Dampier, both Englishmen, called at these islands but the first settlement and occupation was made by Legaspi, mayor of the City

of Mexico, who was sent by the Viceroy of New Spain to found a Spanish colony on the Philippines. "You are aware," he was instructed, "that the chief thing sought after by His Majesty is the increase of our holy Catholic faith, and the salvation of the souls of those infidels."

The Spanish did their work amazingly well. Almost without bloodshed, they took over whole provinces, in every case the friars accompanying the troops and establishing peace, justice, and religious instruction, wherever they went. For over a hundred years peace and progress went hand in hand, and pagan head-hunters, Mohammedan Malays, Confucian Chinese and Catholic converts of all tribes lived in comparative amnity.

Once, indeed, in the seventeenth century, the safety of the islands was threatened. The great Chinese pirate Koxinga, who had planned to seize the Philippines and to make it the basis of a great empire, died just as he was about to sail with an enormous fleet, having first ensured the support of a strong party in the islands.

In the Eighteenth Century the British seized Manila, but their occupation lasted only two years, and by the treaty of 1764 the islands were returned to Spain. It was not until a century

later, when Spain herself had been wrecked by nearly a century of anarchy (due to the Carlists), that rebellion showed its ugly head in the Philippines.

While this was not a matter that concerned America, at the time, it had a great effect later, and a word of explanation is necessary. The Roman Catholic clergy are divided into two great groups: the secular clergy, subordinate to their bishops and archbishops; and the regular clergy, monks and friars, subordinate to the Provincials of their Order. The Jesuits, though classed as regular clergy, form a group to themselves. In the Philippines, most of the secular priests were natives, all the regular clergy were Spaniards. This caused constant friction.

In 1767, the King of Spain expelled the Jesuits from all his possessions, their property was seized, their schools closed and they were treated as enemies of the state. As the Jesuits were the wealthiest and most influential of the clergy in the Philippines, their expulsion caused great trouble. The richest parishes in the provinces of Cavite and Manila had been under Jesuit control and when these became vacant, the Archbishop of Manila filled the places with native

priests. In 1852, this decree was withdrawn and the Jesuits returned. The question arose instantly as to who should rightfully occupy the old parishes.

Spain, desiring peace, advised that neither of the contending parties should gain the prize, but that the Recollet friars should take the Manila parishes and turn over their missions on the island of Mindanao to the Jesuits. This meant a big increase in the power of the friars and the Archbishop protested. The Governor-General and Council decided against him.

The immediate effect of this decision was to lower the status of the native priests, placing them in the position of not being competent to administer native parishes. From that moment, they became leaders of rebellion and violent propagandists against the friars. Their organized hate led to the Tagalog uprising of 1872, which was put down with swift severity, the friars aiding the Spanish soldiers. This religious question formed one of the most difficult problems to be faced when came the days of American occupation.

During the next twenty years, a political change came over the islands. The Spanish Government

had adopted many modern reforms, and a strong Progressive Party—mainly composed of mestizos or half-breeds—was organized in the Philippines to force the adoption of these advanced measures.

Now, under Spanish rule, the Philippines had never been held by military compulsion. The Spanish Army, there, was always small. Moral force had maintained Catholic Filipinos, Moslem Moros, and pagan Negritos in peace for three hundred years, and the friars were the real rulers. They now declared, frankly, that the Philippines were not ready for modern reforms and prevented every effort to establish them. The mestizos—especially the Chinese half-breeds—came to realize that a revolution which would break the power of the friars might be used as the basis of a mestizo government, and could be made to pay.

In 1896, Andres Bonifacio, and Emilio Aguinaldo—both of them half-Chinese—launched an insurrection under the name of Jose Rizal as leader. After a year's stern fighting, the insurrection was put down. Rizal was executed, Bonifacio was condemned to death and disappeared, Aguinaldo hid in the mountains and became a guerrilla leader, later to prove a sore thorn in the side of the Americans.

It is important to remark that this insurrection was not put down by Spanish soldiers, but by native troops who were loyal to Spain. The insurrection, indeed, was not a War of Independence at all, for it was not until after Rizal's death that Aguinaldo adopted the name of a Republic for the type of Malay despotism he favored.

In December, 1897, although nearly all the fighting was at an end, Spain offered an amnesty and a sum of money to the insurgent leaders if they would lay down their arms. Aguinaldo promptly surrendered, and, in January 1898, three months before the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, the Philippines were at peace.

It is highly incorrect to say that the United States took over the islands because Spain had shown herself incompetent to govern them. On the contrary, for three hundred years Spain had maintained peace in a group of islands possessing several different races and torn by warring religions, and she had Christianized half a million people. The Filipino is the only Asiatic race which is mainly Christian.

Then came the Spanish-American War, forced upon the United States by the barbarities of Spain in Cuba. This entailed immediate action against

334 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

the Spanish fleet in the Pacific. The Battle of Manila Bay, by which Spain lost the Philippines, lasted but seven hours. At dawn, May 1, 1898, Admiral Dewey, with the American Asiatic squadron, opened fire on the Spanish fleet, which numbered one more ship but was fair inferior in gunpowder. At noon the Spaniards surrendered, having lost ten ships and 381 men, the American casualties being only seven wounded. Shortly after, the city was taken by the United States troops.

When the Filipinos learned that Dewey's victory was not to give them independence, but that they had passed under the rule of another power, insurrection broke out anew, and, this time, it was truly a War for Independence. Thanks, partly, to encouragement and help from anti-imperialists in the United States, the fighting raged for four years and cost America the lives of more than 16,000 officers and men. More than a hundred thousand natives were killed, the ill-clothed, unfed, ammunitionless bands maintaining themselves heroically against an army of 70,000 disciplined troops, equipped with all devices for modern warfare.

More than twenty-five years have passed since that time and the Philippine Islands are still subject to the United States. There is less disease, there are better roads, there are more schools, there is increased commerce, and, in the towns, there is a higher standard of living. But Filipino independence is yet far off. The World War revealed to the United States the value of her island possessions in the Pacific, and the danger of leaving them open to be the prey of some European or Asiatic Power.

It was just at the time when Aguinaldo had begun his War of Independence against the United States that Duncan received a letter which lifted him into the seventh heaven of delight. It was an official note from the Secretary of State, bidding him report at Peking and making him Second Secretary to the American Legation.

This was a big step upwards, for, though Duncan had been elevated to the post of Assistant Counsellor to the Provisional Territorial Council of Hawaii, after annexation and before final organization, a legation appointment was greatly preferable. It carried prestige and led to promotion. Since Duncan, nearly thirty years

old, was well-to-do in his own right, and, upon his father's death, would be wealthy, even the post of an Ambassador was not beyond hoping.

Under the present diplomatic system, an Ambassador from the United States receives only the same salary as a Minister. This renders it impossible for any one except an exceedingly wealthy man to accept the post of an Ambassador, for enormous expenditures are necessary properly to support the dignity of that rank in foreign capitals. This is not a democratic state of affairs, nor is it in keeping with the American principle of "equal opportunities for all," but, ever since 1893, when the rank of Ambassador was created, this anomalous situation has existed.

Duncan's appointment to Peking was due to an appeal from the American Minister there for additional aid, specifying that, if possible, there might be sent him some one who could speak Chinese and who was not missionary-trained. Such qualifications were rare, for few Americans, save those who plan to be missionaries, undertake the study of Chinese, perhaps the most difficult language in the world. To the Secretary of State, Duncan seemed to be ideally equipped for the post.

The annexation of Hawaii had greatly advanced Dorrocks' wealth. Long before, when they had first gone to live in Hawaii, the old opium-smuggler had invested a large part of Jenkins' money in pineapple land. The moment that annexation was definitely accomplished, American capitalists interested in the canning industry swooped down upon Hawaii.

As it chanced, one of the largest of the new plants was erected near Dorrocks' property, and the canners offered him a handsome price for his land. Twice he had refused it, but when he learned of Duncan's appointment the lure of China was too strong to be resisted. He sold all his Hawaiian interests outright, in order to see the Celestial Empire once again. Thus it happened that it was with his father—now over seventy years old—that Duncan returned to the land of his birth.

His coming had been announced, together with a brief statement of his diplomatic qualifications, so that, on his arrival at the Legation, he was warmly welcomed and instantly made to feel that his services would be of poignant value.

“What do you know about the *I Ho Tuan?*”

was the American Minister's leading question to his new assistant.

"The 'Men of the Sacred Fist'? Not very much, in recent years, I'm afraid, Mr. Conger. Father, who knew China very thoroughly forty years ago, was telling me about the order, on our way over from Hawaii. But that's out-of-date information, now."

"Tell me what you know. Perhaps an understanding of its history may help us to realize the present situation better."

"Very well, Mr. Conger. As I understand it," Duncan said thoughtfully, "the *I Ho Tuan*, or 'Boxers' as foreigners call it, is a secret society which had its origin in the Province of Shantung at least two centuries ago, and which has gradually spread all over China. Its membership is well up to a million, mainly among the mandarins and the lettered classes.

"According to what my father said, the *I Ho Tuan* practises a high-grade magic. It claims to possess the key to the famous pre-Confucian Trigrams, from which it announces oracles. It preaches a form of Taoistic mysticism which makes it into a religious 'mystery' something like the old Mysteries of the Ancient Greeks. It



EDWIN HURD CONGER.
Minister to China during Boxer Uprising.



TSU HSI, THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

maintains a sick benefit and life insurance plan, which was in existence centuries before our modern systems were thought of. It is strongly anti-foreign, and rabidly hostile to opium. Though loyal to the Manchu dynasty, it is opposed to the Chinese Civil Service Examination system, claiming that there should be a more rigid caste method in the appointment of higher officials. My father told me that in his time the *I Ho Tuan* was the strongest of all the secret societies of China, of which, as you know, there are scores."

The American Minister nodded his head in satisfaction. Evidently the new Second Secretary of the Legation knew what he was talking about.

"Do you suppose you could find out the scope of its present activities?"

"I'll try," Duncan answered, "but I should say success was doubtful. A Chinese Secret Society is about the most secret thing on earth. Just what do you want to know?"

"Everything I can. What I'm most anxious about is the likelihood of another anti-foreign riot, like the Tien-Tsin affair of 1870."

"I was nearly killed in that outbreak, when I was just a baby," commented Duncan, and, in a few words, he told the story of his escape from

Ning-po, with Dorrocks and Father Marsotte.

“In coming here, you’ve got some groundwork to go on,” the Minister commented thoughtfully, when his companion had finished, “but a good many things have happened in those thirty years. I suppose you have more or less kept up with Chinese affairs?”

“In a general way, only. I’ve spent most of my time on Samoa and Hawaii. Why do you especially fear an outbreak now, if I may ask?”

“Oh, it’s bound to come soon, and I don’t want to be caught unawares. I’ll tell you just why I’m a bit on edge, now.

“As I see it, all anti-foreign attacks in China must take one of three directions, because there are only three groups of foreigners to awaken hostility: the missionaries, the traders, and public officials like ourselves.

“Now, missionary work in the interior of China didn’t begin until after the treaties of 1858, yet there are nearly five thousand missionaries in the field now, with, perhaps, half a million nominal converts. If these chaps were looking after their religion, only, we wouldn’t have so much trouble, but they insist on getting mixed up with such purely Chinese customs as foot-binding, and

child-marriage, and even poke their fingers into economic questions like sanitation and the working of women in the fields. I don't find the Chinese hostile to Christianity, at all—they're not a religious people and care little about creeds—but they do get hostile over this missionary interference in their daily life. This hostility is growing, and it's beginning to have a very ugly look.

“The traders give me even more trouble, and the opening of the treaty ports has wrecked the domestic commerce of the country and thrown millions of Chinese out of employment.

“Take just three things alone: cotton, oil, and railroads. American and British cotton fabrics, forced upon the Chinese, have swept the country, so that Chinese hand-loomers are idle and cotton-fields are untilled. Kerosene has crippled the Chinese industry of vegetable oils. Railroads cannot possibly be constructed without disturbing graves, for, as you know, tombs are dotted all over the country instead of being gathered into cemeteries, and to desecrate a grave is the most heinous of all crimes in China. There's not a day passes but some new hardship put upon the Chinese from one or other of these sources comes to my ears. They won't be patient for ever!

“Then, take our own work. Right after the Chinese-Japanese War, all the Powers took advantage of China’s downfall to grab concessions: timber, mining, and transportation; wherever some Chinese venture seemed to be making money, the Germans, Russians, French, British, or Belgians jumped in and found some reason for taking it over.”

“Didn’t we do it, too?” interrupted Duncan.

Minister Conger shrugged his shoulders.

“Of course, to a certain extent, we had to. We might deplore the fact that China was being cut up and we did make a protest to the Powers about it, but that was not reason for letting the others get everything! After all, the American Legation is here to subserve the interests of Americans.

“The real point is, that, from the industrial point of view, the Chinese see the best opportunities of their country passing into the hands of foreigners; from the commercial point of view, their own home trade is swamped. It’s no wonder that they’re sore.

“As if that wasn’t enough, there’s the political game of grab to be reckoned with. Our skirts are pretty clear of that, but we’re alone. The

worst offenders are Germany, Great Britain, Russia, and Japan. There's not so much bad feeling over the taking of Formosa by Japan, for, after all, that was a legitimate fruit of victory.

“The German seizure of Kiaochau was a different matter. As you may remember, following the murder of two German Catholic priests by a Chinese mob in Shantung, the Germans sent a strong fleet to the fort and harbor of Kiaochau, stormed and captured it, and demanded a big money indemnity, the territory of the peninsula and a monopoly of all railroad and mining concessions in Shantung.

“A couple of months later, not to be outdone by Germany, Russia seized Port Arthur and Talienwan, with most of the peninsula of Liao-tung, planning to connect these cities with the Trans-Siberian Railroad by a line passing through Manchuria.

“Russia's new strength being regarded as a menace to the Balance of Power in the Pacific, Great Britain forced China to cede Wei-hai-wei and some territory on the opposite side of the strait, so as to keep an eye on Russia. France, which had seized Annam and Tonkin some time before, took the opportunity of this period of in-

ternational grab to enlarge her frontiers there at the expense of China.

“To make things worse, private agreements have been made by all the Powers—you’ll have to study those pretty closely, Duncan—providing for ‘spheres of influence.’ It’s a tangled skein of diplomatic handling, but, between you and me, I consider it thieving on a large scale. I’ve done my share of it, of course, because in diplomacy the interests of one’s country are paramount, and one’s personal ideas of morals and honesty are second. You can only be honest in diplomacy when your rivals agree to be honest, too. As, generally, they don’t—.”

A gesture of helplessness told more than words.

“To touch on but one phase of that story,” the Minister continued, “absurd as it may seem, on the long coast-line of China, the Empire does not possess one single harbor where it can concentrate a navy or undertake measures for its own defence without the consent of the Treaty Powers. It’s spoliation, pure and simple, and we’ve denied the victim the right to retaliate. But retaliation will come somewhere, sometime. It always does, and I’m a strong advocate of keeping on the right side of China.

“Generally it takes some local issue to start serious trouble going. ‘Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.’ Last year (1898) the Yellow River overflowed, causing a death-roll of twenty thousand and rendering a hundred thousand homeless.—Famine and disease followed. Well, there were revolts, of course, headed by the Boxers.

“Here, at the Legation, we had to have marines on guard day and night. If it hadn’t been for them, we’d have been murdered, sure. When things quieted down a bit, the marines were withdrawn. That was only a few months ago. Now, there’s a new famine broken out in the Province of Kwang-su, and there are renewed reports of Boxer activity there. It’s certain, to my mind, that we’ll have trouble next winter.

“Then, as you know, the young emperor has been practically dethroned. He was pro-foreign and it was he who ordered that Chang Chih Tung’s book on Chinese reforms should be distributed broadcast throughout the empire. Now the old Empress Dowager, who is a hidebound reactionary, is running things, with Li Hung Chang at the head of affairs, all the pro-foreign officials about the court having been either be-

headed or banished. She is a strong supporter of the *I Ho Tuan* and, under her patronage, that secret order is taking in hundreds of members daily.

“That’s the situation, in a nutshell, and I think you’ll agree with me that it’s serious.”

“Unless the Powers hold together, it’s deadly, I should say,” Duncan replied, “but, if they do, China can’t do much. She has no navy, the army has gone to pieces since the Japanese War, and she’s divided against herself. The united action of the Powers is the only solution, I should say.”

“We’ve already done all that is necessary for that. Secretary of State Hay has succeeded in getting the consent of all the important nations of the world to the Open Door policy in China, coupled to a condition of no acquisition of territory. But I’m afraid of the Boxers. A powerful secret society is the most difficult thing to fight I know of. See what you can find out about its plans.’ ”

Minister Conger’s fears were more than justified by after-events. With the winter came famine, a worse famine than had been expected, and the anti-foreign feeling smouldered redder and

redder. Early in 1900 no less than three bloody outbreaks were started by the Boxers, and though they were put down by the local officials, no one was punished for the murders.

In May, the foreign ministers addressed the Tsung li Yamen, or Chinese Board of Foreign Affairs, asking for the suppression of the *I Ho Tuan*, but, a week later, a concerted attack on the railway stations was made, for all railroads in China were foreign-owned.

Instantly marines were sent to the legation from Tien-Tsin. It was none too soon. The railway between that city and Peking was seized on June 4, 1900, and, for several weeks, all telegraphic communication ceased.

Matters moved fast. From Peking the news leaked out of the assassination of Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, and of the siege of all the legations by thousands of blood-hungry Chinese.

A naval column was hastily gathered at Tientsin and sent over the country at forced march to the relief of the legations, but the column was repulsed with heavy losses. Then followed the dispatch of a division of the army from the Philippines, composed of all arms of the service, an act

348 WITH THE U. S. DIPLOMATS

unique in United States history, for it was done without sanction of Congress. On its arrival, it found an Allied Army gathered, and this great force marched to Peking, stormed the capital and rescued the besieged legations and foreign colony, almost at the last minute. Then followed the occupation of Peking and the bloody days of reprisals.

Through those thrilling times, Duncan played a most important part, and risked his life a score of times. It was he who saved the White Tower from fire, he who found out that the wells were being poisoned. He made history, indeed, but no longer as a boy.

His life in Peking during the negotiations, his part in the Manchurian War, his efforts in China to pacify the immigration hostility, his prominent part in the Civil War of 1911 when the Manchu Dynasty was forced to abdicate, his work with the new Republic of China, (recognition of which he disapproved), his constant efforts to maintain peace between the northern and southern groups of states when the Republic split in two, his appointment as High Commissioner to Japan to regulate the question of Kiaochow after the close of the World War, his determined ef-

forts to hew down the foul weeds of Bolshevism springing up in China, his extraordinary success in running to earth the foreign leaders of the web of brigandage which rose to its heights in 1923, form a tale of wild and thrilling interest, but do not belong to the story of his boyhood.

The day came at last when the United States called him back from China for urgent diplomatic work in other lands. The week before sailing, he made the journey to Ning-po, the city of his birthplace.

There, Duncan laid the Chinese offering of a son on his mother's tomb, and a wreath on his father's grave, and bade them both farewell. And thus he spoke, half aloud, and half to himself:

"It is true, there is much work for us to do here. Yet, in the century that has elapsed since first Father's vessel touched at the treaty port of Canton, not once has American diplomacy in China been sullied by a selfish or an unkind action. He told me, once, that there is no Yellow Peril. That is sure. There is none, where there is no white injustice!"

THE END

U. S. SERVICE SERIES

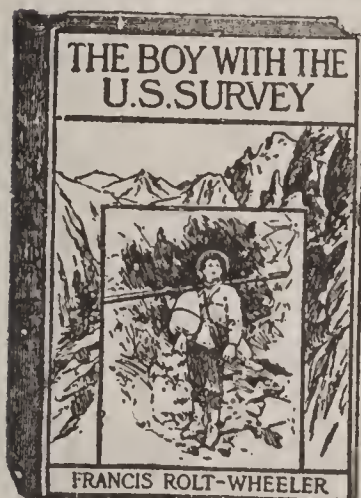
By FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

Illustrations from photographs taken in work for U. S. Government

Large 12mo Cloth \$1.75 each, net

"There are no better books for boys than Francis Rolt-Wheeler's
'U. S. Service Series.'"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. SURVEY



THIS story describes the thrilling adventures of members of the U. S. Geological Survey, graphically woven into a stirring narrative that both pleases and instructs. The author enjoys an intimate acquaintance with the chiefs of the various bureaus in Washington, and is able to obtain at first hand the material for his books.

"There is abundant charm and vigor in the narrative which is sure to please the boy readers and will do much toward stimulating their patriotism by making them alive to the needs of conservation of the vast resources of their country."—*Chicago News.*

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. FORESTERS

THE life of a typical boy is followed in all its adventurous detail—the mighty representative of our country's government, though young in years—a youthful monarch in a vast domain of forest. Replete with information, alive with adventure, and inciting patriotism at every step, this handsome book is one to be instantly appreciated.

"It is a fascinating romance of real life in our country, and will prove a great pleasure and inspiration to the boys who read it."—*The Continent, Chicago.*

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. CENSUS

THROUGH the experiences of a bright American boy, the author shows how the necessary information is gathered. The securing of this often involves hardship and peril, requiring journeys by dog-team in the frozen North and by launch in the alligator-filled Everglades of Florida, while the enumerator whose work lies among the dangerous criminal classes of the greater cities must take his life in his own hands.

"Every young man should read this story from cover to cover, thereby getting a clear conception of conditions as they exist to-day, for such knowledge will have a clean, invigorating and healthy influence on the young growing and thinking mind."—*Boston Globe.*

For sale by all booksellers or sent postpaid on receipt of
price by the publishers

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON

U. S. SERVICE SERIES

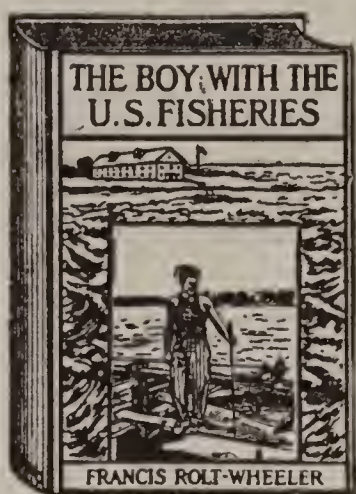
By FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

Many illustrations from photographs taken in work for U. S. Government

Large 12mo Cloth Net \$1.75 per volume

"There are no better books for boys than Francis Rolt-Wheeler's 'U. S. Service Series.'"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. FISHERIES



WITH a bright, active American youth as a hero, is told the story of the Fisheries, which in their actual importance dwarf every other human industry. The book does not lack thrilling scenes. The far Aleutian Islands have witnessed more desperate sea-fighting than has occurred elsewhere since the days of the Spanish buccaneers, and pirate craft, which the U. S. Fisheries must watch, rifle in hand, are prowling in the Behring Sea to-day. The fish-farms of the United States are as interesting as they are immense in their scope.

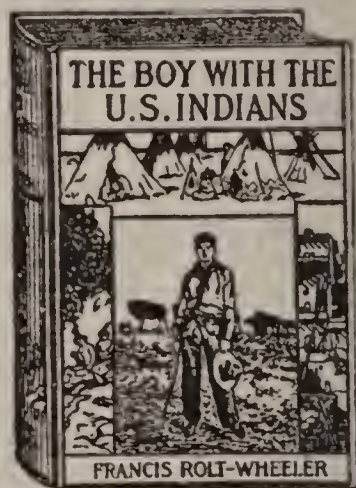
"One of the best books for boys of all ages, so attractively written and illustrated as to fascinate the reader into staying up until all hours to finish it."—*Philadelphia Despatch*.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. INDIANS

THIS book tells all about the Indian as he really was and is; the Menominee in his birch-bark canoe; the Iroquois in his wigwam in the forest; the Sioux of the plains upon his war-pony; the Apache, cruel and unyielding as his arid desert; the Pueblo Indians, with remains of ancient Spanish civilization lurking in the fastnesses of their massed communal dwellings; the Tlingit of the Pacific Coast, with his totem-poles. With a typical bright American youth as a central figure, a good idea of a great field of national activity is given, and made thrilling in its human side by the heroism demanded by the little-known adventures of those who do the work of "Uncle Sam."

"An exceedingly interesting Indian story, because it is true, and not merely a dramatic and picturesque incident of Indian life."—*N. Y. Times*.

"It tells the Indian's story in a way that will fascinate the youngster."—*Rochester Herald*.



For sale by all booksellers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON

U. S. SERVICE SERIES

By FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

Many Illustrations from photographs taken in work for U. S. Government

Large 12mo Cloth Net, \$1.75 each

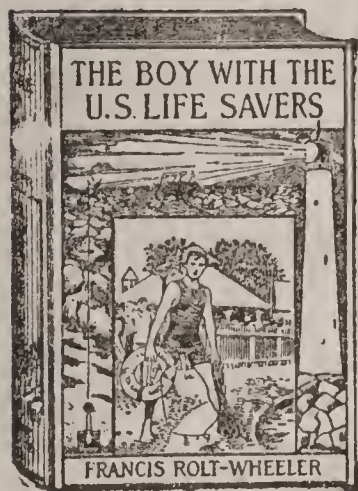
"There are no better books for boys than Francis Rolt-Wheeler's 'U. S. Service Series.'"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. EXPLORERS

THE hero saves the farm in Kansas, which his father is not able to keep up, through a visit to Washington which results in making the place a kind of temporary experiment station. Wonderful facts of plant and animal life are brought out, and the boy wins a trip around the world with his friend, the agent. This involves many adventures, while exploring the Chinese country for the Bureau of Agriculture.

"Boys will be delighted with this story, which is one that inspires the readers with the ideals of industry, thrift and uprightness of conduct."—*Argus-Leader, Portland, Me.*

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. LIFE SAVERS



THE billows surge and thunder through this book, heroism and the gallant facing of peril are wrought into its very fabric, and the Coast Guard has endorsed its accuracy. The stories of the rescue of the engineer trapped on a burning ship, and the pluck of the men who built the Smith's Point Lighthouse are told so vividly that it is hard to keep from cheering aloud.

"This is an ideal book for boys because it is natural, inspiring, and of unfailing interest from cover to cover."—*Marine Journal*.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. MAIL

HOW much do you know of the working of the vast and wonderful Post Office Department? The officials of this department have, as in the case of all other Departments covered in this series, extended their courtesy to Dr. Rolt-Wheeler to enable him to tell us about one of the most interesting forms of Uncle Sam's care for us.

"Stamp collecting, carrier pigeons, aeroplanes, detectives, hold-ups, tales of the Overland trail and the Pony Express, Indians, Buffalo Bill-- what boy would not be delighted with a book in which all these fascinating things are to be found?"—*Universalist Leader*.

For sale by all booksellers or sent postpaid on receipt
of price by the publishers

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON

MUSEUM BOOKS

By FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

Illustrated from photographs, many of which are furnished
by the American Museum of Natural History
Large 12mo Cloth Decorated cover Price, \$1.75 each

THE MONSTER-HUNTERS

THIS is a story of thrilling adventure, and through its pages writhe or thunder those vast and uncanny monsters that inhabited this world long ago.

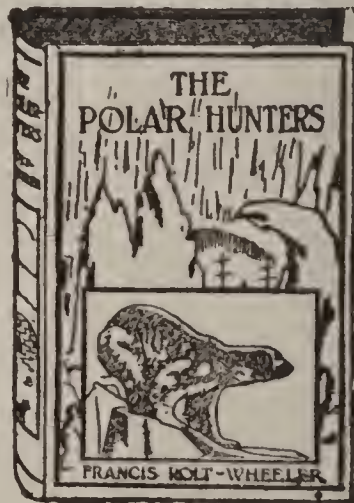
While exploring in the Sahara desert for skeletons of primitive whales the boy hero is the victim of an engulfing sandstorm, and adventures crowd in upon him in our own wild Wyoming waste. The youthful paleontologist unlocks the gate to a new world, yet never ceases to be a boy.

"The author entertains his readers with thrilling adventure, at the same time creating a desire to follow up the subject—a gift most story-tellers lack. Some book!"—*Philadelphia Dispatch*.

THE POLAR HUNTERS

THE "Frozen North" always fascinates as a subject, and in no other book has so haunting a picture been drawn of Eskimo life. Strange fights with walrus and polar-bear on the sea, ice perils from drifting floes and crashing bergs, and the constant fight against hunger, cold and darkness, give this book a glamor as great as is its wealth of information.

"The book is an ideal one for boy readers, filled as it is with valuable information, and of unfailing interest from beginning to end."—*Zion's Herald, Boston*.



THE AZTEC-HUNTERS

THE true romance of a vast and powerful American civilization, which flourished more than a thousand years before Columbus landed, is here told, absolutely for the first time. Forty cities, as large as those of modern times, have been snatched from the jaguar-haunted jungle to tell the story of a great commercial empire, comparable to those of Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

"Not only will boys be held spellbound by this absorbing tale, but adults will also find this well-written narrative intensely interesting and full of the latest light shed by science upon a subject of perennial interest."—*New York Herald*.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, Mass.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0002077132A